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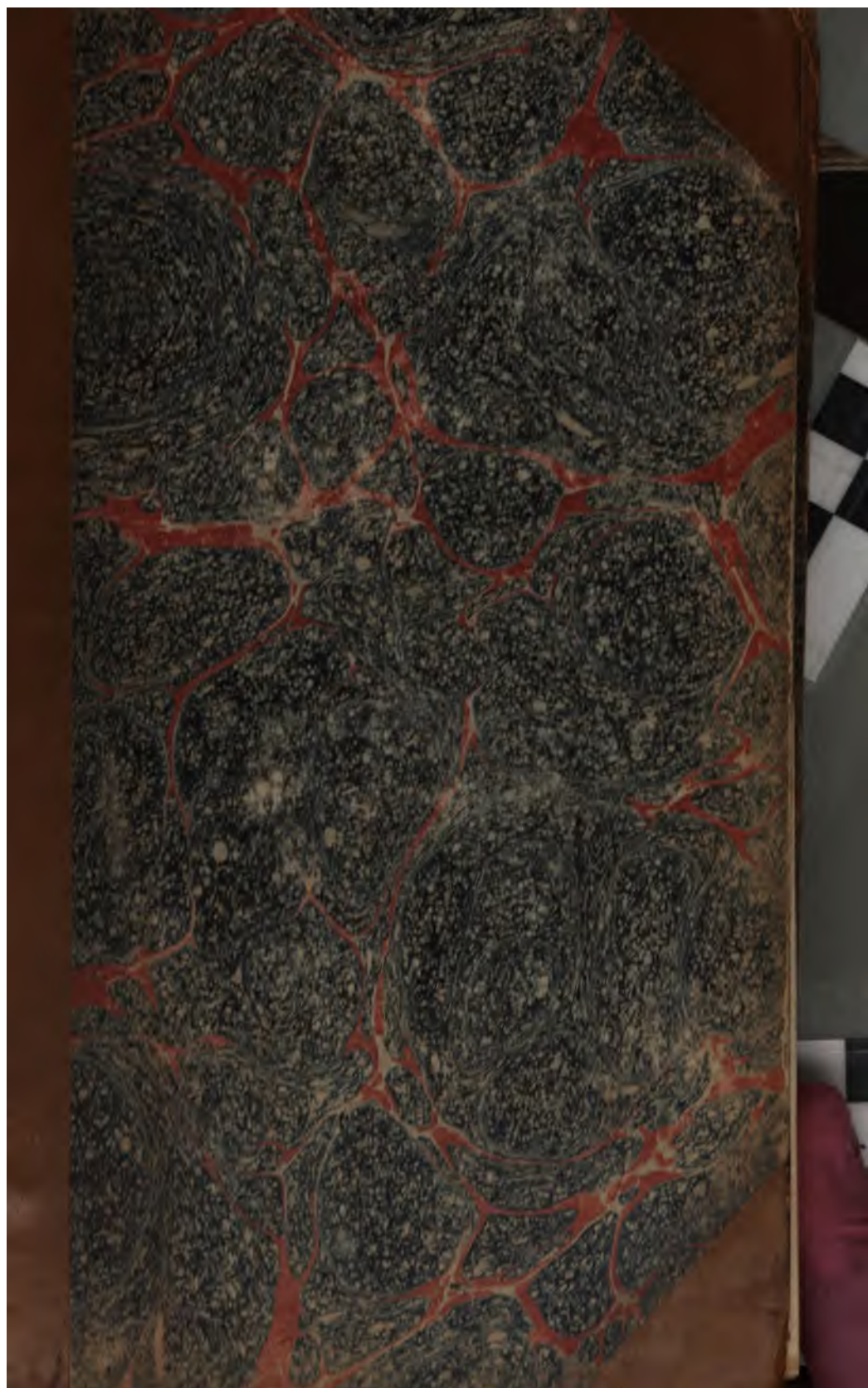
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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW

VOL. L.

PUBLISHED IN

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LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1834.



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CONTENTS

OF

No. XCIX.

ART.	Page
I.—1. Astronomy and General Physics considered with reference to Natural Theology. By the Rev. William Whewell, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge.	
2. On the Adaptation of External Nature to the Physical Condition of Man, principally with reference to the Supply of his Wants, and the Exercise of his Intellectual Faculties. By John Kidd, M.D., Regius Professor of Medicine in the University of Oxford.	
3. The Hand, its Mechanism and Endowments, as evincing Design. By Sir Charles Bell, K.G.H.	
4. Of the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man. By the Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh	1
II.—The Infirmities of Genius Illustrated by referring the Anomalies of the Literary Character to the Habits and Constitutional Peculiarities of Men of Genius. By R. R. Madden, Esq., Author of 'Travels in Turkey'	34
III.—Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. By Allan Cunningham	56
IV.—Memoirs of the Administration of the Right Honourable Henry Pelham—collected from the Family Papers and other authentic Documents. By William Coxe, M.A. F.R.S., F.S.A., Archdeacon of Wilts	88

CONTENTS.

ART.	Page
V.—Narrative of Voyages to explore the Shores of Africa, Arabia, and Madagascar; performed in his Majesty's Ships <i>Leven</i> and <i>Barracouta</i> , under the direction of Capt. W. F. W. Owen, R.N. - - - -	121
VI.—Great Britain in 1833. By Baron d'Haussez, Ex-Minister of Marine under King Charles X. - - - -	142
VII.—Grimm's <i>Deutsche Grammatik</i> - - . -	169
VIII.—The Duchess of Berri in La Vendée; comprising a Narrative of her Adventures, with her Private Papers and Secret Correspondence. By General Dermoncourt, who arrested her Royal Highness at Nantes - -	169
IX.—Bergami et la Reine d'Angleterre, en cinq actes. Par MM. Fontan, Dupenty, et Maurice Alhoy - -	205
X.—The Reform Ministry and the Reformed Parliament	218

ERRATA.—p. 84, line 25, *for* priority *read* purity.
p. 86, line 12, *for* unmeasured *read* unwearied.

CONTENTS

OF

No. C.

ART.	Page
I.—1. Histoire de la Décadence et de la Chute de l'Empire Romain, traduite de l'Anglais d'Edouard Gibbon. Nouvelle édition, entièrement revue et corrigée, précédée d'une Notice sur la Vie et le Caractère de Gibbon, et accompagnée de Notes critiques et historiques relatives pour la plupart à l'Histoire de la Propagation du Christianisme. Par M. F. Guizot.	
2. Etudes, ou Discours Historiques sur la Chute de l'Empire Romain. Par M. de Chateaubriand	273
II.—1. Schlangenbad und seine Heiltugenden, von Dr. H. Fenner von Fenneberg.	
2. Wiesbaden und seine Heilquellen dargestellt.	
3. Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau. By an Old Man	308
III.—1. Present State of the Poor-Law Question. By C. Wetherell.	
2. Extracts from the Information received by His Majesty's Commissioners as to the Administration and Operation of the Poor-Laws. Published by Authority.	
3. Reply of the Commissioners for Inquiring into the Poor-Laws to a Letter from the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the Labour-Rate. Printed for the House of Commons, June 19th, 1833	347
IV.—1. Journal of a West India Proprietor. By the late Matthew G. Lewis.	
2. Domestic Manners in the West Indies. By Mrs. Carmichael	374
V.—An Inquiry into the State of Slavery amongst the Romans, from the earliest Period till the Establishment of the Lombards in Italy. By William Blair, Esq.	399
VI.—Trevelyan, by the Author of 'A Marriage in High Life.'	413
VII.—1. A Letter to the Right Hon. Charles Grant, President of the Board of Control, on the Present State of British Intercourse with China. By C. Marjoribanks, Esq., M.P., late President of the Select Committee in China.	
2. Papers relating to the Ship Amherst, in reference to a Voyage recently undertaken to the North-east Coast of China.	

CONTENTS.

ART.	Page
3. Papers relating to the Affairs of the East India Company.	
4. Corrected Report of the Speeches of Sir George Staunton on the China Trade in the House of Commons, June 4 and 13, 1833.	
5. Observations on the China Trade, and on the Importance and Advantages of removing it from Canton to some other part of the Coast of that Empire. By Sir James Brabazon Urmston	430
Note	467
VIII.—Life and Poetical Works of the Reverend George Crabbe, in 8 vols. 12mo. Vol. I. containing the Life of Crabbe. By his Son	468
IX.—1. Church Reform.	
2. The Church of England; or safe, liberal, and Christian Principles of Reform in the Establishment; with the beneficial Changes which may be made, consistently with Reason and Religion, in the Ecclesiastical Affairs of this Kingdom.	
3. The Liturgy Revised; or the Necessity and Beneficial Effects of an authorized Abridgment and careful Revision of the various Services of the Established Church.	
4. The British Liturgy; an Attempt towards an Analysis, Arrangement, and Compression of the Book of Common Prayer.	
5. The Book of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments, and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church, newly arranged, with Alterations and Abbreviations.	
6. A Petition to the House of Lords. By the Rev. C. N. Wodehouse, Prebendary of Norwich. Mirror of Parliament, 5th August.	
7. Evidence of the Necessity of Church Reform.	
8. Reform without Re-construction, &c.; accompanied with a Plan for the Compression of the Liturgy and Ritual of the Church of England	509
X.—Note on Pamphlet entitled 'A Refutation of the Calumnies against the Lord Chancellor contained in the last Number of the Quarterly Review'	564

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *Astronomy and General Physics considered with reference to Natural Theology.* By the Rev. William Whewell, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 381. London. 1833.
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3. *The Hand, its Mechanism and Endowments, as evincing Design.* By Sir Charles Bell, K.G.H., F.R.S. L. and E. 8vo. pp. 288. London. 1833.
4. *Of the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man.* By the Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. In two volumes, 8vo. London. 1833.

IT is impossible to peruse the titles of these books, without feeling an emotion of gratitude towards the memory of the noble and reverend person to whose munificence we are indebted for their publication. The charitable institutions, which abound in this country, afford ample proof of the benevolent spirit that pervades the opulent orders of our community. But it has happened to few of its members to aim at so noble a design, as was provided for by the will of the late Earl of Bridgewater, (the last of his distinguished race,) when he dedicated a liberal portion of his wealth to the discussion of some of the most important questions, upon which the human faculties can be employed. If ever the possession of the gifts of fortune be enviable, it is when we see them administered for such a purpose as this. Enviable too must have been the reflections of him who thus secured, as far as he could do, the erection of one altar more to the attributes of the Omnipotent, hoping, perhaps, though we fear in vain, that it might endure to remote ages, bearing round its basement an humble but emphatic testimony to the ardour of his faith as a Christian, and to the truth of his perceptions as a philosopher.



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large into the whole physical character of man—that Dr. Buckland is to give us a volume on geology—and Mr. Kirby one on the history, habits, and instincts of animals, we need scarcely waste an observation on the confusion and fatigue which so much tautology must impose on any person who attempts to read the whole of these treatises.

Again, a considerable portion of Dr. Kidd's work is devoted to the connexion of vegetables with the physical condition of man. 'Animal and vegetable physiology' forms the subject which has been assigned to Dr. Roget. The former, as well as Mr. Whewell, is copious on the atmosphere and its adaptation to human wants. Dr. Prout, when he comes to treat of meteorology, must go over the same ground. Dr. Chalmers is in fact the only writer amongst the eight who occupies a territory which he may call his own. But the manner in which he came into the possession of it will not, perhaps, be deemed perfectly legitimate. That able divine was requested to point out the adaptation of external nature to man's *intellectual* and moral constitution. This certainly must be admitted to be a task of extreme difficulty in the execution. We all perceive the relation of external nature, composed of the fertile earth, its varied produce, the sea, the atmosphere, the sun, and especially our own satellite, to our physical necessities; but their adaptation to the intellect, which seeks higher objects of contemplation, is not so obvious. Dr. Chalmers was, therefore, reduced to the necessity of considering men in general, as 'external nature,' in relation to an individual of the species; by this contrivance he has been enabled to shape his theme to his own studies, and to furnish us with two volumes on metaphysics and ethics! The books will doubtless have their admirers, but we apprehend that they are not of the class of literature which the Earl of Bridgewater had in his view when he made his will.

Who does not admire the prodigious powers which Dr. Chalmers displays, not only in the pulpit, but in the chair of the professor, and in the closet of the political economist? We, at least, have the greatest respect for his learning and genius, but we are bound honestly to confess, that these volumes disappointed us. We have seldom followed a few ordinary ideas through such complicated and endless mazes of language, as those with which his pages bewilder us—language too, we must add, not always drawn from the 'well of English undefiled.' Many of his idioms and expressions are to us quite novel, as for instance—'the primeval mind that *emanated* all this gracefulness,' (vol. i. p. 100.) 'the corporeal appetites were furnished in order 'to *suppler* defects of human prudence,' (*ib.* p. 194,) a phrase *fre* be met with in these volumes; the '*summation*

CONTENTS

OF

No. XCIX.

ART.	Page
I.—1. Astronomy and General Physics considered with reference to Natural Theology. By the Rev. William Whewell, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge.	
2. On the Adaptation of External Nature to the Physical Condition of Man, principally with reference to the Supply of his Wants, and the Exercise of his Intellectual Faculties. By John Kidd, M.D., Regius Professor of Medicine in the University of Oxford.	
3. The Hand, its Mechanism and Endowments, as evincing Design. By Sir Charles Bell, K.G.H.	
4. Of the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man. By the Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh	1
II.—The Infirmities of Genius Illustrated by referring the Anomalies of the Literary Character to the Habits and Constitutional Peculiarities of Men of Genius. By R. R. Madden, Esq., Author of ‘Travels in Turkey’	34
III.—Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. By Allan Cunningham	56
IV.—Memoirs of the Administration of the Right Honourable Henry Pelham—collected from the Family Papers and other authentic Documents. By William Coxe, M.A. F.R.S., F.S.A., Archdeacon of Wilts	88

upon the commencement, the termination, and the final issue of the sixty years,—an hour—nay, not a minute—of eternity,—which are allotted to his share. Sometimes he falls into the opposite extreme. Travelling over the Alps or Andes he grows pale at the lightnings which reveal their peaks crowned with the snows of past ages; he trembles at the thunders that shake the stupendous masses to their centre, and if the forked bolt shiver the rock on which he stands, what an insect he becomes in his own esteem! Wrecked on the Scilly isles in the midst of a tempest, he beholds the billows of the Atlantic lifting their heads to the sky, and threatening to break down the bulwarks which nature and art have conspired to raise against their fury:—he shrinks in idea to the rank of the cockle-shell, which the retiring wave leaves behind it on the shore.

The man, however, who permits his conduct to be affected by either of these opposite impressions, must be a stranger to reflection, or destitute of the ordinary rudiments of knowledge. Scarcely an hour passes, it is true, which does not abound with mementos of our mortality. But, on the other hand, we have the proud consciousness within us, that that creature cannot be without value of whom it has been said, in language to the truth of which all things animate and inanimate bear testimony—‘How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a god!’—But it is this reason, it is these faculties, which ought to teach him, that, though *like* to an angel in action, and in apprehension to a god, he *is*, while he treads the earth, neither the one nor the other, though he may partake of the nature of both. Happy must he be if his intelligence inform him of this great truth, and of the perishable constitution of the entire material system which has been expressly created for his temporary use—partly to prove his virtues—partly to prepare his spirit for those scenes that know no decay, where he is, indeed, *to be* the angel in action, if not in apprehension almost a god.

Providentially for millions of mankind, the attainment of this knowledge has not been left to the mere exertion of their own intellect. Direct communications of a supernatural order have admonished them of the existence of a Divinity, who had no beginning and can have no end; by whose power the universe was created; by whose wisdom its multitudinous parts were harmoniously adjusted, and by whose beneficent will it has been sustained during centuries of whose number we can form no conception. But although the records of inspiration demand and deserve our implicit belief, our most unreserved confidence, the time appears to have nearly arrived,

rived, when science and conviction ought to walk hand in hand with faith. The re-examined and accumulated results of the researches of geologists, and of the combined labours of astronomers and mathematicians, cannot have been intended for the mere entertainment of those who have devoted themselves to such pursuits. They point to a higher destiny. The more successfully the sciences have been cultivated, the brighter and the more numerous have become the signs, and, we may add, the demonstrations of the existence of an Omnipotent Intelligence by whom all things were made.

From the earliest ages shepherds tending their flocks on the plains of Asia have been familiar with the more remarkable of those objects which shine by night in the sky, and to which the Persians gave the general name of stars.* The word imports, in its origin, to rule or direct, those lights being often the guide of the shepherd over the spacious pastures which he had to traverse, and of the husbandman as to the seasons of the year. The stars were long supposed, and still are imagined by a great majority of mankind, to be fixed; but the telescope has enabled us to say with certainty that many, and with a strong degree of probability that the whole, are in a state of motion, although we, borne along in the train of succession ourselves, are not capable of discovering the direction in which they march round the orbit of the universe.

We are as yet, and doubtless ever shall be, without the means of numbering those tenants of the firmament. Every new improvement of the telescope brings within the range of vision countless multitudes which human eye had never seen before.† Some stars are double and even triple; that is to say, they appear to us within a barely distinguishable distance of each other. Upwards of three thousand double stars have been already discovered, and it is justly supposed that even this number by no means exhausts the fertility of the heavens in these twin productions, some of which have been actually observed to move round each other in orbits requiring for their entire completion twelve hundred of our years. Such systems as these give the mind a faint glimmer of eternity.

* We leave the *planets* at present out of our consideration.

† For instance ϵ in Orion, which is marked in South and Herschel's catalogue as containing two distinct sets of stars, each set triple, appears in Mr. Barlow's *fluid-refracting* telescope, as composed of two *quadruple* sets, with two very fine stars between them, which, as well as the fourth star in each set, had previously escaped the powers of the most finished instruments. Mr. Barlow's telescope has also enabled him to exhibit η in Perseus, marked *double* in the same catalogue, as a collection of no fewer than *six* stars! See *Phil. Trans.* 1831. p. 10. We trust that Mr. Barlow's efforts for the improvement of his telescope may meet with the support which the importance of the subject demands. Were its powers increased only fifty-fold, it is not improbable that, instead of *six*, he might discover a hundred stars, where only one now appears to the unassisted eye.

Astronomers conjecture, not without reason, from the analogies of our own system, that these suns do not revolve round each other shedding their light in vain; but that each is accompanied by its circle of planets, which, being opaque bodies, would of course* be for ever shrouded from our view by the splendour of their respective orbs of day. This idea leads us to conclude that the stars, which are separated from each other by distances at least as great as that of Uranus from our sun—that is to say, some eighteen hundred millions of miles—have also their respective planets, their Mercuries, their Earths, their Jupiters and Saturns, and are the centres of peculiar systems throughout the whole firmament. If those planets be peopled by intelligent beings, as Earth is, and the other planets of our solar region are supposed to be, the contemplation in thought of such myriads of globes with their inhabitants overwhelms the mind.

We have no mode of ascertaining the distance of any one of the stars from the earth. We have measured the circumference which we describe in our annual journey round the sun; we take the diameter of that circle, and with it form the base of a triangle whose vertex should be at the nearest of those luminous bodies. The angle thus formed, however, at the star, would be unappreciable with the most perfect instrument of human invention. Now an angle of one second of a degree is appreciable; consequently the distance of the nearest fixed star must exceed the radius of a circle, one second of whose circumference measures one hundred and ninety millions of miles; that is, it must exceed two hundred thousand times the diameter of the earth's orbit. If the dove, that returned no more to Noah, had been commissioned to bear, with her utmost speed, an olive branch to the least remote of the spheres, she would, therefore, still be on her journey:—after towering for forty centuries through the heights of space, she would not at this moment have reached even the middle of her destined way.

No machinery has yet been invented, indeed it seems at present impossible that we should ever devise any means, by which we might

* The double star γ in the foot of Andromeda, we observed, under favourable circumstances, on the evening of the 30th of July last. It is among the most beautiful objects in the heavens. One of these stars is considerably larger than the other, and of a reddish white light. The colour of the smaller star is of a fine bright sky blue, inclining to green. Seen through a telescope of inferior power, they appear like companion butterflies fluttering in the sky; in one of medium power they become well-defined objects. Sir W. Herschel says, that 'the striking difference in the colour of the two stars suggests the idea of a sun and its planet, to which the contrast of their unequal size contributes not a little.' With all due deference to his authority, we must say, that we cannot understand how one self-luminous body can be the attendant of another. A straight line drawn downward through the two brightest stars of Cassiopeia, and extended to something more than twice their distance from each other, will strike the double star in question.

estimate the magnitude of even the least of the stars, since we never behold their discs. We become sensible of their existence by rays of light, which must have taken, in some instances, probably, a thousand years to reach our globe, although light is known to travel at the rate of one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles in a second. Sirius, the brightest, because perhaps the nearest to us of those luminaries, is conjectured by Dr. Wollaston to give as much light as fourteen suns, each as large as ours. Magnificent, therefore, as the *system* must be of which Sirius forms the centre, yet we behold no part of it. The planet Saturn, with its appendages of rings and satellites, exhibits, when its rings are visible, a spectacle, which seen through a telescope of moderate power, we imagine that a half-crown piece would cover.* But an individual gazing through a similar instrument from a planet of Sirius at our sun, might suppose, in the same manner, that he could cover our entire system with a spider's thread. He would set down the sun in his map as a fixed star; but to his eye it would present no variation, as the largest of our planets would not intercept much more than a hundredth part of the sun's surface, and could not therefore produce any loss of its light of which he could take an estimate. For him this globe of ours, immense as to our finite faculties it seems to be, would have actually no existence. It would find not even a point's place on his chart, and if it were blotted out of space to-morrow, it would never be missed by any of the probably fifty worlds that are bathed in the floods of light which Sirius pours forth. Whose eye is it that watches over our sphere? Whose is the ever-extended arm that maintains it?

The star called Omicron, in the constellation *Cetus*, appears to us only twelve times in eleven years. It is seen in its greatest brightness during a fortnight; it then decreases gradually during three months, when it disappears. After an interval of five months it again becomes visible, and continues increasing during the three remaining months of its period. Another star, that called Algol, or β Persei, continues visible during a period of sixty-two hours, when it suddenly loses its splendour, and, though a star of the second magnitude, becomes reduced to the fourth magnitude in the course of two or three hours. It then begins to increase again, and in three hours and a half it resumes its wonted lustre. Goodricke, who discovered† this remarkable fact in 1782, suggests, and

* The rings have been gradually opening since the 13th of June. In 1839 they will afford as magnificent a spectacle as they did in 1825.

† 'The same discovery appears to have been made nearly about the same time by Palitzsch, a farmer of Prolitz near Dresden—a peasant by station, an astronomer by nature—

and his idea is now generally adopted by astronomers, that this variation must be caused by the revolution around Algol, of some opaque body, a planet of its own, which, when interposed between us and the star, cuts off a large portion of its light. It is highly probable that a similar arrangement periodically affects the light of Omicron, though upon a different scale. There are eleven other stars that exhibit analogous phenomena, some of them at intervals of five hundred years, to which we may look forward without danger of mistake—thus opening a vista of futurity. When we reflect upon these facts—and upon the circumstance that the rays, by which we may to-night behold the Pleiads, must have left their sources in the time of our Heptarchy, or before it—we feel that the mind which is in this manner enabled to comprehend the existence of myriads of peopled worlds besides our own, and to glance to the future and the past with more than the speed of light itself, must be the creation of some superior Spirit dwelling in eternity.

Placed as we are, according to the opinion of astronomers, in the middle of the strata of systems which animate all space, and favoured though we be by supernatural disclosures and by great scientific acquirements, we are nevertheless prone to question whether such systems exist of their own innate vigour, or whether they have been created by a power extrinsic to themselves. If they are discovered to be self-existent, it follows that they must be imperishable. But if they are proved to be perishable, it follows that they cannot be self-existent, and then they must have been created by an extrinsic power, which power must be Omnipotent from the very nature of its productions. The same power must be self-existent therefore, since no agency inferior to Omnipotence could have given such a Being birth; and it must be Eternal, as an Omnipotent, Self-existent Being can know neither infancy nor age. Here then, upon an inquiry of the greatest importance to mankind, astronomical facts come to our assistance, which carry with them a force of conviction as strong as any demonstration in mathematics—and stronger than most of the evidence upon which the history of human transactions is founded. The stamp of mortality, the finger of death itself, has been traced upon some of the brightest worlds which have ever yet been seen in the firmament.

nature—who, from his familiar acquaintance with the aspect of the heavens, had been led to notice, among so many thousand stars, this one, as distinguished from the rest by its variation, and had ascertained its period. The same Palitzsch was also the first to rediscover the predicted comet of Halley, in 1759, which he saw nearly a month before any of the astronomers, who, armed with their telescopes, were anxiously watching its return. These anecdotes bring us back to the age of the Chaldean shepherds.’—*Sir John Herschel's Treatise on Astronomy*, p. 381. n.

In

In the year 125 B.C., an extraordinary luminary attracted the attention of Hipparchus, which induced him to frame a catalogue of stars, the earliest on record. That star disappeared in his time from the heavens. In A.D. 389, a star blazed forth near α Aquilæ, remained three weeks as bright as Venus, and then died away. In the year 1572, Tycho Brahe, returning home one evening from his observatory to his dwelling-house was surprised to find a group of people looking in astonishment at a bright star, which he with all his scrutiny of the heavens had never seen before. It shone in the constellation Cassiopeia, was then as bright as Sirius, and for a while was visible even at mid-day. It began to fade in December of the same year, and after exhibiting all the changes of conflagration, disappeared in March, 1574. Was this a satellite of some fixed star which caught fire, and thus prefigured to us the fate, that, according to the declarations of the prophets, awaits our own world?

‘Similar phenomena,’ says Sir John Herschel,* ‘though of a less splendid character, have taken place more recently, as in the case of the star of the third magnitude discovered in 1670, by Anthelm, in the head of the Swan; which, after becoming completely invisible, reappeared, and after undergoing one or two singular fluctuations of light, during two years, at last died away entirely, and has not since been seen. On a careful re-examination of the heavens, too, and a comparison of catalogues, many stars are now found to be missing; and although there is no doubt that these losses have often arisen from mistaken entries, yet, in many instances, it is equally certain that there is no mistake in the observation or entry, and that the star has really been observed, and as really has disappeared from the heavens.’—*Treatise on Astronomy*, p. 384.

The existence and death of Alexander the Great,—the rise and fall of the Roman empire,—the destruction, by earthquake or volcano, of cities, which were once the seats of commerce and the arts—have been handed down to us upon evidence, in no respect whatever better entitled to our belief, than that upon which the astronomical facts here related by Sir John Herschel stand recorded. Men who have made it their peculiar occupation for years

* The work from which we quote is Sir John's *Treatise on Astronomy*, which forms one of the numbers of Dr. Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*. We recommend it to the attention of everybody who wishes to become acquainted with the sublime truths of astronomy, without having his mind harassed by the technical details which render almost all other works of the kind repulsive to the general reader. But before he enters upon that treatise, he should prepare his thoughts for the tone of elevation which it requires, by reading Mrs. Somerville's delightful volume on the ‘*Connexion of the Physical Sciences*.’ The style of this astonishing production is so clear and unaffected, and conveys, with so much simplicity, so great a mass of profound knowledge, that it should be placed in the hands of every youth, the moment he has mastered the general rudiments of education.

to observe the changes in the firmament, agree in stating that, in *many* instances, stars, which were once familiar to the eye, have ceased to appear, and that, too, for periods which clearly indicate their annihilation. The consequence is obvious and inevitable—those bodies must have been *created*, otherwise they could not have been liable to decay.* They performed their appointed revolutions, and they perished—just as man lives his predestined number of years, and dies. If created, then there must be some power which gave them existence, and prescribed the laws by which that existence was carried to its close.

We know it will be said, that these, after all, are but the records of astronomy, a science which deals with objects that cannot be subjected to the touch, or compelled to go through the ordeal of experiment—objects of a magnitude that cannot be measured, placed at distances from us that never can be ascertained. It will be admitted, however, by any person who looks into the Almanac, that eclipses of the sun and moon are calculated beforehand to the moment. We have now, for instance, before us a list of eclipses for the whole of the present century; and until some one of these calculations shall turn out to be erroneous, it must be conceded that astronomy has its certainties as well as chemistry or mathematics. But more than even this can be said for the pursuits of a Kepler and a Herschel. The former was enabled by his acquaintance, even in the sixteenth century, with the mechanism of the heavens, to lay down a series of laws, from which it was subsequently inferred as a strong probability, that a planet, which had then been never seen by human eye, would be discovered in a particular region of the firmament; and this prediction was verified. Kepler showed that the planets then known,—viz., Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn,—to which Sir W. Herschel added Uranus in 1781,—were all, as it were, of one family, ‘bound up in one chain—interwoven in one web of mutual relation and harmonious agreement—subjected to one pervading influence, which extends from the centre to the farthest limits of that great system, of which all of them, the earth included, must henceforth be regarded as members.’ Now as the intervals between the planetary orbits go on doubling, or nearly so, in proportion as they recede from the sun, and the much greater interval between Mars and Jupiter would

* We forget whence we extracted the following quaint but expressive lines :—

‘ Quench’d volcanoes, rifted mountains,
Oceans driven from land,
Isles submerged and dried up fountains,
Empires—whelmed in sand :—
What?—though her doom be yet untold—
Nature like time is waxing old.’

form an exception to that family law, which, however, prevails again with respect to the remoter planets, it was long suspected that some planet might have a place between Jupiter and Mars, and the early part of the present century was in fact distinguished by the discovery of Ceres, Pallas, and Juno. The small and irregular figures of these planets, and the close approximation of their mean distances, led to a conjecture that they might be the fragments of a large planet which at some remote period occupied the interval in question. If so, it was not improbable that other fragments of the same body were still in existence, and that the most likely place to detect them would be near the nodes of those already observed ; and to this profound reasoning we are indebted for the discovery of Vesta. The realization of an inference of this description, legitimately founded on principles previously announced, would seem to entitle astronomy to a higher appellation than that of a mere theory of probabilities.

The reader may have been startled by the familiarity with which we have alluded to the existence of intelligent beings, on the myriads of orbs that are supposed to circulate round the stars. That the Stars are Suns is a matter which admits of no doubt. That some of them are periodically eclipsed by opaque bodies, which apparently are members of their planetary family, we have already seen. Positive knowledge assures us that the Earth is inhabited ; and analogy urges us to the inference, that if an opaque sphere, such as the Earth is, revolve round Algol, it must be for the purpose of receiving from its orbit round that central Sun, light, heat, variety of seasons, day and night,—so many gifts, which it is preposterous to suppose the Deity would bestow, without any purpose, upon a mere collection of matter.

The analogies which thus display a family likeness throughout all the systems of the universe will perhaps be more easily comprehended, if we advert for a moment to the other planets of our own system, which are more immediately within the sphere of our observation. Mercury and Venus both have atmospheres much loaded with clouds, which are manifestly a provision serving to mitigate the intense heat and glare of the sun. We shall see presently the intimate connexion which subsists, not only between the vegetation of our Earth, but also the subsistence of animal life, the transmission of sound and light, nay, all the arts that tend to civilize society, and the existence of the atmosphere which we possess. Wherever an atmosphere is found encircling a sphere, and supporting upon it clouds of vapour, we may infer that upon such spheres there are water and dry land, vegetation, animal life, intelligent beings, and civilization. This inference becomes the

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more inevitable when we find that, according to the best observations, both those planets have their day and night of nearly the same length as our own. In Mars, the outlines of continents and seas have been discerned with perfect distinctness: it has also its atmosphere and clouds, and brilliant white spots at its poles, which are supposed, with a great deal of probability, to be snow. The general fiery aspect of its appearance is conjectured to arise from an ochrey tinge in the soil, not unlike our red sandstone districts. Its day and night differ from ours by little more than half an hour. These are all analogies to Earth, which render the idea of those three planets being mere blanks in the solar system, altogether inconsistent with what we actually know of the fecundity which teems with life, wherever air, water, heat, and light are combined. We shall extract a singular illustration of the activity with which these elements pursue their appointed duties, from the manuscript diary of a friend, who has been, for upwards of twenty years, an enthusiastic, though silent, observer of nature:—

‘I have often taken up a drop of water on the head of a common pin, and placed it on a glass slide, which stands edgewise in the instrument (a solar microscope): consequently, if there had been a full drop, it would have run down the surface of the glass slide; yet, little as there was of it, it more than covered the side of the room in which I stood, and was *twelve feet* in diameter as its parts were successively brought in view on a screen placed five feet from the lens. By using another lens I could, of course, have extended the twelve feet to twenty-four. The little drop of water thus magnified appeared filled with *several species* of animalcula, of all sizes between one-sixteenth of an inch and thirteen inches! They often appear in such numbers that I cannot find one unoccupied spot on the screen which the head of a pencil would cover in the space of twelve feet. Frequently the screen appears to be one sheet of minor living animals just coming into life, each not larger than the head of a pin, or at most a pea, while the larger and more perfect are sporting amongst them. Sometimes they are so numerous as to form an opaque moving mass, and I am obliged to wipe off a part and dilate the remainder with pure spring water, in order to make them appear separately, and to observe their movements. What myriads there must be! and no doubt living upon animals still less than themselves, which not even the solar microscope can detect!

‘With a common microscope I have often seen a great number of animalcula, called gluttons, feeding within the transparent shell of a small dead *wheel** animal, both the shell and its numerous contents being invisible to the unassisted eye. This little creature resembles

* We are convinced from observation, that the *wheel* is an optical deception. The whole of the head of this animalculum is fringed with feelers, which it throws out and retracts with a rapidity that at the angles gives the appearance of circular motion.

the *Brachionus Bakiri*; the females carry their eggs in the same way its shell has six teeth.'

If a portion of water not so large as a drop be thus peopled with a countless host of animalcules of various races, would it not be unphilosophical in the extreme to suppose that light and heat, air and water, vegetation, day and night, seasons and climates, are bestowed on Mercury, Venus, and Mars, without any view to animal life, without any purpose of administering to the maintenance and happiness of intelligent beings capable of appreciating the blessings of existence? The argument applies with still more force to Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus; with respect to each of which, machinery of the most complex description has been devised, manifestly (amongst others) for the purpose of making up the great deficiency of solar light, which they would otherwise experience, owing to their vast distance from the centre of our common system. We are all of one family with reference to matter and motion. Is it not incumbent upon us to conclude that the family resemblance extends to the individual character, as well as to the countenance and conduct?

We speak here only of the planets, not of their satellites, which are evidently used only as auxiliaries to their primaries for the reflection of light, the balancing of their waters, and perhaps the due regulation of their motions respectively. Our Moon, for instance, does not appear to us capable of supporting animal life. We find its surface, at least that part of it which is seen from Earth, occupied by volcanic craters, some of them of prodigious magnitude; we can discern upon it no indication of vapour; therefore it can have no water, unless the element be hid in caverns, inaccessible to the rays of the sun. Without clouds and atmosphere the animal system cannot be supported. But whether this reasoning be right or wrong, it will appear, that not only the moon but the earth, of which it is the handmaid, and the planets, with their attendants, are all proceeding, by slow but inevitable steps, to a period when they shall cease to exist, however remote that period may be from the time in which we happen to live. If this be so, the argument drawn from the mortal character of *the stars* is equally sustained by the particular system of which our habitation forms so small a part.

The reader need hardly be reminded that the diameter of the real globe of the Sun, without reference to the luminous element by which it is surrounded, has been calculated at eight hundred and eighty-two thousand miles. But he has not perhaps much considered the striking fact, that if the eleven planets by which that orb is surrounded at various distances in space, together with their eighteen satellites, as well as the two rings of Saturn, were fused
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into one sphere, the bulk of that sphere would hardly be one three-hundredth part of the magnitude of the Sun. The apple which falls from the tree to the earth, the return to the earth of a stone thrown into the air, demonstrate the irresistible power which a large mass of matter exercises over a smaller. It is by the operation of the same law that the sun attracts Mercury, for instance, at the distance of thirty-seven millions of miles. But the force of that attraction is in some degree counteracted by that of Venus, as well as by the attraction of all the other planets and their satellites; and the precision with which all these complicated forces, resulting from the power of the sun over all, and from the individual power of each planet with respect to the other, have been adjusted, is of itself a proof that nothing less than a divine intelligence could have framed and combined this splendid machinery. The magnet and the piece of sealing-wax made warm by friction attract other bodies, by means of the electric fluid with which the one is permanently, the other temporarily, charged. But the celestial motions are regulated by the influence with which every one particle of matter is *endowed* in relation to every other in the universe.

These mutual gravitations of the planets towards each other in their career round the sun are the causes of certain perturbations in the system, which, though very minute in each particular case, become considerable in the lapse of ages. It is, for example, one of their consequences, that the moon performs her monthly revolution round the earth in a shorter interval now than she did formerly, as appears from the record of an eclipse observed by the Chaldeans at Babylon seven hundred and twenty-one years before the Christian æra. These perturbations are, however, restrained within certain points of oscillation, beyond which they cannot pass. The stability of the solar system is therefore so far secured; for it would be scarcely worthy of the Great Architect that any damage should be done to it by a palpable defect in the machinery. Neither is it likely that any material change would occur in our system, if it be true, as we cannot doubt, that it is in movement, together with the stars and their planets, round the centre of the universe, the sovereign sun of all things, the position of which no earthly vision can ever discover. A remove of this description would be to us utterly imperceptible. 'The development of such an alteration,' observes M. Poinset, 'is similar to an enormous curve, of which we see so small an arc that we imagine it to be a straight line.' Upon this supposition the true equatorial plane of all the suns, and of the worlds which they illumine, would pass through the centre of gravity of the universe, and in that centre we shall, therefore, find the uncreated and only abode of abso-

lute and eternal repose—the throne of the Omnipotent. It is not given to the imagination to picture, until it shall actually witness, the grandeur of such a procession, composed of innumerable orbs clothed in light, encircled by their planets teeming with every order of intelligence, and moving round the great Mind which has fashioned the whole, veiling but not eclipsing the radiance of His glory.

Whether it be ordained that as one system perishes another shall supply its place in eternal succession, thus manifesting to all ages the presence of an ever-active Omnipotence, it is not for us to conjecture. But the agency of destruction has been proved from its effect in particular instances in the firmament of the stars; and as to our system, a similar agency is found in a resisting medium, which, though extremely rare, and hitherto of imperceptible influence, so far as our globe is concerned, nevertheless must at length modify the forms of the planetary orbits, and involve them in disorder and ruin. The supposition of the presence and power of such an ethereal fluid was a favourite notion among the Cartesians, who, without perceiving the whole of the consequences of their theory, concluded from mere abstract reasoning that all space was full of some species of matter. The calculations of Newton, on the contrary, have been made upon the hypothesis that all the heavenly bodies move in a perfect vacuum. A remarkable recent discovery shows that the doctrine of the Cartesians is right, although it does not substantially affect the calculations of our own great astronomer, so very rare is the fluid in question, and so protracted are its final results.

We owe this discovery to the observations that have been made upon a body now generally called Encke's comet, which moves with extraordinary rapidity in an exceedingly eccentric orbit round the sun. That orbit it completes in about three years and four months, or, more accurately speaking, in twelve hundred and eight days. It is a body of extreme apparent tenuity: when in our sky it looks like a speck of mere vapour. The stars shine through it without any diminution of their brightness. Nevertheless, slight as this wreath of vapour may seem to us to be, it extends over an immense tract in space, and observation has proved that it is acted upon by exactly the same force of solar attraction which influences the other bodies of the system. It might easily have been conceived, that if the parts of space unoccupied by denser matter were filled with a resisting fluid, however rare, its effect upon such a body as Encke's comet would probably be capable of actual perception and calculation, and so in fact it has turned out. This comet was first seen in 1786; it was again discovered in 1795, 1805, and 1819. Astronomers at first supposed that they had in these instances

seen four different comets. Encke, however, showed that their observations could apply only to four returns of the same revolving body, and he calculated beforehand its re-appearance in the southern part of the heavens in 1822. A material difference, however, was found to prevail between its calculated and observed places in that year, and also again in 1825 and 1828. These differences were, doubtless, partly attributable to that disturbing force from the action of the planets which, as we have already seen, they exercise upon each other. But the effect of these causes has been calculated with great care, and after due allowance for them has been made, the result has been to bring to light a 'residual phenomenon,' as Sir John Herschel expresses it, from which we arrive at the inference of a resisting medium. The effect of the obstruction arising from this fluid has been to diminish the time of the revolution of this comet by two days since the period when it was first discovered; and it is now no less than ten days in advance of the place which it would have reached, had no such resistance narrowed its orbit. It must, therefore, eventually be absorbed in the sun, however remote the period may be when that event shall take place. But we may borrow language more powerful than our own—

'The same medium,' says Mr. Whewell, 'which is thus shown to produce an effect upon Encke's comet must also act upon the planets, which move through the same spaces. The effect upon the planets, however, must be very much smaller than the effect upon the comet, in consequence of their greater quantity of matter.

'It is not easy to assign any probable value, or even any certain limit, to the effect of the resisting medium upon the planets. We are entirely ignorant of the comparative mass of the comets and of any of the planets;* and hence cannot make any calculation founded on such a comparison. Newton has endeavoured to show how small the resistance of the medium must be, if it exist.† The result of this calculation is, that if we take the density of the medium to be that which our air will have at two hundred miles from the earth's surface, supposing the law of diminution of density to go on unaltered, and if we suppose Jupiter to move in such a medium, he would in a million years lose less than a millionth part of his velocity. If a planet revolving about the sun were to lose any portion of its velocity by the effect of resistance, it would be drawn proportionably nearer the sun, the tendency towards the centre being no longer sufficiently counteracted by that centrifugal force which arises from the body's velocity. And if the resistance were to continue to act, the body would be drawn perpetually nearer and nearer to the centre, and would describe its revolutions quicker and quicker, till at last it would reach the central body, and the system would cease to be a system.

* The comparative masses of the planets, *inter se*, are however well known.

† Principia, b. iii. prop. x.

' This result is true, however small the velocity lost by resistance ; the only difference being, that when the resistance is small, the time requisite to extinguish the whole motion will be proportionably longer. In all cases the times which come under our consideration in problems of this kind are enormous to common apprehension. Thus Encke's comet, according to the results of the observations already made, will lose in ten revolutions, or thirty-three years, less than one-thousandth of its velocity ; and if this law were to continue, the velocity would not be reduced to one-half its present value in less than seven thousand revolutions, or twenty-three thousand years. If Jupiter were to lose one-millionth of his velocity in a million years, (which, as has been seen, is far more than can be considered in any way probable,) he would require seventy millions of years to lose one-thousandth of the velocity ; and a period seven hundred times as long to reduce the velocity to one-half. These are periods of time which quite overwhelm the imagination ; and it is not pretended that the calculations are made with any pretensions to accuracy. But at the same time it is beyond doubt that, though the intervals of time thus assigned to these changes are highly vague and uncertain, the changes themselves must sooner or later take place in consequence of the existence of the resisting medium. Since there is such a retarding force perpetually acting, however slight it be, it must in the end destroy all the celestial motions. It may be millions of millions of years before the earth's retardation may perceptibly affect the apparent motion of the sun ; but still the day will come (if the same Providence which formed the system should permit it to continue so long) when this cause will entirely change the length of our year and the course of seasons, and finally stop the earth's motion round the sun altogether. The smallness of the resistance, however small we choose to suppose it, does not allow us to escape this certainty. There is a resisting medium ; and, therefore, the movements of the solar system cannot go on for ever. The moment such a fluid is ascertained to exist, the eternity of the movements of the planets becomes as impossible as a perpetual motion on the earth.'—*Whewell*, pp. 197—200.

The inference from the discovery of the resisting medium* is, therefore, not only that Encke's comet will eventually be destroyed, but also that Mercury, Venus, the Earth, and the rest of the planets,

* ' The zodiacal light may be seen any very clear evening soon after sunset, about the months of April and May, or at the opposite season before sunrise, as a cone or lenticular shaped light, extending from the horizon obliquely upwards, and following generally the course of the ecliptic, or rather that of the sun's equator. It is extremely faint and ill-defined, at least in this climate, though better seen in tropical regions, but cannot be mistaken for any atmospheric meteor, or aurora borealis. It is manifestly in the nature of a thin lenticularly-formed atmosphere, surrounding the sun, and extending at least beyond the orbit of Mercury, and even of Venus, and may be conjectured to be no other than the denser part of that medium, which, as we have reason to believe, resists the motion of comets ; loaded, perhaps, with the actual materials of the tails of millions of those bodies, of which they have been stripped in their successive perihelion passages, and which may be slowly subsiding into the sun.'—*Sir J. Herschel's Treatise on Astronomy*, pp. 407-8.

must be successively precipitated on the Sun, and effaced from the universe. It is of no consequence whatever to the truth of the argument, that these are events which require for the natural period of their accomplishment millions of years, a period of which we can form no conception. Nor is it necessary that we should. Our faculties are suited to the purposes of a short existence on a particular planet. The higher intelligences must look upon us as mere ephemera—or rather the beings of a moment. Can we count the objects which the microscope discloses to our view? Have we yet, after the observations of nearly four thousand years, been able to number the stars? How then shall we calculate the years still remaining to be accomplished by the solar system? But the difficulty which we have in doing this, or rather its impossibility, has no effect upon the discovery, which shows that however remote the day, yet a day is undoubtedly assigned when the solar system shall cease to be. The consequence admits of no question. That system which is destined to decay cannot be eternal. As it is to have an end, it must have had a beginning. The time was when it did not exist. The time is yet to come when it will exist no more. It must then have been of necessity created by some Power, which is competent to such a prodigious work—a power unlimited in its attributes, and thus we return once more by unerring steps to the existence of an Omnipotent Creator, to whose view our millions of years calculated by revolutions round the sun are but the results of a law which is unknown in eternity.

‘We are in the habit sometimes of contrasting the transient destiny of man with the permanence of the forests, the mountains, the ocean,—with the unwearied circuit of the sun. But this contrast is a delusion of our own imagination; the difference is after all but one of degree. The forest tree endures for its centuries and then decays; the mountains crumble and change, and perhaps subside in some convulsion of nature; the sea retires and the shore ceases to resound with the everlasting voice of the ocean; such reflections have already crowded upon the mind of the geologist, and it now appears that the courses of the heavens themselves are not exempt from the universal law of decay; that not only the rocks and the mountains, but the sun and the moon, have the sentence “to end” stamped upon their foreheads; that they enjoy no privileges beyond man, except a longer respite. The ephemeron perishes in an hour; man endures for his three score years and ten; an empire or a nation numbers its centuries, it may be its thousands of years; the continents and islands which its dominion includes have perhaps their date, as those which preceded them have had; and the very revolutions of the sky by which centuries are numbered, will at last languish and stand still.’—*Whewell*, pp. 202, 203.

These reflections lead us to the conclusion, that the district of
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which we are a part, has still a multitude of centuries to count, before, in the ordinary course of things, it shall be destroyed. Even with respect to Mercury, the effect of the resisting medium has as yet produced no changes that we can discover. That its influence is therefore very minute, even in thousands of years, we may feel assured; and we also may believe, that as the Creator operates by his own laws, he will permit them to take their course, and accomplish their object without interruption. Our globe must, consequently, be still in the very swaddling clothes of its birth, and man, as to experience, a mere infant. We cannot guess at the susceptibility for further and higher improvements in the sciences and arts, in civilization, and above all, in religion, which may be imparted to him by the new stages of existence that are still to arrive. We cannot look forward to the lapse of even one hundred thousand years, without supposing that, in that time at least, education and Christianity would be universal over the earth. The generations of those distant times would look back upon ours as a period of comparative obscurity and barbarity. War would be unknown to them. All the necessary points of legislation and economy would have been fully arranged. Communications between all nations would have been facilitated in every way that ingenuity could devise. New empires would have arisen, and perhaps new continents have emerged from the bosom of the deep; and reason and knowledge would be found, as uniformly as they ought to be, the friends and not the enemies of faith.

There is, indeed, hardly a circumstance connected with our existence, which, when examined with a little attention, does not yield abundant evidence of the wisdom and beneficence which preside over the universe. We have only to turn up the soil at our feet, to find in it innumerable seeds useful to man.* We have only to look around us upon the surface of the earth, to see it stocked with a variety of animals, conducive not only to our subsistence, but to our convenience and recreation. The sea also, and the air, have their population at our command; and the more deeply we investigate the laws by which the whole system of vegetable and animal life is governed, the more clearly we shall perceive their complete and exclusive adaptation to the planet on which they carry on their operations.

* 'So completely is the ground impregnated with seeds, that if earth is brought to the surface, from the lowest depth at which it is found, some vegetable matter will spring from it. In boring for water lately, at a spot near Kingston-on-Thames, some earth was brought up from a depth of three hundred and sixty feet: this earth was carefully covered over with a hand-glass, to prevent the possibility of other seeds being deposited upon it, yet in a short time plants vegetated from it.'—*Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History*, pp. 139, 40.

Thus we find in the internal functions of plants, a complete cycle, which corresponds exactly with our year. Most of our fruit trees, for example, require the spring for the ascent of the sap, the summer and autumn for ripening the fruit, and the winter for hardening the wood which the tree has made during the previous season. Suppose the Earth to be placed where Venus is: its year would then consist of only seven months, a change which would throw the whole of our botanical world into confusion. The tree, after having put forth its leaves, blossoms, and fruit, would be destroyed at once by a winter which would come instead of autumn. Suppose the Earth to be removed to the orbit of Mars: its year would then consist of twenty-three months. Six months of continued spring or of summer may very well suit vegetable life in Mars, but to that of Earth, either would be destructive. If the wheat ear were to remain exposed to the sun of a six months' summer, the grain would be reduced to chaff. If it were green during a spring of similar length, it would never come to maturity. Either our vegetables are suited to our year, or our year to them. In either case we see a law of mutual adaptation, which demonstrates the necessity of previous design.

A similar observation applies to the length of our day. There are numerous flowers, such as the day lily, the common dandelion, the hawkweed, the marigold, and others, which open and close at certain hours, as anybody who attends to the floral world must have observed. If the day were considerably lengthened or shortened, the clockwork of these productions, if we may use the expression, would require a totally new construction, in order to adjust their hours to the changes in the rising or setting of the sun. Night is for man and almost all animals the period of repose. If the day and night were lengthened to forty-eight hours, his present strength would not enable him to toil for twenty-four hours, even with the intermissions to which he is now accustomed, and it would be impossible for him to sleep more than eight or ten hours at the utmost. The remaining fourteen hours of night would be wholly lost, for he could not turn them to advantage either by mental or bodily occupation. Here is another manifest proof of design, whether we consider the present habits of animal life to be suited to the period of the earth's revolution round its own axis, or that revolution to them.

The force of gravity within the region immediately influenced by the earth depends upon the mass of the earth—and this mass is, as we have seen, one of the elements of the solar system. Our globe might have been as large as Jupiter or Saturn, or as small as Pallas or Ceres, without causing any derangement, apparently, in the general system to which it belongs. But if the earth were

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as large as Jupiter, the intensity of gravity at its surface would be so great that it would prevent the sap from rising in our trees, and absolutely stop the vital movements of every plant we are possessed of. Thus we may perceive a wonderful relation between the mass of the globe and the budding of a snow-drop. Further, any considerable increase of the force of gravity, beyond that which we experience at present, would be wholly subversive of the muscular powers of all our animals. The fawn would feel almost as heavy as the elephant, the hare would creep like a sloth, the tiger would lose the power of springing on his prey, and man himself, moving with difficulty and pain on his hands and feet, would be degraded to the rank of a quadruped. He could scarcely breathe, so dense would be the lower strata of the atmosphere; the felling of a single tree would cost him his life; he could not guide the plough, nor sink a well, nor raise the rocks from the bosom of Jupiter for the erection of bridges or of temples, which, if such edifices exist there, must be upon a Cyclopean scale, in order to resist the floods and tempests of that planet. He could not live there a single day, unless his stature were strengthened with additional muscles, supplied with a new tide of the vital current, with new channels for its circulation, and a robust furniture of lungs proportioned to his powerful frame. The facility with which all our animals, from the elephant to the squirrel, execute their movements, and go through the circle of their existence, shows that their size and limbs and muscles, and the most minute instruments which are subservient throughout their structures to the maintenance of life, have been adjusted with the nicest precision to the force of gravity, which, emanating from the mass of the earth, operates upon them. So also it is with man. All over our globe he bears the same proportion to its magnitude, thereby clearly showing that the Omnipotent, in creating him, weighed him as it were in one hand while poisoning the earth in the other.

The invariable regularity with which the earth accomplishes its orbit is in itself a striking proof of the divine perfection with which that orbit was traced out. A difference of ten days at one time, of three weeks or a month at another, in the length of our year, would disappoint the labours of the husbandman, and render every attempt at chronology abortive. The history of past generations would be a chaos, and all calculations as to the future, with respect to astronomical phenomena, and every thing connected with time, would be altogether visionary. We could have neither months nor years—nothing but a succession of days to which we could hardly give a name—and the whole of our present routine of life would be thrown into irrecoverable confusion. The dexterity, if we may use such a phrase, with which the earth preserves
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its path in space, without encountering any of the numerous comets which are perpetually wandering in all sorts of orbits through the firmament, is the result of a provision that must have been made before one of those enormous masses was launched upon its course. The comet of 1680 was followed by a tail which considerably exceeded in length the whole interval between the sun and the earth; the tail of the comet of 1769 extended sixteen million leagues; and that of the great comet of 1811, thirty-six millions. The orbit of the small comet called after M. Biela, of Josephstadt, by a remarkable coincidence, very nearly intersects that of the earth; and it is very well known, that had the latter been only a little month in advance of its actual place at the time of the passage of that comet in 1832, there must have been a rencontre between them. Considering that Biela's comet is so small, and, like Encke's, is scarcely more solid than a cloud, it might not possibly have produced any effect upon the orbit of the earth. But it would have most probably deranged, during its passage, the component parts of our atmosphere, rendered it very generally inconsistent with the continuance of animal life, and prodigiously aggravated the pestilence with which so many nations were visited in that fatal year.*

The mean depth of the sea is, according to La Place, from four to five miles. If the existing waters were increased only by one-fourth, it would drown the earth, with the exception of some high mountains. If the volume of the ocean were augmented only by one-eighth, considerable portions of the present continents would be submerged, and the seasons would be changed all over the globe. Evaporation would be so much extended, that rains would fall continually, destroy the harvests, and fruits, and flowers, and subvert the whole economy of nature. There is perhaps nothing more beautiful in our whole system than the process by which the fields are irrigated from the skies—the rivers are fed from the mountains—and the ocean restrained within bounds, which it never can exceed so long as that process continues on the present scale. The vapour raised by the sun from the sea floats wherever it is lighter than the atmosphere; condensed, it falls upon the earth in water; or, attracted to the mountains, it gathers on their summits, dissolves, and perpetually replenishes the conduits with which,

* It is curious enough that Jupiter, whose vast magnitude, as compared with Earth, enables him to sustain such shocks with impunity, seems to be a perpetual stumbling-block to comets. The comet of 1770 actually got entangled among his satellites, and being thrown out of its orbit by his attraction was forced into a much larger ellipse than it had traversed before. It is a proof of the smallness of the mass of that comet that none even of Jupiter's satellites suffered the least perceptible derangement of motion from this extraordinary conflict. What effect it may have produced upon animal life within his atmosphere, we have no means of conjecturing.

externally

externally or internally, they are all furnished. By these conduits the fluid is conveyed to the rivers which flow on the surface of the earth, and to the springs which lie deep in its bosom, destined to supply man with a purer element. If we suppose the sea then to be considerably diminished, the Amazon and the Mississippi, those inland seas of the western world, would become inconsiderable brooks; the brooks would wholly disappear; the atmosphere would be deprived of its due proportion of humidity; all nature would assume the garb of desolation;—the bird would droop on the wing—the lower animals would perish on the barren soil—and man himself would wither away like the sickly grass at his feet. He must, indeed, be incorrigibly blind, or scarcely elevated in the scale of reason above the monkey, who would presume to say, or could for a moment honestly think, when duly informed on the subject, that the machinery by which the process of evaporation and condensation has been constantly carried on upon earth for so many centuries, exhibits no traces of divine science and power, and especially of benevolence towards the countless beings whose subsistence and happiness absolutely depend upon the circumstance of the waters of the ocean, earth and air, uniformly preserving the average of their present mutual proportions.

Let us glance in passing at the amount of riches which this process at present bestows annually upon mankind, particularly in those countries where they have complied with the first condition of happiness imposed on them by their Creator,—that of assiduously labouring to cultivate the earth. We find that in France, which teems with an agricultural population, unskilled however in many of the modern improvements that have been carried to such perfection in Britain and Belgium, the average yearly produce is about twenty-one millions of quarters of wheat, thirty-two millions of other grain, and sixteen of chestnuts and potatoes, the whole of which would amount, at moderate prices, to about one hundred and forty millions sterling, exclusive of the wealth which they gain by their olives and vines. The annual value of all the grain grown in Britain, and of its cattle, sheep, hides, wool, butter, cheese, and poultry, has been estimated at about two hundred and twenty millions sterling. A French writer, whose elaborate tables, though not always accurate, offer in most instances an approximation to the truth, has estimated the ordinary number of our sheep at forty-two millions, of our cattle at ten millions, and of our horses at one million eight hundred thousand. It has been calculated, that the wool shorn from our sheep in one year was worth, at eighteen pence a pound, a sum exceeding eight millions sterling. If we consider that the wipex of France are but
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the vapours drawn from the sea by the sun, returned by the clouds and mountains to the earth, thence pumped up through the stems of the vine and distributed through the purple clusters with which at the vintage-time their branches are weighed down, we must at once perceive that any material derangement of the process in question would convert all the vineyards of France into mere collections of wood, fit only to be cut down and thrown into the fire. By the same process a grain of wheat may with due care be multiplied into four or five thousand. In the *Philosophical Transactions* (1768, p. 203) a curious instance is stated, in which forty-seven pounds of wheat were actually obtained from one single seed. So also wool, milk, and flesh are but grass and corn changed into those substances by the assimilating system of the animal body, which could not be carried on for many days if half the waters of the sea retired into the caverns of earth. The mind is almost overwhelmed with a sense of the ever-present Deity, when we consider that at this moment there are upwards of a thousand millions of human beings walking on this globe, dependent for their daily maintenance upon the vapours of the ocean, which have never yet ceased to be raised, by the agency of the sun, in the proportions exactly requisite for the wants of man from season to season.

The atmosphere, which we cannot see, but which we feel investing us wherever we go, whose density we can measure to a certain height, whose purity is essential to existence, whose elastic pressure on the lungs, and on and around the frame, preserves man in that noble attitude which lifts his head toward the skies, and bids him seek there for an eternal home—the atmosphere, which is neither an evaporation from earth nor sea, but a separate element bound to the globe, and perpetually accompanying it in its motions round the sun—can we for an instant imagine that we are indebted for it only to some fortuitous accident? If there were no atmosphere, and if we could exist without one, we should not hear the most powerful artillery discharged at the distance of a single pace; we should be deprived of the music of the sea, the minstrelsy of the woods, of all the artificial combinations of sweet sounds, and of the fascinating tones of the human voice itself. We might make our wants and our feelings perceptible to each other, by signs and gesticulations, but the tongue would be condemned to irremediable silence. The deliberations of assemblies of men, from which laws and the order of society have emanated, could never have taken place. The tribes of mankind would wander over the earth in savage groups, incapable of civilization, and the only arts which they could ever know would be only those that might enable them to destroy each other.

Language

Language must be spoken before it can be represented by symbols. Without an atmosphere, therefore, we should have had no records, traditional or documentary, of past ages. Each generation would have to depend upon its own experience, and the generations now arrived at maturity would have been no wiser than those which lived before the flood. We should have had no press, no mathematics or astronomy, no eloquence or poetry, no steam-boats, rail-roads, or manufactures. Clothed in the skins of wild beasts, we should have sought shelter in the mountains and forests, have been incapable of preserving revelation, and have never obtained from our own intelligence any idea of the rank which we fill in created being. Let any man examine the ear either of one of his fellow-men or of the lower animals, and say, whether it is not exquisitely fitted for the reception of sound, which can only be propagated through the medium of the atmosphere. Can it be doubted then that the ear was made for the atmosphere, or the atmosphere for the ear? But by whom so made? When Epicurus first read, with his preceptor, these verses of Hesiod:—

Ἡτοι μιν πρῶτισιν Χάος ἦντο· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
Γαίη 'ὠκυπέττιος, πάντων ἰδὸς ἀσφαλὲς αἰνὴ
Ἀθάνατον.

Eldest of beings, Chaos first arose,
Thence Earth wide stretched, the steadfast seat of all
The Immortals,

his inquisitive spirit prompted him to put a similar question—
'And Chaos whence?' In his riper years the philosopher satisfied himself that Chaos arose from the fortuitous concourse of atoms, but he has forgotten to leave us an answer to the question—
'And Atoms whence?'

The atmosphere, immense as its volume is, surrounding the globe on all sides to the height of forty miles or more, is never in our way. We raise our hand and put it aside, but the fluid, from its elasticity, soon resumes its place. It diffuses and tempers the heat of different climates, circulates from the pole to the equator, sustains the clouds in an expanded form, and thus equally divides their waters over the surface of the earth, and exercises an immediate agency in the generation and direction of the winds, which tend perpetually to restore the equilibrium of genial warmth and moisture. We already know that without it the ear would be useless. If there were no atmosphere, the eye also would be comparatively inefficient; we should see nothing except objects on which the sun's rays fell directly or by reflection—dazzling the sense in either case. The atmosphere, by its refracting power, economises the separate sunbeams, melting, as it were, the lines
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of fire into a fluid, and filling the space in which we live and move with a degree of illumination admirably tempered to the sensibility of the most delicate of all our organs. Thus we perceive an indissoluble connexion between the atmosphere, the ear, the eye, and all the conveniences and refinements which, through the ministry of sound and light, society enjoys. Relations such as these, perfected by machinery the most simple, are so manifestly the results of an intelligent and beneficent power, that we must shut our ears to sound and our eyes to light, before we can doubt that such a power *is*, and is divine.

How various are the climates of the earth, and yet how uniform is each climate in its temperature, notwithstanding the fact that we traverse annually a circle in space whose diameter extends over one hundred and ninety millions of miles! In each particular climate we behold races of animals and plants, many of which would not prosper elsewhere. Though apparently rains, and winds, and frosts, are very irregular, yet we find a remarkable constancy in the average weather and seasons of each place. Very hot summers, or very cold winters, have little effect in raising or depressing the mean annual temperature of any one climate above or below its general standard. We must be convinced, from observation, that the structure of plants and the nature of many animals are specially adapted to the climate in which they are located. A vegetable, for example, which flourishes where the mean temperature is fifty-five degrees, would perish where the average is only fifty. If our mean temperature were raised or lowered by five degrees, our vegetable world would be destroyed, until a new species suited to the altered climate should be substituted for that which we possess at present. An inhabitant of the equatorial regions, whose mean temperature is eighty, would hardly believe that vegetable life could exist in such a climate as ours. We have the same opinion of the arctic regions. But both are equally mistaken: the care of a presiding Providence is limited to no climate; it

‘Lives through all space, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.’

‘At the equator we find the natives of the Spice Islands, the clove and nutmeg trees, pepper, and mace. Cinnamon bushes clothe the surface of Ceylon; the odoriferous sandal-wood, the ebony-tree, the teak-tree, the banyan, grow in the East Indies. In the same latitudes, in Arabia the Happy, we find balm, frankincense, and myrrh, the coffee-tree and the tamarind. But in those countries, at least in the plains, the trees and shrubs which decorate our more northerly climes are wanting. And as we go northwards, at every step we change the vegetable group, both in addition and by subtraction. In the thickets

thickets to the west of the Caspian Sea we have the apricot, citron, peach, walnut. In the same latitude, in Spain, Sicily, and Italy, we find the dwarf plum, the cypress, the chestnut, the cork-tree; the orange and lemon tree perfume the air with their blossoms; the myrtle and pomegranate grow wild among the rocks. We cross the Alps, and we find the vegetation which belongs to northern Europe, of which England is an instance. The oak, the beech, and the elm are natives of Great Britain; the elm-tree seen in Scotland and the north of England is the wych elm. As we travel still farther to the north, the forests again change their character. In the northern provinces of the Russian empire are found forests of the various species of fir; the Scotch and spruce fir, and the larch. In the Orkney Islands no tree is found but the hazel, which occurs again on the northern shores of the Baltic. As we proceed into colder regions we still find species which appear to have been made for these situations. The hoary or cold elder makes its appearance north of Stockholm; the sycamore and mountain-ash accompany us to the head of the Gulf of Bothnia; and as we leave this and traverse the Dophrian range, we pass in succession the boundary-lines of the spruce fir, the Scotch fir, and those minute shrubs which botanists distinguish as the dwarf birch and the dwarf willow. Here, near to or within the arctic circle, we yet find wild flowers of great beauty, the mezereum, the yellow and white water-lily, and the European globe-flower. And when these fail us, the reindeer moss still makes the country habitable for animals and man.—*Whewell*, pp. 64—66.

So also there are boundaries to the growth of corn, the vine, and the olive. Wheat extends over certain tracts from England to Thibet; it does not flourish in the Polar regions, nor within the tropics, except in situations considerably raised above the level of the sea. The temperature required for the successful cultivation of the vine must not be under fifty, nor much above sixty-three degrees; though in the warm climates elevation of situation will correct the excess of heat. Maize and olives have their favourite regions in France, Italy, and Spain. We first meet with rice west of Milan; it extends over the northern provinces of Persia, and over all the southern districts of Asia where there are facilities for irrigation. Millet is one of the principal grains of Africa. Cotton is cultivated in the new world no higher than latitude 40°; in the old, it extends to latitude 46°, being found in Astrachan. Exceptions, indeed, occur with respect to the sugar-cane, the indigo-tree, the plantain, and the mulberry, all natives of India and China; for these productions have found a genial climate in the West Indies and South America. The genuine tea-tree seems indisposed to flourish out of China, though the South American Indians have something like it. The Cassava yams, the bread-fruit-tree the sago palm, and the
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the cabbage-tree, are all apparently special provisions for the islands in which they are peculiarly found to flourish. It is impossible, we think, to reflect upon all this variety of natural wealth, and upon the adaptation of each species to the climate in which it is found, without perceiving that the distribution of those productions—no one climate yielding a perfect substitute, generally speaking, for that of another—was originally designed to prompt and to continue throughout human existence that commercial and friendly intercourse which has been long since established between the inhabitants of countries the most remote from each other.

Recent geological researches have brought to light some extraordinary antediluvian deposits, which forcibly illustrate the order of creation on earth as narrated in Genesis. Among these relics of older time there has not been found, says Mr. Sedgwick,* 'a single trace of man, or of the work of his hands.' They consist principally of the remains of animals that now appear hideous to us, only because we are unaccustomed to see them, the species having been long since obliterated from nature. Some are of the lizard kind, some combine the fish with the lizard. They are found sometimes imbedded in reeds and grasses of gigantic proportions, in company with shell-fish, as ammonites and nautili, of inordinate bulk as compared with those of the present day. It is necessary only to look at the specimens of these animals, of which there are some in excellent preservation in the museums of London, York, and Scarborough, to be convinced, with Mr. Lyell and Sir Charles Bell, that they must have inhabited 'shallow seas and estuaries, or great inland lakes; that the surface of the earth did not (in their time) rise up in peaks and mountains, or that perpendicular rocks bound in the seas; but that it was flat, slimy, and covered with a loaded and foggy atmosphere.' 'There is, indeed,' adds Bell, 'every reason to believe that the classes mammalia and birds were not then created.'

These inferences, justified as they are by the organic remains found in the antediluvian deposits, exactly coincide with the narrative of Genesis. 'The waters were first commanded to bring forth 'the moving creature that hath life.' Birds were next created, then the land animals, and finally man, who, it is agreed by all geologists, is, as compared with all other races of animated nature, but a recent sojourner on earth.

'We have already hinted,' observes Sir Charles Bell, 'that geologists have discovered, that in the stratified rocks there is proof of a regular succession of formations in the crust of the earth, and that animals of very different structure have been imbedded and are pre-

* Address to the Geological Society, 1831, p. 34.

served in them. In the earlier-formed strata animals are found which are low, as we choose to express it, in the chain of existence; in higher strata, oviparous animals of great bulk, and more complex structure, are discovered; above the strata containing these oviparous reptiles there are found mammalia; and in the looser and more superficial stratum are the bones of the mastodon, megatherium, rhinoceros, and elephant. Geologists agree that man has been created last of all.—p. 34.

These facts entitle us to conclude, that the *days* of creation must have consisted of more than centuries of earth, or rather of epochs, each including perhaps more than a thousand years. The laws of matter, we cannot doubt, had been already pronounced, and applied to some at least of the other worlds with which the universe abounds. According to those laws it is perfectly consistent with unlimited creative power, that, as Moses writes, the earth in its first stage should have been ‘without form and void,’ a chaos of elements which were subsequently blended together and shaped into a sphere by rotation and motion round the sun. Time elapsed in the preparation of the minerals, the precious metals, the coal, and other subterraneous treasures,—all of them useful, some absolutely necessary, to the purposes of Man. The earth appears, after its first dispositions were accomplished, to have been completely remoulded, before it was deemed fit to be his residence. The shallow seas, the slimy abodes of the ichthyosaurus, the rank grasses, the dense and unwholesome vapours, had disappeared. The mountains had raised their heads, and assisted to purify the atmosphere; the sea had been assigned its limits; the climates had been determined; and the woods and valleys, and green fields, with their garniture of bright streams, and birds, and flowers of a thousand hues, contributed all their charms to form that Paradise which received the first born of our kind.

In thus retracing the progressive steps of creation we cannot fail to see an Intelligent Power operating according to laws which are still discerned in action; and at the same time we receive exalted ideas of the dignity attached to Man by his Creator, who condescended to take so many ages in moulding and seasoning for him a habitation which, as the Omnipotent, he might have summoned to perfect existence by a breath.

Had Man been a mere animal machine, destitute of reason, he would have been the most defenceless creature on earth. The elephant possesses an instrument by which he can grasp his enemy, and an enormous weight by which he can trample him to death. The bear is endowed with a degree of muscular strength by which he can compress the human figure with as much facility as we
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break a nutshell. The lion and the tiger can spring upon their prey, and fix it by their claws to the earth until they satiate their hunger. But the infant, what a helpless being it is, and remains, long after it first sees the light! The idiot who never enjoyed reason, the melancholy maniac who has been deprived of it, how pitifully weak and dependent are they compared with the rhinoceros or the eagle! Nevertheless it has been given to man to subdue all the tribes of animated nature to his use, and he has fulfilled his destiny in that respect by means of his hand, the most perfect physical instrument with which we are acquainted. Not all the skill of man has yet been able to imitate the hand in its formation and functions, or to suggest an improvement in one of its joints or muscles. Galen's enthusiastic and eloquent description of it, which the reader will find translated in Dr. Kidd's volume, though unrivalled in ancient or modern literature, scarcely does justice to the flexibility, delicacy, and strength of this admirable instrument. But it is, after all, nothing more than an instrument: it would have been comparatively powerless had it not been moved to action by the rational faculty of which it is the immediate servant.

Yet, although it is by means of the hand that we operate upon external matter, we cannot perceive, as Sir Charles Bell justly remarks, any relation between that instrument and the mind. The hand is not more distinct from the rose which it is about to pluck, than the mind is from this organ of its volition. Indeed, we must all feel that the pulse which beats at the wrist has nothing whatever to do with our will. We may use the hand for our purposes, but its machinery, its vitality, do not in any way depend upon our dictates. The action of the heart, the circulation of the blood, are carried on by laws to which the mind is no party. Had it been otherwise, a single act of omission in ordering the requisite functions on our part might bring life to a premature termination. The fracture of a small filament in the admirable tracery of nervous cords which unites many organs in sympathy, would produce spasm, suffocation, and death. Thus then we have two principles of vitality in us—one, that of the mind—the other, that of the frame in which it is enveloped; each perfectly distinct, and manifestly the work of a superior Intelligence, who has given us a control over the operations of both, but has taught us the secret of immortality in the laws which disclose their separate existence. The planets move round the sun by his attraction; the blood circulates through our frame by no relation to the mind. The planets and the sun itself shall perish; the blood shall cease to circulate, and the fairest fabric of mortality shall moulder in the dust; but the mind lives independently of matter,
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as matter does of mind, and can no more be affected, as to its vital essence, by the destruction of the body, than Sirius would be by the extinction of our entire solar system.

Not only are the vital functions of the body independent of our will, but each of our organs has been endowed, without any consent or previous knowledge on our part, with powers admirably suited to its purpose;—powers which are not the result of life either of the mind or the body, but of special legislation, founded on premeditated design, and accomplishing an adaptation of means to end, wonderful for their perfection. Thus the heart, to which the lover appeals as the seat of his ardent feelings, as the most sensible organ of his system, may be rudely pressed by the hand without conveying to him the sensation that it has been touched. Harvey's celebrated experiment puts this fact beyond a doubt. It happened that a youth of the noble family of Montgomerie had his interior exposed in an extraordinary manner, in consequence of an abscess in the side of the chest, which was caused by a fall. The youth was introduced to the presence of Charles L., and Harvey, putting one hand through the aperture, grasped the heart, and so held it for some time without the young man being at all conscious that any new object was in contact with it. Other observations have since confirmed this discovery, and the heart is now universally declared by medical men to be insensible! Nevertheless we all well know that the heart is affected not only by the emotions of the mind, but by every change that takes place in the condition of the body. Here then is a complete proof of design. The heart insensible to *touch*, which, from its internal position, it was never intended to experience, is yet sensibly alive to every variation in the circulation of the blood, and sympathizes in the strictest manner with the powers of the constitution. There is nothing, however, in the mere principle of life, still less in the physical texture of the heart, to give it insensibility to touch, and sensibility to feeling of the most active and refined description. As life is animation added to the body when formed, so this peculiar susceptibility of the heart is an endowment added to the organ by Him who made it.

Natural philosophers, in explaining the laws of vision, assure us that the image of the external object is painted on the retina by the rays of light, which, reflected from the object, are refracted by the lens of the eye. But they have not yet been able to discover by what process the presence of that image, if indeed it be painted on the retina, is conveyed to the mind. We are, and ever shall be, ignorant of the mode in which matter is spiritualized into idea.

'All that we can say is,' observes Sir Charles Bell, 'that the agitations

tations of the nerves of the outward senses are the signals which the Author of Nature has made the means of correspondence with the realities. There is no more resemblance between the impressions on the senses and the ideas excited by them, than there is between the sound and the conception raised in the mind of that man who, looking out on a dark and stormy sea, hears the report of cannon, which conveys to him the idea of despair and shipwreck—or between the impression of light on the eye, and the idea of him who, having been long in terror of national convulsion, sees afar off a column of flame, which is the signal of actual revolt.’—p. 170.

Innumerable and powerful as are the arguments in favour of the existence of an Omnipotent and benevolent Creator, derived from external matter and the physical constitution of man, those that arise from the phenomena of mind are of pre-eminent force and dignity. The Great Parent of intelligent beings must be himself of the highest order of intelligence; and he who gave to the mind that innate sense of right and wrong which we call conscience, must be the personification of all the virtues. But we must not attempt, at present, to go into this great argument.

ART. II.—*The Infirmities of Genius illustrated by referring the Anomalies of the Literary Character to the Habits and Constitutional Peculiarities of Men of Genius.* By R. R. Madden, Esq., Author of ‘*Travels in Turkey.*’ 2 vols. London. 1833.

HERE is a good subject sadly marred. An endeavour to trace, on philosophical, medical, and Christian principles, the secret connexion between men’s tempers and talents and the material organization of their bodies, would be at least interesting, even though, as we incline to believe, the mystery in which it has pleased the Creator to involve the connexion between body and soul should necessarily render it a doubtful and imperfect theory. Mr. Madden seems to have had some vague design of this sort in his head; but to the natural difficulties of the subject he appears to add a peculiar degree of personal incapacity for such an inquiry. Our readers will recollect that, on our examination* of Mr. Madden’s ‘*Travels in Turkey,*’ we saw reason to suspect that he was superficial, inaccurate, and presumptuous—that on his assertions a very qualified reliance should be placed, and on his inferences—none. This work justifies all those opinions. Mr. Madden is, moreover, singularly ignorant of the class of men and facts that he has now undertaken to discuss; in general learning he seems to be below what is called a smatterer, and the turn of his mind is

* Quarterly Review, No. LXXXII. p. 441.

evidently

evidently neither accurate in observation, precise in distinction, sagacious in analysis, nor comprehensive in synthetical combination. We suspect that he is little versed in medical, and still less in moral, philosophy; and though his pages are illustrated with great names and copious quotations, he gives us the impression of knowing of the men and the books he mentions little more than the name. His very title-page affords, we think, proof of these deficiencies. Let us examine it:—he proposes ‘to illustrate the *infirmities* of genius by referring the *anomalies* of the literary character to the habits and constitutional *peculiarities* of men of genius.’ What we ask, in the first place, is the distinction between the ‘*infirmities of genius*,’ which are to be illustrated, the *anomalies of character* which are to be the medium, and the ‘*habits and constitutional peculiarities of men of genius*,’ which are to be the standard, of the illustration? Is there any idea conveyed by this announcement which would not have been equally expressed if he had said, ‘the *infirmities of genius* illustrated, by referring the *infirmities of genius* to the *infirmities of genius*.’ Probably by ‘*infirmities*,’ Mr. Madden may mean *mental* infirmities, and by ‘*constitutional peculiarities*,’ *corporeal* infirmities; but ‘*habits*’ joined to ‘*constitutional peculiarities*’ seem to imply, that moral peculiarities are also included: but, after all, if we were to admit that there may be a distinction between the first and last members of Mr. Madden’s proposition, what is the use or meaning of the middle term, ‘*anomalies of the literary character*’? This vague and at best colloquial enunciation of his design is, as we shall see, quite of a piece with the style in which the book itself proceeds.

We may here observe, also, that the title-page affords us a curious specimen of the author’s scholarship: his motto is, ‘*Qui ratione corporis non habent, sed cogunt mortalem immortalī, terrestrem ætheræ equalem prestare industriam*;’ and for this sentence he refers us to PLUTARCH *de Sanitate tuenda*. We should lay no stress on the mere *press-errors* of this and almost every other classical quotation in the book, if they were not so *general* that it is impossible they can be merely accidental; but does Mr. Madden suppose that Plutarch is a *Latin* author? and if not, why does he give us this barbarous mutilation of Xylander’s very indifferent translation of Plutarch’s Ὅτινινα Παραγγέλματα?*. While we are on the subject of quotations, we may as well dispose at once of Mr. Madden’s pretensions to classical learning, on which, from

* “*Ut rationem corporis non habeant, neque parcant succumbenti laboribus, sed cogant mortalem immortalī ac terrestrem ætheræ æqualem prestare industriam.*” Xylander’s version here, as almost always, is much less exact, as well as less elegant, than that of Erasmus.

his frequent and ambitious display of it, we presume he sets great value, and of which therefore he would not forgive us if we did not take some little notice. Plutarch, we have seen, appears in the new character of a writer of very bad Latin; Sophocles, who has hitherto passed for a Greek tragedian, was, it seems, of the same school—

‘Sophocles has lauded the beatitude of ignorance, “*Nihil scire vita jocundissima*.”’*—vol. i., p. 37.

The distribution of the following lines leads us to suppose, that Mr. Madden fancies that some of the poetical works of Tacitus have been preserved, though we doubt whether Mr. Madden himself could ascertain the metre:—

‘In large cities, at least, literature occupies the ground which politics and scandal keep possession of in small ones; in the time of Tacitus the evil was common to the communities of both:—

“*Vitium parvis magnisque civitatibus commune Ignorantium et invidiam*.”’—vol. i., p. 23.

Every schoolboy knows the passage in the introduction of the *Life of Agricola*, which, by misunderstanding and misprinting, our ‘learned Theban’ has produced in this strange form. But if he exhibits Tacitus in verse, he balances the account by quoting ‘an excellent old author,’ who turns Horace into prose:—

‘Like those poets who will throw you off a hundred verses, “*stantes in pede uno*,” as Horace has it’—(vol. i., p. 70) rather—we should have said—as Horace has it *not*.

‘Ovid and Horace,’ he says, ‘afford specimens of self-complacency, “*exegi monumentum æri perennius*.”—“*Jamque opus exegi quod nec Jovis ira*,” &c.—vol. ii., p. 146.

So—*referendo singula singulis*—Ovid may be supposed to be the author of the former boast and Horace of the latter. The following passage is of a higher flight both of English eloquence and classical Latinity. He denounces—(alluding to the posthumous publication of some of Lord Byron’s satirical *jeux d’esprit*)—‘the deep, deliberate malignity of the literary jackal that steals away the provender of the mangled *disjectæ membri humanitatis* for the “*omni vorantia et homicida gula*” of the savage community of his own species.’—vol. i. p. 187.

We say nothing of the new reading of *membri* for *membra*, or of *omni* for, we suppose, *omnia*, but we wish that Mr. Madden had named the author to whom we are indebted for the latter quotation, which enriches the Latin language with two adjectives which we do not recollect to have met elsewhere,—*vorantius*, *vorantia*, *vorantium*, and *homicidus*, *homicida*, *homicidum*!—and,

* We suppose this *jocund* scrap is the miscopied version, by some schoolbook editor, of
 ἐν τῇ φρονίᾳ γὰρ μὴδὲν ἡδιστὸς βίος.—*Ajox Flag*. 554.

lest this choice scrap of erudition should be mistaken for the error of the printer, Mr. Madden carefully repeats the quotation ‘*omni vorantia gula*’ in another place—vol. i. p. 271.

From such blunders as these, we are obliged to conclude, that although Mr. Madden quotes, or we should rather say misquotes, very ostentatiously Sophocles, Plato, Xenophon, Hippocrates, Plautus, Horace, Ovid, Tacitus, Martial, St. Augustine, Ficinus, Plembius (*Plempius*), and the ‘*Sieur Xilander*,’ (*Xylander*) he knows nothing of them beyond their names (and not always their names), and some extracts which he has picked up in other writers, and which, without thoroughly understanding, he has transferred, for the most part in a maimed and corrupted shape, into his own pages. His chief, if not only source, is old Burton, who being generally so obliging as to give translations of what he quotes, is an invaluable repertorium to one who would be a scholar, with ‘small Latin and no Greek.’ Him, Mr. Madden plunders as profusely, though not quite so aptly, as did Squire Shandy, and his friend Dr. Slop. We select two or three instances out of fifty:—

‘Surely,’ says Ficinus, ‘scholars are the most foolish men in the world—other men look to their tools,’ &c.—vol. i., p. 39.

This translation from Ficinus is taken without acknowledgment from Burton, vol. i., p. 187, *oct. ed.*, 1804.

‘Æneas Sylvius says he knew many scholars in his time, excellent, well-learned men, but so rude,’ &c.—vol. i., p. 163.

This passage from Æneas Sylvius is to be found in Burton, vol. i., p. 190.

‘Those “*labores hilares venandi*,” as Camden terms the field-sports of *Staffordshire*.’—vol. ii., p. 247.

One wonders why this phrase should be more especially applied to field-sports in *Staffordshire*, than in Derbyshire or Devonshire; but what Camden says is, that the gentry in the neighbourhood of Needwood forest (which happens to be in Staffordshire) pursued there the *hilares venandi labores*. Mr. Madden, we dare say, never saw Camden, but he found the quotation itself in the text of Burton, vol. i., p. 404—and in the marginal reference, ‘*Camden, in Staffordshire*,’ and so, ‘from text and margin,’ compounded his own exhibition of learning.

Again—when he wishes to describe a pleasant walk, he talks with great pomp of ‘*Deambulatio per amœna loca*.’ vol. ii., p. 245. This quotation he finds also in Burton, vol. i., p. 407.

And to conclude this chapter, Burton, having occasion to quote the celebrated passage in the 6th Æneid—

‘*Pallentesque habitant morbi*,’ &c.

chose

chose to alter some words to suit the subject in hand; and behold, Mr. Madden, thinking proper to use the same quotation (Burton having kindly supplied him with a translation), copies, still without notice or acknowledgment, Burton's *cento* instead of Virgil's original! In short, we really have never seen so flagrant a case of plagiarism, presumption, and ignorance, as Mr. Madden's pretence to classical learning; there is scarcely a quotation in the whole work that does not betray Mr. Madden's total ignorance of the book whence it was extracted, and even of the very elements of the language in which it is written. Now a man may be a very amusing traveller, a tolerable surgeon, and even a good reasoner, without being a profound classical scholar; but he who can indulge in the poor vanity of dressing himself in borrowed feathers and making a pompous '*étalage*' of what does not belong to him, is not, we presume to think, the fittest examiner of the delicate sensibilities of genius, or the safest guide in a theory of nice moral feelings and high intellectual dignity.

The main body of the work proceeds—keeping the promise of the title-page—in a style of vague, inconsistent, and often contradictory trivialities, which we sometimes do not comprehend—often cannot reconcile with the preceding or following sentences—and never can reduce into any general and satisfactory course of statement or reasoning.

It is in his preliminary chapter that we naturally seek the object of his work. We look, and see nothing—but detached common-places, which, without acumen or consideration, are laid down as axioms, on which it seems intended to erect a superstructure, but which, we find in the progress of the work, are quite incapable of carrying even their own weight. Mr. Madden begins by observing that—

'it is generally admitted that literary men are an irritable race, subject to many infirmities both of mind and body; that worldly prosperity and domestic happiness are not very often the result of their pursuits. Eccentricity is the "badge of all their tribe," and so many errors accompany their career, that fame and frailty would almost seem to be inseparable companions.'—vol. i., p. 1, 2.

Now here, at the very outset and foundation of his whole system, he advances an assertion which, however popular it may be, requires, before it can be admitted, many explanations and qualifications; the total omission of which renders Mr. Madden's fitness for nice moral disquisitions very problematical. Authors no doubt have been very generally reproached with irritability, and many of them with eccentricity; but are *authors*, as Mr. Madden seems to think, the only class of men that are irritable and eccentric? are they even so in a greater *proportion* than their

their fellows? *That* Mr. Madden does not trouble himself to inquire—he takes it for granted, and proceeds to erect his work on this unexamined foundation. Now we, on the contrary, believe that some of the greatest—the very greatest—geniuses that the world has ever produced, have had no eccentricities; and though they may have had a livelier sensibility than ordinary men (which is, in fact, one of the essentials of what is called *genius*) they were not peculiarly *irritable*, in Mr. Madden's popular use of the term. But even if a larger proportion of literary men should appear to have had infirmities of temper, the fact might be explained, and in a considerable degree accounted for, by a consideration which, though very obvious, does not seem to have recurred to Mr. Madden. They are a *comparatively small class*—they stand more prominently before the public—they are better known and more noted—they are objects of general curiosity while they live, of critical biography when they die; and when they happen to have had any peculiarity, it is sure to be not merely observed, but exaggerated. How many thousands—millions—of men and women have been irregular in mind and conduct for every one of that small and, as Mr. Madden thinks, *unfortunate class*, which can claim the distinction of literary *genius*? We hear—in the same kind of shallow talk—of the vices and follies of the *Great*, because they are observed by all eyes and recorded by all pens; but we very much doubt whether the number of the wicked and foolish in the higher ranks be not infinitely smaller in *proportion*, than amongst the more unnoticed herd of mankind. Gray, though only a poet, has touched this, in his beautiful 'Elegy in a Country Church-yard,' with more philosophical discrimination than the author of this elaborate treatise. We do not pretend to deny that there may be some foundation for Dryden's celebrated dictum—

'Great wit is sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;'

and we shall by and by have occasion to touch on that interesting subject; here we are only observing in how very vague and inconsiderate a way Mr. Madden has set about his work.

His next position is the repetition of another commonplace, yet by no means accurate, observation:—

'It is the unfortunate tendency of literary habits to enamour the studious of the seclusion of the closet, and to render them more conversant with the philosophy and erudition of by-gone times, than with the sentiments and feelings of their fellow-men. Their knowledge of the world is, in a great measure, derived from books, not from an acquaintance with its active duties; and the consequence is, that when they venture into its busy haunts, they bring with them a spirit of uncompromising independence, which arrays itself at once
against

against every prejudice they have to encounter; such a spirit is but ill calculated to disarm the hostility of any casual opponent, or, in the circle where it is exhibited, "to buy golden opinions" of any "sorts of people."—vol. i., p. 2, 3.

Now, certainly, never was there a more unlucky introduction to what follows than this is; for the literary men to whose lives Mr. Madden dedicates three-fourths of his volumes (*viz.*, 400 pages out of 580) are Pope, Johnson, Burns, Cowper, Byron, and Scott. Now five of these were any thing but recluses—they mixed largely, in some instances too largely, with general society, and indulged freely, some of them too freely, in the gaieties of the world; and the sixth, Cowper, was not made a recluse by his literary habits, but, on the contrary, sought—and sought late—in the diversion of literature, an alleviation of the seclusion to which he had been long before doomed by other causes. So that *all* Mr. Madden's examples happen, ridiculously enough, to contradict, in a very striking manner, the assertion by which he introduces them.

But as he proceeds, he plunges into still deeper inconsistency. He is very severe on the biographers of literary men:—

'We find that its ashes are hardly cold, before its frailties are raked up from the tomb and baited at the ring of biography, till the public taste is satiated with the sport.'—vol. i., p. 4, 5.

'But when biography is made the vehicle, not only of private scandal but of that minor malignity of truth, which holds, as it were, a magnifying mirror to every naked imperfection of humanity, which possibly had never been discovered had no friendship been violated, no confidence been abused, and no errors exaggerated by the medium through which they have been viewed, it ceases to be a legitimate inquiry into private character or public conduct, and no infamy is comparable to that of magnifying the faults, or libelling the fame of the illustrious dead.' . . . 'In a word, that species of biography which is written for contemporaries, and not for posterity, is worse than worthless. It would be well for the memory of many recent authors if their injudicious friends had made a simple obituary serve the purpose of a history.'—pp. 10, 11.

Now would any one believe from this indignant exordium that three-fourths of Mr. Madden's own book consist of 'the rakings up of all the frailties,' of all 'the private scandal,' of all 'the magnifying of imperfections' with which Pope, Johnson, Burns, Cowper, and Byron have been 'baited in the ring of biography,' and that Mr. Madden has *himself* supplied as many of such details concerning Sir Walter Scott as he could collect, even to the violation (in so recent a case) of all feeling and decency, by copying loose newspaper tattle about the *post mortem* appearances of his brain!! In short, Mr. Madden's philosophical treatise is little
else

else than a repetition and amplification of the very small and dirty gossip which he so severely censures, and which he applies to the most offensive and uncharitable purposes.

But our readers will begin to ask, what is Mr. Madden's object? by what theory does he ally *genius* and *infirmity*? and to what practical conclusion does he tend? We are obliged to answer—we cannot tell! All is vague, obscure, contradictory; as far as the work has any thing like a fixed object or pervading principle, they are, we suppose, to be found in the summing up of the introductory chapter:—

‘In a word, if the literary man consume his strength and spirit in his study, forego all necessary exercise, keep his mind continually on the stretch, and even, at his meals, deprive the digestive organs of that nervous energy which is then essential to their healthy action; if the proteiform symptoms of *dyspepsia* at last make their appearance, and the innumerable anomalous sufferings which, under the name of nervous and stomachic ailments, derange the viscera, and rack the joints of the invalid; if by constant application the blood is continually determined to the brain, and the calibre of the vessels enlarged to the extent of causing pressure or effusion in that vital organ; in any case, if the mischief there is allowed to proceed slowly and steadily, perhaps for years, (as in the case of Swift,) giving rise to a long train of nervous miseries—to hypochondria in its gloomiest form, or mania in its wildest mood, or paralysis in the expressionless aspect of fatuity, (that frequent termination of the literary career;)—who can deny that the sufferer has, in a great measure, drawn the evil on himself, but who will not admit that his infirmities of mind and body are entitled to indulgence and compassion?’—vol. i., pp. 18, 19.

But whatever of principle or theory this passage may announce, the whole of the subsequent chapters are exclusively employed in *contradicting*. We have already noticed, that the six writers whom he has taken as his examples were *not* men who wasted at once the material and the intellectual lamp in study; nor does it appear that in any one of those cases can ‘the *proteiform* symptoms of *dyspepsia*’ account for any of the imputed errors and eccentricities. We suppose that Mr. Madden can hardly venture to attribute their *genius* to habitual indigestion, yet he seems to entertain some such notion; for if genius and infirmity be inseparable, and that infirmity is produced by dyspepsia, it follows, that genius is produced by dyspepsia—a conclusion somewhat at variance with our old friend Dryden's partiality for *stewed prunes*; and certainly with the mass of contradictory details which Mr. Madden produces in support of it.

Perhaps we should stop here; and our readers may complain of our occupying any more of their attention with a work so unworthy

worthy of any serious notice; but the intrinsic interest of the subject which Mr. Madden so mismanages, and the fame of the great men whose characters he so rashly undertakes to handle, induce us to proceed a little farther.

Of Pope, Mr. Madden begins by undertaking a defence against the observations of Mr. Bowles, whom he censures very severely for his alleged depreciation of the bard's moral and poetical character; and then he proceeds with the most astonishing thoughtlessness (another word would suit the case better—but we refrain) to collect from every scattered expression and every loose observation of all Pope's biographers, a combination of bad qualities of which Mr. Bowles' picture gives but a very faint idea. 'Pope,' says this candid defender of his fame, 'was irascible, capricious, peevish, and resentful;' 'wanton in his attacks;' 'unjust in his censures;' 'delighting in artifice;' 'with a cunning that descended to petty parsimony;' and his 'unjustifiable satire' was marked with 'petulance, personality, and malignity;' but Mr. Madden seems to think that he clears the man from the stain of such bad qualities by laying the whole blame on *dyspepsia*; which he traces to 'an affection of the spine contracted in infancy;' but here, unluckily, there occurs a slight hitch in the evidence. The biographers, who relate the various instances of all the before-mentioned bad qualities, do not, unfortunately for the theory, 'allude to his having suffered from indigestion.' This would have staggered an ordinary reasoner; but Mr. Madden makes very light of it, and solves the difficulty by adding, that 'it is possible that Pope himself might not have been aware of the nature of the anomalous symptoms of dyspepsia, which *mimic the form of every other malady*;' from this he naturally comes to the conclusion, that all Pope's infirmities, bodily and mental—'giddiness' and 'petulance'—'languor' and 'irascibility'—'dejection' and 'revenge'—'headache' and 'artifice'—'palpitation of the heart' and 'parsimony of paper'—'dimness of sight' and 'the stinting his guests to a pint of wine'—all these enormities are characteristic symptoms of dyspepsia! Now all this may be very true, but still it does not explain the connexion between indigestion and genius—between dyspepsia and 'The Rape of the Lock.'

Next comes the anatomy of Dr. Johnson, 'whose life,' as Mr. Croker, in the introduction to his edition of Boswell, observes, 'is a most curious chapter in the history of man,' and which assuredly affords a most remarkable combination of genius and infirmity. Clumsy as Mr. Madden's processes are, we really expected that in so clear a case he might be able to explain the drift and object of his work: but, alas! poor Mr. Madden is still more bewildered by Johnson than by Pope. In Pope's case the

silence

silence of the biographer permitted Mr. Madden to suppose *dyspepsia*. In Johnson's case, unluckily, there was not only no evidence of dyspepsia, but there was the clear admission of a well-known disease—*hypochondria*. What is to be done? how is the gigantic frame and not less gigantic mind of the '*Ursa Major*' of literature to be brought into the same category with the frail form and mental elegance of the '*little nightingale*?' Mr. Madden, though not often entitled to the praise of ingenuity, is here very subtle:—

'The symptoms of hypochondria are generally preceded by those of indigestion, though not in very many cases accompanied by them, and not unfrequently do those of hypochondria degenerate into one form or other of partial insanity; in short, hypochondria is the middle state between the vapours of dyspepsia and the delusions of monomania.'—vol. i., p. 210.

Excellent! If we at all understand this kind of reasoning, it would prove, that Johnson was dyspeptic *because* he had a disease which lies half-way between dyspepsia and insanity. It would just as well prove that the doctor resided all his life in Grosvenor-square, because he did reside about half-way between Grosvenor-square and the Tower. Emboldened by this vigorous jump towards his 'foregone conclusion,' Mr. Madden soon after settles the matter by stating that 'there is great reason to regard hypochondria in no other light than as an aggravated form of dyspepsia.'—(vol. i. p. 213.) And this he determines in the face of the known fact (repeated by himself) that Johnson *inherited hypochondria* from his father. Dyspepsia *may* perhaps also be hereditary, but at least Mr. Madden should have established that point before he assumed that Johnson's case was dyspeptic. But he pursues this theory so blindly that, strange to say, he wholly overlooks a disease which Johnson notoriously had, and which was probably closely connected with his hypochondriacal symptoms—the *scrofula*. Yet he might have found in Mr. Croker's edition of Boswell more than one suggestion which should have led him to a consideration of the effects of that disease. Mr. Croker, in a short but very pithy note, observes,

'that Johnson probably inherited scrofula from his father, together with that "*morbid melancholy*," (hypochondria) which is *so common an attendant on scrofulous habits*.'—*Croker's Boswell*, vol. i. p. 15.

We have ourselves little doubt that Mr. Croker's conjecture is the true one, and we are satisfied that all Mr. Madden's dyspeptic argument is as unfounded in fact, as it is obscure and illogical.

There occur in this part of his work a couple of pages so exceedingly absurd, and so exemplary of the gossiping and mendacious style in which he collects and applies what he calls his facts, that we shall venture to extract them at length:—

'The

* The indefatigable Burton has ransacked all medical authorities, ancient and modern, for the symptoms of hypochondria; and amongst those he has enumerated there is not one of Johnson's mis-called peculiarities, which is not to be found.'—vol. i., p. 243.

So that all the symptoms that the indefatigable Burton had found in *all men in all ages and nations*, Mr. Madden finds in poor Doctor Johnson alone.

"Many of these melancholy men," says Burton, "are sad, and not fearful—some fearful and not sad."—(*Johnson, for instance, groaning in his chamber, as Dr. Adams found him, and at another period knocking down a bookseller in his own shop.*)—vol. i., p. 244.

Mr. Madden misunderstands Burton, and taking 'fearful' in the sense of *formidable* (the very reverse of his real meaning), he introduces Johnson's chastisement of Osborne—but even that he cannot state correctly: 'the simple truth,' says Johnson himself, 'was, that he was impertinent to me and I beat him, but it was *not* in his shop; it was in my own chamber.'—*Croker's Boswell*, i. p. 129.

"Some fear death, and yet, in a contrary humour, make away with themselves."—(*Johnson, indeed, did not commit suicide, but his fear of death was never surpassed.*)—*Ibid.*

Here again Mr. Madden does not understand Burton—who does not mean that the *fear* of death is a token of hypochondria, for that would be to make all mankind hypochondriacs—the mark of hypochondria is when one makes away with himself for fear of death—but as Mr. Madden kindly admits that Dr. Johnson did not commit suicide, he does not fall under Burton's description.

"One durst not walk alone from home for fear he should swoon or die."—(*The terror of such an occurrence probably contributed to confine the great moralist for so many years to his beloved Fleet-street.*)—*Ibid.*

Excellent!—Johnson durst not walk alone out of Bolt-court, Fleet-street, for many years, for fear he should swoon or die! He never went to Lichfield, nor Brighton, nor Streatham, nor dined out! It may be doubted whether any literary man ever lived so *little* at home as Johnson did after he had a house in the neighbourhood of Fleet-street.

"A second fears all old women as witches, and every black dog or cat he sees he suspecteth to be a devil."—(*Whether he believed in the witchery of old women, or young, we know not, but he was unwilling however, to deny their power, and the black dog that worried him at home was the demon of hypochondria.*)—*Ibid.*

Mr. Madden cannot, it seems, distinguish a metaphor from a act—the witchery of *Molly Aston* from that of her of *Enord*—and the

the *black-dog* that used to worry Mr. Thrale's imagination from the living quadruped. As to Dr. Johnson being unwilling to deny the power of witches, in the serious sense of the word, hear himself, in his dialogue with Mr. Crosbie :—

“ *Crosbie*. An act of parliament put an end to witchcraft.—*Johnson*. No, Sir, witchcraft had ceased, and an act of parliament was passed to prevent persecution for what was not witchcraft.”—*Croker's Boswell*, vol. ii. p. 281.

“ A third dares not go over a bridge, or come near a pool, rock, or steep hill.”—(*Johnson dared not pass a particular alley in Leicester-square.*)—*Madden*, vol. i., p. 245.

Burton alludes to the fear of an external accident; Madden misapplies it to a mental superstition. And here we must mark the progress of a misrepresentation. Boswell says,—

‘Sir J. Reynolds observed him go a *good* way about rather than cross a particular alley in Leicester-fields.’

This Mr. Madden first renders a *long* way about, and then attributes it to fear—‘he *dared* not;’ and this, although Boswell adds that

‘Sir Joshua attributed it to some disagreeable recollection associated with the place.’—*Croker's Boswell*, vol. i. p. 497.

“ The terror of some particular death troubles others—they are troubled in mind as if they had committed a murder.”—(*The constant dread of insanity we have already noticed, and the construction put on his expressions of remorse by Sir John Hawkins.*)—*Madden*, vol. i. p. 245.

Boswell, from whose reproaches against Hawkins Mr. Madden has fabricated this malignant insinuation of murder, proves that Johnson's supposed remorse referred to youthful and very venial errors,—and after all, in fact, Hawkins makes no such insinuation.

“ Some look as if they had just come out of the den of Trophonius, and though they laugh many times, and look extraordinary merry, yet are they extremely lumpish again in a minute; dull and heavy, *semel et simul*, sad and merry, but most part sad.”—(*The den of Trophonius was his gloomy abode in Bolt-court, whence he sallied forth at night-fall, on his visit to the Mitre, and the gaiety and gloom have a parallel in the state of his spirits when at the university, such as extorted the melancholy denial to Dr. Adams of having been “ a gay and frolicsome fellow ” at college—“ O, sir, I was mad, and violent, but it was bitterness which they mistook for frolic.”*)—pp. 245, 246.

Now Bolt Court may resemble, for aught we know, the cave of Trophonius, but certainly Boswell thought that Johnson preferred that neighbourhood for its *cheerfulness* and its bustle. (*Croker's Boswell*, vol. iii., p. 213.) He accommodated Boswell with ‘a handsome apartment in it’—and ‘his drawing-room was very

very genteelly fitted up'—and even when he lived in a less commodious house in Johnson's Court, 'he had fitted up as a study an upper room, which had the advantages of *good light* and free air, where he was in a situation and circumstances that enabled him to enjoy the visits of his friends, and to receive them in a manner suitable to the rank and condition of many of them.' (*Croker's Boswell*, vol. ii., p. 4.) Very like the den of Trophobius! Long before he removed to Bolt Court he had given up habitual visits to the *Mitre*;—and as to the state of his spirits, the reply to Dr. Adams is *garbled* to suit Mr. Madden's purpose, by the omission of the very words which explain the whole:—'It was bitterness which they mistook for frolic—I was *miserably poor*, and I thought to fight my way by my literature and my wit.' (*Croker's Boswell*, vol. i., p. 43.)

There is hardly an instance amongst his innumerable larcenies from Boswell, in which Mr. Madden does not in this manner misquote and misapply—and indeed these alterations of the authors he quotes, and these distortions of their meanings, are almost the only exertion of his own mind which we can discover in the whole work. And, after all, what is the object of the threescore pages in which Mr. Madden has caricatured Dr. Johnson? why, to prove that he was *hypochondriac*—a fact which Boswell distinctly states in the very first pages of his work—adding, what we wish Mr. Madden had remembered:—'Let not little men triumph upon knowing that Dr. Johnson was an *HYPOCHONDRIAC*!' (*Croker's Boswell*, vol. i., p. 36. So that instead of quoting and misquoting so many passages, which really prove nothing, he might have adduced the clear admission of the fact. Aye, but then how should he have filled up the threescore pages of his catch-penny?

The next victim to sedentary habits and the pernicious indolence of the study, is Burns—Burns! Yes, his faults and errors (which Mr. Madden much exaggerates)—as well we suppose as his *genius*—arose from dyspepsia—or dyspepsia from his genius.

'In early life he laboured under a disorder of the stomach, accompanied by palpitations of the heart, depression of the spirits, and nervous pains in the head, the nature of which he never appears to have understood, but which evidently arose from dyspepsia. These sufferings, be it remembered, are complained of in his letters years before he had committed any excess; and so far from being the consequence of intemperance, as they are generally considered to have been, the exhaustion they produced was probably the cause which drove him, in his moments of hypochondria, to the excitement of the bottle for a temporary palliation of his symptoms.'—vol. i., p. 276.

Thus, we find that *similar causes* have produced two such *similar*

similar characters as Johnson and Burns ; and because Johnson subdued, and Burns indulged a propensity which seems common to all mankind in all ages and countries, and particularly in those which approach nearest to unrestrained nature, Mr. Madden traces the abstinence and indulgence to the same cause, and that cause *dyspepsia*, or, what Mr. Madden seems to think identical, *hypochondria*.

After such examples of extravagant absurdity, we shall decline pursuing Mr. Madden through his long and desultory account of the *infirmities* of Cowper and Byron, which he has, with no amiable industry, selected from their various biographers, adding nothing of his own but the coarseness of his expression, and the confusion and contradiction of his deductions. But as to Sir Walter Scott, so long our friend and fellow-labourer, we must say a few reluctant words :—We were at first at a loss to know how *he* was to be made an example of the *infirmities of genius*, and for what purpose Mr. Madden could have introduced him. We are now satisfied that we have discovered his reason—and, for him, a very good reason too—to help to sell his book ! So blameless a character—a death so recent—the undried tears of children—the still bleeding sorrow of friends—might have appeared to most men sufficient reasons for excluding Sir Walter Scott from so early and so cruel an examination—even if he had legitimately fallen within the general scope of the work ; but Mr. Madden seems to have felt no such compunctious visitings of nature—at least they vanished before the spirit of book-making ; and the recent death, the grief of children and friends, and the regrets of the world at large, have no doubt appeared to the worthy author fortunate and opportune circumstances, well-fitted to extend—*the sale of his work* ! We must however confess that the grounds he assigns for exhibiting Sir Walter Scott are quite as logical and as sound as all his other reasoning.

‘ The history of a well-ordered mind, like that of Scott, is not without its lesson ; and perhaps, by the encouragement of the example it offers for imitation, exhibits the advantage and the reward of mental management, of moderated enthusiasm, and of the government of imagination, as powerfully as the calamities of Cowper and the errors of Lord Byron tend to persuade their followers to avoid their errors.’ —vol. ii., p. 204.

But if the calamities of Cowper and the errors of Byron proceeded from scrofula and epilepsy, as Mr. Madden insinuates, we do not see how these bodily disorders are likely to be cured in other men by the mental contemplation of the more orderly conduct and better-regulated minds of those who are *not* disturbed by *similar diseases*. Mr. Madden seems to think that literary men
are

are often haunted by a 'kakodæmon'—his own kakodæmon seems to be the spirit of self-contradiction; for after Sir Walter has been thus produced and applauded in a work on the *Infirmities of Genius*, as a *genius without infirmity*, Mr. Madden takes a sudden turn, and discovers that he *was* afflicted, like Cowper, Burns, and Byron, with one of 'the extreme forms of dyspepsia;' and not being able to produce any such symptoms as his former victims unhappily afforded, he sees in Sir Walter's improvements at Abbotsford, and the commercial connexion with his booksellers, evidence of 'a building *mania*, which compelled him to have recourse to other *plausible* means of increasing his income than those of literary emolument.'—vol. ii., p. 260. Mr. Madden, though he does not announce it very distinctly (indeed, what does he say distinctly?) insinuates, at one time, that these were the *causes*, and at another, that they were the *consequences* of an 'extreme form of dyspepsia;' and then—as if to overthrow *both* these hypotheses, by divesting Sir Walter's case of any peculiarity—he concludes, as a *general rule*, that Sir Walter died neither of Abbotsford nor of dyspepsia, but of palsy, and that 'palsy is the *too frequent* termination of literary life,' and he enumerates fourteen other 'martyrs to literary glory,' Copernicus, Petrarch, Linnæus, Clarendon, Rousseau, Marmontel, Richardson, Steele, Phillips, Harvey, Reid, Johnson, Porson, and Wollaston—'a *few* of the many eminent names of those who have fallen *victims* to *excessive mental application* by paralysis or apoplexy.'—vol. ii. p. 268. Now, without going through a course of biography, we may say that everybody (except Mr. Madden) knows that some of these did *not* die of either palsy or apoplexy—that the majority of them were *not* remarkable for *excessive* literary application, and that some of them were the very *reverse*.

But to crown all this absurdity—and such blunders on a less serious subject would be really laughable—of these fourteen untimely '*victims*'—four exceeded the age of eighty, four others the scriptural limit of *threescore years and ten*, four outlived sixty, and the two youngest (and the two who probably had been the least excessive in literary application), Porson and Steele, died at fifty and fifty-nine. So that, on the whole, the '*martyrs*' of this silly man lived to ages greatly exceeding the average of mankind. Thus it is all through; every alternate sentence in his work is contradicted by what precedes and follows, and both are refuted by the slightest reference to facts and common sense. We will follow Mr. Madden no further in personal details. Indeed, we doubt whether we have not already gone too far, and whether it was necessary to have said more than that the anecdotes which he has compiled of the several illustrious individuals introduced in these impudent chapters

chapters; are in themselves for the most part trivial; erroneous, and uncharitable; and, as regards Mr. Madden, they are generally misquoted, misstated, misapprehended, and misapplied.

We are, however, inclined to say a few words on a more in-offensive but equally erroneous part of Mr. Madden's book. He has taken the trouble to construct six tables, in which he records and contrasts the length of life in twenty writers on *natural philosophy* with that of twenty *poets*; the longevity of twenty *moral philosophers* with that of twenty *dramatists*; and so on with like numbers of *jurists* set against *novelists and miscellaneous writers*; *authors on natural* and *authors on revealed religion*; *medical writers* and *philologists*; *artists* and *musical composers*;—and the result of all these comparisons is summed up as follows:—

‘It certainly appears from these lists that the vigour of a great intellect is favourable to longevity in every literary pursuit wherein imagination is seldom called on.’—vol. ii. p. 72.

‘The following is the order of longevity that is exhibited in the various lists, and the average duration of life of the most eminent men, in each pursuit:—

	Aggregate Years.	Average Years.
‘ Natural Philosophers	1504	75
Moral Philosophers	1417	70
Sculptors and Painters	1412	70
Authors on Law and Jurisprudence	1394	69
Medical Authors	1368	68
Authors on Revealed Religion . .	1350	67
Philologists	1323	66
Musical Composers	1284	64
Novelists and Miscellaneous Authors	1257	62½
Dramatists	1249	62
Authors on Natural Religion . .	1245	62
Poets	1144	57

Madden, vol. ii. p. 83.

We admit that the general idea of these tables is ingenious, and that if judiciously executed they might be of some interest, if not of value. But even in the construction of statistical tables, we find Mr. Madden's habitual want of accuracy and discrimination. On what principle does Table I. exhibit a contrast between *natural philosophers* and *poets*? Why *natural philosophers* rather than *jurists*? Why *poets* rather than *dramatists*? What principle does he imagine he inculcates by showing in Table IV., that twenty authors on *revealed* religion lived 1350 years, while twenty authors on *natural* religion lived only 1245—on what distinction is Franklin distinguished as a *natural* and Lord Bacon as a *moral* philosopher? Why is Leibnitz in one category and Descartes in another? Why is Dr. Johnson associated with Mrs. Radcliffe, and Mr. William Hazlitt with Sir Walter Scott? Why are Hume and Gibbon in different classes; and when Rousseau is denominated a writer on *natural religion*, why is Diderot

a *moral philosopher*? And why has Mr. Madden huddled together men of various ages and different nations, without taking care to make on the other side something of a corresponding and comparative selection? Mr. Madden professes to have constructed these tables with no bias towards the results—yet certainly these results are influenced by some very unaccountable selections and by a very arbitrary classification; for instance, Metastasio, whom he ranks as a poet, might, with at least equal propriety, have been classed as a dramatist—substitute his name and age for that of Marlow, (who has less pretensions to figure in such a list,) you change materially the pompous table of results, and the *dramatists* ascend two degrees in the scale of longevity. So also, if he had been pleased to omit Wesley, who was hardly an author, and to insert Rennell, who was a great one, the list of ‘authors on revealed religion’ would fall two degrees, and it would then appear that the dramatist’s is a healthier profession than the divine’s, to the utter discomfiture of Mr. Madden’s theory.

Again; Table III. offers the comparisons between the *writers on law* and the *authors of novels and miscellanies*. Why do we find on one side Mr. C. Butler, by no means an eminent author—Erskine, who, as an author, was certainly one of the smallest creatures possible—and Mansfield, Romilly, Tenterden, Thurlow, and Wilmot, who were never authors at all, but the sum of whose ages is very great; and why, on the other, are the comparatively obscure names of Tickell, Thornton, and Hazlitt, whose lives amount to only one hundred and fifty-six years, admitted to the exclusion of Swift, Burke, and Horace Walpole, whose ages are two hundred and twenty-five?—why, unless to fit the results to the theory? If this table had been constructed with anything like fairness, it would have appeared that the writers of ‘works of imagination’ lived longer than their graver rivals—*quod non erat demonstrandum*.

We have no great faith in statistical tables. We remember to have heard, that a very ingenious gentleman who was much employed by the late Mr. Rose in preparing financial and statistical statements, was in the habit of asking, his patron with candid simplicity, ‘on which side he wished to have the balance.’ But when comparisons are made on such subtle distinctions as between *poets* and *dramatists*, *natural* and *moral philosophers*, and writers on *revealed* and on *natural* religion, and when the names are so arbitrarily selected and distributed as in Mr. Madden’s tables, and when, above all, there is no corresponding view of the duration of *ordinary* life in the same periods, countries, and classes, we cannot deem such tables entitled to any serious consideration.

But even if we had tables of this description judiciously made,

made, the apparent result would not be by any means decisive of the question of longevity—for instance, there can be little doubt that the class of writers on natural science, theology, law, and ethics, would exhibit a longer duration of life than poets, dramatists, and novelists, but for reasons quite unconnected with the salubrity of one or the other line of pursuits. The exertions of the latter class belong naturally to earlier years—works of imagination are the province of youth—and many a poet has immortalized his name before thirty. But the other class of works belong essentially to a more mature age—a man in them must have long studied and practised, before he is entitled to teach. The greatest genius, whether he examines the frame of the material world, or the moral and intellectual powers of man, requires experience and a continuous course of observation and study; and important works of this class are as rarely written *before* thirty, as works of a vivid imagination are written *after*. Authors of the poetic class, therefore, may be, and in general are young—authors of the didactic class must be old; and we believe it would not be far from the truth, to say that the majority of poets leave off that ‘idle trade’ about the age at which the majority of scientific and ethical writers begin to attain celebrity; and as, of a *thousand* human beings, about one-half die before the age of thirty, it will follow that a larger proportion of poets may be expected to die than of graver writers, who in fact seldom become such till they have already attained the middle age.

But after all, there can be, we think, little doubt that, as we have already hinted in an early part of this article, persons of a lively imagination, which is commonly called genius, may be more liable than ordinary persons to mental derangement, and of course to those species of bodily infirmities which are more peculiarly influenced by the mind. This is, no doubt, what Dryden meant in the celebrated couplet before quoted. We do not pretend to define what ‘genius’ is, but we think we may say, that, in its popular sense, it is generally, if not always, accompanied by, if it does not consist in, great mental sensibility, superior acuteness, and a more delicate susceptibility of impressions: such minds must be more liable to be deranged by sudden shocks, or impaired by over use, than less delicate organs. We recollect being very much struck with an observation which was made to us by the intimate connexion of one of the most illustrious men of our time, who,—after stating, in answer to our inquiry after our common friend, the wonderful activity of his mind, his acute sensibility, and the high pitch to which all his sensations were tuned,—added, ‘He cannot be well; such genius is of itself a disease.’

It is by considerations of this kind, and not by narrowing the cause of all bodily and mental infirmity to *dyspepsia*, or
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any other derangement of any one bodily function, that may be solved many of the cases quoted by Mr. Madden—and thousands of others with which history and society abound. We are so ‘wonderfully and fearfully made’—all the parts of our organization are so closely, though so obscurely, connected, that it would be childish to deny that the stomach may affect the mind, as we know the mind does affect the stomach; but we totally disbelieve that *dyspepsia* can be shown to be a constant or even a frequent *agent* in such results as Mr. Madden’s theory, as far as we can understand him, represents it to be. Of this we are sure, that not one of Mr. Madden’s cases can be, by anything like fair medical or moral reasoning, attributed exclusively to *dyspepsia*, in the ordinary meaning of that word. If, indeed, to extricate himself from a difficulty which, confused as his vision is, he cannot but see, Mr. Madden chooses to call ‘dimness of sight, scurvy, scrofula, hysteria, epilepsy, paralysis, apoplexy, mania in its various characters,’ and all other affections of the brain, by the general name of *dyspepsia*, we must submit—but then we beg leave to suggest the adding to the list, gout, rheumatism, fever, cholera; and, then—*dyspepsia* being only the general and generic name of all diseases whatsoever—he may be right enough; and having before stated *dyspepsia* to be the invariable attendant on *genius*, he will have proved that *genius* and *dyspepsia* are the common inheritance of all the sons of Adam.

We should have added, of all the *daughters* too; but, strange to say, Mr. Madden, who mentions in his volumes some hundreds of writers, does not allude to one single female—unless, indeed, the name of Radcliffe in Table III. is meant, as we guess it is, for Mrs. Radcliffe the novelist. This is odd enough. Perhaps with more than that Castilian gallantry which indignantly denied that a queen of Spain could have legs, Mr. Madden cannot permit himself to suppose that ladies can have any bodily infirmities; but in that hypothesis we fear that, in sparing them the indelicacy of *dyspepsia*, he would be also bound to deny them the glory of *genius*. It adds greatly to our admiration of the enlarged and philosophic scope of Mr. Madden’s mind, that in this interesting inquiry he has *only* omitted one half of the human race. To be serious. Whenever the subject so maltreated by this bungler is to be judiciously examined, the female character will be an important ingredient in the consideration, and may afford some additional light in this very mysterious question. There are moral and social causes which obviously tend to contract the number of female authors—their narrower education—their domestic duties—their more limited access to general society—the different kind of personal distinction which they instinctively covet, and the different species of reward to which they aspire:—but we believe that Providence, wisely and beneficently fitting the faculties

faculties of his creatures to their duties, has also appointed physical bounds to their mental powers, and that (putting education, and household cares, and personal admiration out of the consideration altogether) nature does not more effectually prohibit a woman from fighting like Achilles, than from composing an *Iliad*—from carrying the gates of Gaza, than from writing a *Samson Agonistes*. But if they are debarred from the highest flights, they are also preserved from the heavier falls of masculine genius; irregularity of mind and eccentricity of conduct, though not unobserved in female authors, seem to be neither so frequent nor so extravagant as in the other sex; and we think it has been generally observed, that those ladies who have approached most nearly to the abilities of really great men have also been remarked for having more of masculine, and therefore of irregular and eccentric character than the more amiable and fortunate, but less intellectually distinguished portion of the sex. We are far from dreaming that the cleverest women are those who come before the public as authors, but the flagrant omission of Mr. Madden's tables has turned our attention to the longevity of many of the female authors of the last century. The following is a list of some of the most celebrated :—

Name.	Age.	Name.	Age.
Lady Russell	87	Mrs. Chapone	75
Mrs. Rowe	63	Mrs. Lennox	84
Lady M. W. Montague . .	73	Mrs. Trimmer	69
Mrs. Centlivre	44	Mrs. Hamilton	65
Lady Hervey	70	Mrs. Radcliffe	60
Lady Suffolk	79	Mrs. Barbauld	83
Mrs. Sheridan	47	Mrs. Delany	93
Mrs. Cowley	66	Mrs. Inchbald	68
Mrs. Macaulay	53	Mrs. Piozzi	80
Mrs. Montagu	81	Mrs. Hannah More	88

Some of these ladies, it is true, became authors *involuntarily* by the publication of their private letters, but, on the whole, we believe it will be found that eminent literary ladies are longlived; perhaps from a reason similar to that which we assigned for the apparent longevity of a certain class of male authors,—namely, that the works on which their fame rests are generally the production of matured age; in the case of *letters*, they are the result of the whole life. It is also remarkable, that, except Lady Mary and Mrs. Centlivre, the ladies in the preceding list were all of immaculate private character—examples to their sex in their conduct, as in their writings. Truth, however, obliges us to add, that in general their personal charms were not equal to their mental accomplishments—our two exceptions as to conduct, Lady Mary

and Mrs. Centlivre, were handsome. So had been Mrs. Piozzi, whose character partook a little of the 'infirmities of genius;' and so also was Mrs. Inchbald, who—though making so perilous an outset as running away in her teens—becoming a strolling player—marrying, for protection rather than liking, a man much her senior—and being, by her profession and the manners of the time, exposed to the solicitations and temptations which her engaging talents and extraordinary beauty drew round—yet lived and died a remarkable, and—we might almost, in such circumstances, say—*singular*, example of the most undeviating rectitude, and even regularity of conduct!

We now close this article, feeling that, in endeavouring to follow so vague and uncertain a guide, we have been obliged to treat the subject in a desultory and superficial manner; but we wish that we may have said enough to call the attention of some more acute and better regulated mind to a topic which is certainly one of great curiosity and interest, and which might perhaps be of some more solid utility. We do not conceal from ourselves that it is a very difficult one. If—as is certainly the case in some splendidly unhappy instances, and probably in many others not so immediately conspicuous—the taint of hereditary scrofula has been accompanied by a peculiar felicity of wit, force of imagination, and eccentricity of conduct, it would require a most accurate and, in some respects, painful investigation into the life, not only of the prominent figure, but of his connexions; and a most sagacious and discriminating examination of the whole course of the person's life; which, from the delicacy of the higher orders and the obscurity of the lower, it might be extremely difficult, perhaps impossible, to trace satisfactorily. We will give an instance, which we believe may be now noticed without offence to any living person. Foote's talents are generally admitted, though we think not fully appreciated—for we believe him to be, after Molière (and not *longo intervallo*), the greatest master of comic humour that ever lived*—and he acted incomparably what he wrote inimitably. But it is also unfortunately well known of him, that he was in youth afflicted with some symptoms of scrofula—was eccentric in his personal habits—very irregular in his conduct—and that the last years of his life were clouded with imputations against his moral character, of the deepest die: and so, for many years, the

* It was rumoured a few years ago that Mr. Theodore Hook had undertaken an edition of Foote; but we have not heard anything of the design lately. We sincerely hope, however, that it has not been finally laid aside. Such a work is greatly wanted—the materials are abundant, and accessible *now*, but could hardly be collected with success after the lapse of the present generation; and our generation affords no one who possesses so large a portion of Foote's spirit as the author of 'Sayings and Doings,' 'Maxwell,' and last, perhaps best of all, the 'Parson's Daughter.'

matter rested. At last, it was related in Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides* (1786), that Cooke, the translator of Hesiod, was so strange a person as to have introduced Foote to a club in the following singular manner:—'This is the nephew of the gentleman who was lately hung in chains for murdering his brother.' But this too passed off without inquiry or observation: at last, Mr. Croker, in editing Boswell, and explaining, as he has so often done, obscure passages, observed (1830) upon this,—

'Mr. Foote's mother was the sister of Sir J. Dineley Gooddere,* baronet, and of Captain Gooddere, who commanded his Majesty's ship *Ruby*; on board which, when lying in King's Road, Bristol, in January, 1741, the latter caused his brother to be forcibly carried, and there barbarously murdered. Captain Gooddere was, with two accomplices, executed for this offence in the April following. The circumstances of the case, and some other facts connected with this family, led to an opinion that Captain Gooddere was insane; and some unhappy circumstances in Foote's own life render it probable that he had not wholly escaped the hereditary irregularity of mind.'—*Croker's Boswell*, vol. ii., p. 278, and note.

Here then is a clue by which the infirmities and errors of one man of genius might perhaps be traced to hereditary disease. If Mr. Madden had known it, he would no doubt have treated all the circumstances as symptoms of dyspepsia; but a more sagacious thinker would see that this, and many other—not, perhaps, similar but—analogue cases, with which almost every man's experience and recollection can furnish him, would open a vast and curious, and not perhaps unimportant, field of medical and moral inquiry.

We conclude with repeating—in order to guard ourselves against misunderstanding or misrepresentation—that although we must admit that many men of genius have afforded cause to suspect that great wit is—as a great wit said—nearly allied to madness, and that we have often seen it connected with other bodily infirmities, and particularly scrofula, we do not venture to suggest that this is always or even generally the case; on the contrary, we repeat, that some of the greatest geniuses that ever adorned the world, also improved it by the purest examples of moral and mental rectitude—*mens sana in corpore sano*!—and it must never be forgotten that if the errors of genius appear more prominent than those of other men, it is because every error of genius is noted and recorded, while those of inferior minds, which probably exist in a still greater proportion, are lost in their obscurity. Of any of the ten thousand horses that are ridden

* So Mr. Croker spells the name. We find it spelled Gooddere and Goodyere in the *Baronetages*,

by the visitors to Epsom Downs on the day of the Derby, who but the individual owner observes the defects either of shape or temper? but if *one of the racers* knocks up, or bolts, or sulks, it is known to all the world, lowers immediately his own reputation, and perhaps infects that of his progeny.

ART. III.—*Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects.* By Allan Cunningham. In 6 vols. 12mo. London. 1830—1833.

WE have had occasion to allude to this interesting work more than once during its progress. It is now brought to a close, and furnishes, when added to Lord Orford's *Anecdotes*, a complete and compendious history of English art, from its commencement down to the times in which we live. The author has of course availed himself of the elder and more detailed lives of the principal masters whom he celebrates; but he brings from sources of his own much valuable information. In the occasional remarks into which he is naturally led, there is in general a spirit of good sense, candour, and good-nature, which we do not admire the less, because from his other writings we were prepared to expect it; and his criticisms on art derive additional consequence from his early and long connexion with one of the most popular and original of our living sculptors.

It is not in every critical digression, however, that we can recognise the opinion of Mr. Cunningham himself. The work is, after all, in great part, a compilation. As each artist becomes in his turn the subject of a memoir, each successively emerges into a relative importance, which is often far more than commensurate with that of his performances. The original biography on the desk of our author, sometimes the work of the artist himself, sometimes tinged with all the partiality of friendship, in other cases, perhaps, with the bitterness of rivalry, still retains these colours in the abridgment; and occasionally the amiable writer sympathizes with the complaints of neglected mediocrity, in a manner not entirely consistent with the more rational admissions expressed in his comments on the lives of those whose merit has chanced to be universally acknowledged. The analogy between poetry and painting, so often pointed out, is not more visible in any particular than in the irritable vanity of their professors; and the feuds of Grub Street itself were for a long time not more implacable than those of our minor academicians. Their biographer, naturally willing to escape the consequences of personal enmity, often leans to the good-natured side, and gives us rather the panegyric of former friendship, than
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the deliberate judgment of an impartial world ; while we think he is sometimes but too willing to gratify the *genus irritabile*, whose quarrels and failures he describes, by a tone of asperity against ignorant lords, ladies, and patrons, not altogether just, but peculiarly gratifying to wounded self-complacency, and which the persons thus attacked are not at all likely to retaliate. As a whole, however, the book is an instructive, as well as a highly amusing one ; and will, we doubt not, maintain its place in our libraries.

In Italy, the art of painting was indigenous, and may be traced through the various and natural periods of its growth and decline. In England, we had always imported both the art and its professors ; and the Reformation had in fact begun, when we first became aware of the witcheries so powerfully subsidiary to popery. The patronage of the church was no longer attainable. That of the court and nobility was often interrupted, and their attention checked by the want of intercourse with the great centre of successful art, which ministered to her abominations. Rome was almost inaccessible to a Protestant of rank, who was desirous of a reputation for orthodoxy, at the orthodox courts of Edward VI. and Elizabeth. Holbein had partially unveiled the charms of the art ; the result had been an increasing avidity for portraits, always the style of painting where the art is valued rather for the sake of the subject than for itself. The skill of the artist immortalized the heads of Henry's court and family, with the applause of the monarch himself, who so graciously detached them in succession from the shoulders of their full-length proprietors. With worse representation and better fortune, those of their posterity were consigned to fame by his successors ; and as the patronage of the infant art was long confined to the powerful and the opulent, the series of English portraits is doubly interesting, for it includes, with little exception, the leading characters of our national history. Such was the fate of art till the taste and well-directed liberality of the unhappy Charles I. diffused a more general knowledge of painting, by an extensive collection of good Italian works, and judicious patronage of Rubens and Vandyke. Rubens, during his short residence, left us some valuable historical and allegorical pictures, and Vandyke ennobled the art of portraiture with a truth and spirit of conception that exalt it almost to the rank of history. We scarcely lament, and are not at all surprised, that, in his hands, this branch of art continued to increase in private favour and public estimation. Many of his pieces, merely contemplated as works of art, afford specimens of drawing, colouring, and composition, well worthy the attention of the professional student ; while in the dark and lofty dignity of Strafford, the
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the melancholy, yet tranquil and cold physiognomy of Charles, and the grace of Henrietta Maria, the visions of history revive, and, as in the pages of Shakspeare and of Scott, her characters resume their freshness, and her shadows the lineaments in which they lived and acted. Many would be sorry to exchange these for works of loftier pretension; and we have often, in the deep interest they excite, forgotten or neglected the more ambitious glories of the Italian school. So did Lely, Kneller, and their successors, who continued, with far inferior talent, to mimic what they could not excel, and to degrade the art into a fashionable mannerism, retaining little interest beyond the occasional celebrity of the beauties and statesmen who employed it. The only English names which deserve attention in this long succession of painters were Cooper and the two Olivers, who, precluded from becoming mere imitators by the small size of their productions, stamped on their miniatures the originality of conception, *without which no artist has maintained reputation with posterity*. When at length Hudson and his rivals had mimicked the imitations of Vandyke, till the style of that master could undergo no lower degradation, one great and original genius, who thought for himself, and painted immediately what nature taught, revived the honours and interest of the pencil.

This innovator was Hogarth; the masterly sketch of whose life by Walpole, left little for Mr. Cunningham to do beyond gathering in some scattered anecdotes and personal adventures from Nicholls and Ireland. A compilation from these sources has furnished us with renewed entertainment in the present publication; but his respect and affection for his subject have, we think, misled Mr. Cunningham into some needless controversy, and into some injustice. Walpole, after a well-merited and discriminating eulogium, in which he assigns to Hogarth the character of 'a great and original *author*, expressing comedy by colours more successfully than others did by words, the inimitable rival of Molière'—says, 'that having thus far considered him as an *author*, it is time to speak of him as a painter;' and that 'as a *painter* he had slender merit.'

'Now,' exclaims his present biographer, 'what is the merit of a painter? If it be to represent life—to give us an image of man—to exhibit the workings of his heart—to record the good and evil of his nature—to set in motion before us the very beings with whom earth is peopled—to shake us with mirth—to sadden us with woful reflection—to please us with natural grouping, vivid action, and vigorous colouring; Hogarth has done all this—and if he that has done so be not a painter, who will show us one? I claim a signification as wide for the word painter as for the word poet.'—vol. i. p. 193.

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So perhaps did Walpole, and might in turn have asked whether the prose or even the rhymes of Molière were poetry? The verbal dispute might be variously decided, but Walpole would at least have had on his side the Latin critic, who defines what he so nobly studied and practised :—

‘ Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior atque os
Magna sonaturum—des nominis hujus honorem.’

It is obvious that Walpole here understood by *painting*, the mere technical art of drawing and colouring pictures, in what artists call handling and composition. In these, surely Hogarth's merit, if not slender in itself, is so, compared with the transcendent qualities of his comic wit, and unrivalled moral drollery. It is accordingly in his admirable engravings that we best appreciate him. He indeed began his career as an engraver, and, with great talent of conception and design, his execution deserves the praise his biographer bestows.

‘ Hogarth's style of engraving is indeed rough, but it is vigorous and free. He accomplishes his aim by one or two fortunate and happy strokes, not by a multitude of small and timid touches which diminish the natural freedom of the original.’—vol. i. p. 101.

The same praise certainly cannot be applied to his pictures, without much modification. They are indeed well drawn, and scientifically and vigorously coloured, but there is a heaviness and opacity in the treatment, far from that freedom of touch, and consequent clearness of effect, which characterize his plates. In this *technical* part of painting, he has undoubtedly been excelled, not only by Rembrandt, Teniers, and his Dutch rivals, but by Wilkie, Leslie, William Allan, and other modern English masters, in their domestic pieces. With all his excellence, it is with reluctance we turn our attention, though called by his biographer, to his attempts in a loftier style. Where natural, they are ludicrously natural; when differing from nature, they are rather below than above her simple standard; and the technical merit which an artist or a connoisseur may acknowledge, will never alone redeem such compositions from the censure of Walpole or the neglect of the public.

Mr. Cunningham quotes the following highly wrought, but essentially just strictures of Walpole, on the *Sigismunda*.

‘ He determined to rival the ancients, and unfortunately chose one of the finest pictures in England as the subject of his competition. This was the celebrated *Sigismunda* of Sir Luke Schaub, said to be painted by Correggio—probably by Furino—but no matter by whom. It is impossible to see the picture, or read Dryden's inimitable tale, and not feel that the same soul animated both. After many essays, Hogarth produced his *Sigismunda*, but no more like
Sigismunda

Sigismunda than I to Hercules. Not to mention the wretchedness of the colouring, it was the representation of a maudlin strumpet just turned out of keeping; and, with eyes red with rage and usquebaugh, tearing off the ornaments her keeper had given her. To add to the disgust raised by such vulgar expression, her fingers were bloodied by her lover's heart, that lay before her like that of a sheep for her dinner.'

'This,' Mr. Cunningham adds, 'is severe, pointed, and untrue. The Sigismunda of Hogarth is not tearing off her ornaments, nor are her fingers bloodied with her lover's heart.' As an accusation of malice and injustice is raised on this assertion, which in fact is a repetition of a criticism of Nicholls', we hope Mr. Cunningham was not aware that it had been long ago answered by Walpole himself, who has the following note on this very passage:—

'In the *Biographic Anecdotes* of Hogarth, it is said, that my memory must have failed me, for that on repeated inspection it is evident that the fingers *are* unstained with blood. Were they always so? I *saw* it when first painted, and bloody they *were*. In p. 46 it is confessed, that upon the criticism of one connoisseur or another the picture was so altered, that an old friend of Mr. Hogarth's scarce knew it again.'—*Walpole's Painters*, &c., p. 460, 4to., 1798.

Surely a charge of direct falsehood against a critic so judicious, and an historian of art so discriminating and laborious as Walpole, recoils with double force when hazarded on such slender and superficial examination, after the grave has closed on his remains!—Again, a supposed necessity of vindicating his hero from whatever was the topic of contemporary animadversion, has, we think very unnecessarily, led this amiable biographer into a most chivalrous and paradoxical defence of Hogarth's *learning*. That Hogarth was justly described by Walpole as illiterate cannot well be doubted: it is clearly proved that in the use of his own language he was deficient in orthography and grammar, and that he understood no other. Those who detracted from his merit as a painter on such a ground were certainly malicious and absurd; but still less can we understand the following vindication, by which, indeed, the charge is at once admitted and denied.

'His grammatical accuracy and skill in spelling have been doubted by men who are seldom satisfied with anything short of perfection; and they have added the accusation, that he was gross and unpolished. Must men of genius be examples of both bodily and mental perfection? Look at the varied works of Hogarth, and say, could a man, overflowing with such knowledge of men and manners, be called *illiterate* or ignorant? He was of no college—but not therefore *unlearned*; he was of no academy—yet who will question his excellence in art? He acquired learning by his study of human nature—in his intercourse with the world—in his musings on the changes

changes of seasons—and on the varying looks of the nation and the aspect of the universe. He drank at the great fountain of information, and went by the ancient road; and till it is shown that his works are without knowledge, I shall look on him as a well-informed man.'

Is not Mr. Cunningham aware that *illiterate* merely means 'devoid of *literature*,' and that *knowledge* is a different thing from *learning*? The Duke of Marlborough was 'illiterate,' although victorious in a hundred battles, and the ablest statesman of his day;—he had *studied human nature*, and knew something of the world he lived in, but had hardly a tincture of *reading*.

Truth compels us to observe, that throughout the whole of this memoir there is an apparent wish to controvert the assertions and depreciate the authority of Walpole, whose contemporary statements are certainly most likely to be correct, and whose discriminating eulogium has in fact conferred more honour on Hogarth than more wholesale panegyrists will ever be able to bestow. The *Sigismunda* is a bad picture; Hogarth was unlearned; and though Walpole was not an artist, he was a judge, a scholar, and a man of genius.

A keen and exquisite perception of whatever is ludicrous or defective is rarely, *most rarely*, united with a lofty or poetical sensibility for elegance and beauty; and Hogarth's mind, essentially comic, and familiar with awkwardness and affectation in all their varying shapes, could only conceive beauty through the cold medium of a false and narrow theory, for such it is, however ingeniously developed, in his *Analysis of Beauty*. Whatever may be said in praise of waving lines and graduated tints—if these are its essential constituents, the *Quadrant* is more beautiful than the *Parthenon*, and the Flemish dames of Rubens are more lovely than the angels of Raphael, or the goddesses of Praxiteles. The conclusion is inevitable, for those who palliated its absurdity, by advocating the introduction of *Contrasts* or *Propriety*, or *Utility*, in fact give up the principle, and only show that they feel the inevitable necessity of resorting to a different standard. Such plausible generalities have misled men more accustomed to disentangle sophistry than Hogarth.

This was the first native name worthy of distinguished notice, and with this accordingly began the complaint so often reiterated against the ignorant *cognoscenti*, who waste their money on pictures brought from Italy, and imposed on the world by dealers and virtuosi as genuine and valuable works of art, instead of purchasing the home commodity from the complaining parties. On the whole, we are inclined to believe, that but for the prevalence of an humour thus unskilfully indulged, the taste for *English* art might have been dormant much longer. The first attention to excellence attained by a foreign nation is excited by good sense,

but

but the efficient stimulus is given by fashion. When Tilburina went mad in white satin, her maid went mad in white linen; and when Charles I. and Lord Pembroke imported into England, with general applause, the masterpieces of Titian, Raphael, and Correggio, we have no doubt the nobility and gentry purchased taste and judgment ready made, from professors and picture-dealers.

Our early collections bear witness to the imposture; and when we see the pleasure often expressed by modern virtuosi at finding black Titians at a pawnbroker's, or purchasing undisputed Correggios for a few pounds, at a cheesemonger's, we understand the process by which gentlemen were taught to value themselves, on detecting latent beauties in dingy daubs, and discovering the hand of the master where even the subject of the painting was invisible. The ridicule of Foote was a more appropriate castigation than the indignation of Hogarth. We read of the exquisite colouring of the school of Titian; their *works* abounded in our catalogues,—and in most of these the skies were absolutely and indisputably green, the ladies cream colour, and the men like mahogany.*

In Hogarth's time the idea of establishing an Academy of Art in England began to be entertained; the acuteness of Vol-

* In fact, we had then in England, with few exceptions, only spurious or damaged works, and none but second or third-rate pictures of the greater masters. But the storm was at hand which brought them to our shores; and after the exhibition of the Orleans gallery broke the spell that so long blinded us, the convulsions of Italy, and the consequent distress of her nobility, made our cloudy and smoky cities as rich in monuments of real art—

‘As is the oozy bottom of the sea
In sunken wrecks and sumless treasures.’

The homebred artists and amateurs alike could now see the truth of all that they had heard about Italian perfection, and learned to appreciate more justly the phantom which they had worshipped in its stead. The works of Reynolds stood the test, and rose in price and in public estimation. So did those of Gainsborough and one or two others; and modern art became, in consequence, a subject of enlightened attention. Loud was the competition for awhile, and fierce the war, which raged between unprofessional criticism and academical students, and many were the stories of eminent connoisseurs, who mistook copies for originals, which were promulgated by angry and neglected artists, and enjoyed by the laughing world, who knew and cared little about the affair. This obvious and hackneyed ridicule is degenerating into cant,—the real absurdity lies not in making the mistake, but in defending and persisting in it against conviction. There is in many a natural and perhaps inevitable tendency to prefer, on this and other subjects, the technical judgment of the professors to that of the mere admirers of art, and great has been the triumph over our stupid and ignorant *cognoscenti*. *Quam temere in nosmet!* We happen to recollect that a picture, now in the National Gallery, was purchased by Mr. Angerstein at a considerable price, on the faith of its originality, which was vouched for by West and Lawrence,—and not by the connoisseurs or dealers,—as a work of Correggio; the well-known original was afterwards found by the Duke of Wellington in Joseph Buonaparte's carriage at Vittoria, and is now at Apsley House. The copy was since put up to sale, and bought in we believe for 30*l*. West, to his dying day, was so sore about it, that he stoutly maintained, in spite of its manifest palpable inferiority, that it was a duplicate by the master's hand,—as if such a duplicate could have existed so long unknown. Lawrence showed more tact as well as candour. When taxed with the mistake he smiled, and answered in our hearing, ‘Well, the picture was exactly like most of the other Correggios that I had seen when I vouched for it,’

taire had pointed out its consequences in France, and the sound good sense of Hogarth predicted some of its dangers in England. The following vigorous and spirited sentences are extracted by Mr. Cunningham from his writings; they have been amply verified by the event.

'The institution will serve to raise and pension a few bustling and busy men, whose whole employment will be to tell a few simple students when a leg is too long, or an arm too short. More will flock to the study of art than what genius sends; the hope of profit, or the thirst of distinction, will induce parents to push their offspring into the lecture-room, and many will appear and but few be worthy. Portrait-painting has succeeded, and ever will succeed, better in England than in any other country, and the demand will continue as new faces come into the market. Portrait-painting is one of the ministers of vanity, and vanity is a munificent patroness; historical painting seeks to revive the memory of the dead, and the dead are very indifferent paymasters. Paintings are plentiful enough in England to keep us from the study of nature; but students who confine their studies to the works of the dead, need never hope to live themselves; they will learn little more than the names of the painters: true painting can only be learnt in one school, and that is kept by nature.'

We have, in fact, repeated in painting what had been done for poetry in our universities, and for eloquence by the Academy of Louis XIV.; we mistook the knowledge of art, which academies can teach, for the practice of it, which is only learnt elsewhere.

There is certainly a considerable difference, and there always will be, between the encouragement of artists and the encouragement of art; but in their estimate of the effects of such encouragement, both connoisseurs and students have shown some inconsistency. The Mæcenases of painting and of poetry have ever been laughed at for patronizing mediocrity, while, on the other hand, no single work of acknowledged genius can be cited, the author of which had not, at some time or other, been grievously in want of a dinner, or of something hardly less necessary to his comfort. But who does not see that, in many of these instances, the patronage itself must have produced the mediocrity—the starvation stimulated the genius? Now, in the fine arts, *excellence* alone is valuable;—a middling table is better than a bad one, but a middling poem is worse, for it gives less amusement. On the other hand, let us recollect that the arts themselves began almost everywhere in great humility. Pliny tells us that the earliest and noblest schools of statuary in Greece arose among the braziers of Sicyon and Egina; the gates, worthy of Paradise, in Florence, began in the work of the goldsmiths of Pisa; in England, painting was contracted for by the yard, and the *German Hunting in water-work*, and the *slight drolleries* for which manors would

now be mortgaged, and volumes written, were only preferred by Sir John Falstaff to Dame Quickly's *flea-bitten tapestry*, because they were cheaper. As pictures advance in price and estimation, aspirants multiply and academies are founded; more money than ever is annually expended in their purchase, but Miss Martineau would be appalled by the accelerated rate at which they seem to be produced. No portion of the human race presses so forcibly upon the average means of subsistence as the species of which we write; and how should it be otherwise, when, as it appears from these records, almost every Academician is a genius,—every genius the founder of a school of painting—and every scholar ambitious, in his turn, to rise the Reynolds of some future age, and give birth to a progeny at least as numerous? What an illustration of the fundamental principle of Malthus! what an opportunity for applying the preventive check! Alas!—

‘ . . . each man’s merit is not hard to find,
 But each man’s secret standard is his mind;
 That casting weight pride adds to emptiness,
 This none can gratify, for none can guess.’

In the life and history of Reynolds we have the contrast between theory and practice. Unwilling to vaunt the style he himself adopted, and half unconscious of his own excellence, he keenly felt and enjoyed the merits of others, and continued, with characteristic modesty, to enrich his native country with pictures that rival in effect whatever was produced in the Venetian school, while he recommended in his discourses the severer graces of the Roman. For years the town rung with praises of the grand style of art and Michael Angelo, as the Parsonage of Wakefield did with Shakspeare, taste, and the musical glasses, after the visit of the London lady. Of his audience, few were likely to see, fewer still to understand, and perhaps not one to imitate, the illustrious works of the Vatican and the Sistine—but all could talk about them, and fully did they avail themselves of the opportunity.

Milton and Michael Angelo excelled in grandeur of conception, and each had a style peculiarly appropriate to its expression. But it is because it is appropriate that the style of either is valuable. The grandeur of the prophets and sibyls, transferred to meaner mortals, becomes that of Glumdalclitch and the court of Brobdignag. What would be the effect of teaching the youthful poet to study Milton’s or Homer’s *style* when labouring to express his own ideas? We may judge of it, in some degree, by the daily efforts of the cockney muses to travestie the language of Scott, Byron, and Wordsworth. Propriety of style, whether in writing or in painting,—that which communicates with clear-

ness,

ness, readiness, and energy the conceptions of the mind,—will always be an invaluable charm ; nor let the artist be discouraged who attains it first in its less exalted forms, provided he attains it thoroughly. The *Allegro* and *Penseroso* were the prolusions of him who gave us *Paradise Lost* ; and the only man who could describe Achilles and Agamemnon was he who painted Andromache with so much tenderness, Helen with such matchless grace, and Thersites with such bitter truth.

There is no royal road to such acquirements ; the student who would possess them must enlarge his mind by general, not exclusive observation,—must see, think, compare, and labour for himself,—must practise by day till he acquires precision and facility of expression, and meditate by night till he enriches his imagination with all the stores of memory. Indeed, when we consider the various qualifications that must combine to form even a tolerably good painter, our wonder is, not that such numbers fail, but that so many have succeeded. The poet, at all events, communicates his thoughts in the language he has practised from his infancy ; but how shall the painter acquire the facility of design and skill in colouring, which constitute the language of his art ? Early and unremitted practice can alone give him the ready power of correct delineation, and the toil of such practice, if he is poor, will not support him,—if he is rich, will probably disgust him almost at the threshold. Would he then launch into historical or poetic composition ?—let him reflect that, till he can readily and correctly delineate the things he sees, it is in vain that he will attempt to give shape and substance to the visions of his fancy. If his portraits are defective, his saints and angels must be detestable. Is he ambitious of embodying the grandeur of his conception on a large scale ?—let him try his faculties by an easier test, and prepare his finished sketch on a smaller pannel. If his design and composition be perfect, he may yet fail,—but if they be bad, he cannot possibly succeed. Till the hand readily and spontaneously obeys the painter's eye, it will mislead the mind into working at random. This, then, is the true advantage of painting portraits, whatever may be the vanity or stupidity of ordering them. By working on these, the aspirant, while he obtains the maintenance he wants, may perfect himself in surmounting many of the difficulties of his art. Who, indeed, have painted portraits better than Raphael, Titian, and Velasquez ? To such study we owe talents of the highest order, and by such practice have they been acquired. With the power of correctly and accurately delineating what he sees, the man of real talent will try to catch the characteristic expression of the speaking countenance ; he will thus learn to paint from recollection what

cannot long continue in his sight,—unless, indeed, his female sitters ‘call up a look when he comes to the eyes.’ To make a pleasing picture, he must learn to leave out defects and yet preserve the likeness; a practice which at least will teach him to observe with minute accuracy on what lineaments the main stamp and character of the countenance really depend. There are few things more difficult of acquirement, and yet, in the portraits by some of our own artists, how completely has all this been attained! There is no surer step to the representation of history or poetry if a man has the genius to conceive them. But no! his rooms will soon be crowded by the vanity of the town,—his prices will be raised,—money, the bane of nobler views, will fill his pockets, or at least those of his dependents, while his own desires expand,—he wishes to become a dandy, an epicure, or a gentleman ‘à bonnes fortunes;’ ruins himself, perhaps, by his own extravagance,—continues to make portraits, and takes three times more orders at half-price than he can live to finish,—executes beautiful heads to which his scholars put bodies, and then leaves his surviving admirers to lament the bad taste of the country that gives no encouragement to the higher branches of the art. We do not wonder much that gentlemen prefer the likeness of their wives, or perchance their mistresses, to the Siege of Troy or even the Day of Judgment, when the picture, like the town, may not be taken for ten years, and the real day of judgment may arrive before its image.

We entirely agree then with our author, (vol. i., page 322) that the main doctrine of Sir Joshua's Discourses, elegant as they are, and embracing much sound criticism, corresponds not either with the character of English art, or the determined taste of the country;—but admirably did his practice correspond with both, and raised them to a height which we fear they may not be destined to reach again. We agree with Mr. Cunningham in criticism on his theory, as distinguished from his practice; but we cannot agree with him, that a want of lofty conception was that which disqualified Reynolds, in his own opinion, for the style of Raphael: we should rather attribute the course he took to his consciousness of deficiency in correct facility of drawing, for on this the charm of Raphael's frescoes depends, and this it was now too late for Reynolds to learn.

After he returned from Italy, his talents soon raised him to that estimation which he lived but to justify and increase. Who now remembers Liotard, who, as a novelty and a *lion*, shared with him for a moment the celebrity of the metropolis? His manners and conversation, his pure and modest life, and unrivalled talent, drew round him whatever was worth courting in the society of London,
and

and beloved in that circle, he continued to adorn it till, in his turn, he descended to the grave. The friend of Burke, of Johnson, and of Windham, wants no vouchers for his private character; the lovers of art will find his best eulogium in his paintings.

His acquaintance with Johnson began in 1754, and after extracting from Boswell the well-known anecdote about the reading of the *Life of Savage*, our author proceeds with the following remarks on the Doctor, which we are not sure that we entirely understand.

‘The rough and saturnine Johnson was very unlike the soft, the graceful, and flexible Reynolds. The former, the most distinguished man of his time for wit, wisdom, various knowledge, and original vigour of genius, had lived neglected—nay, spurned by the opulent and the titled—till his universal fame forced him on them.’—p. 248.

Johnson, we all know, began life in obscurity; he was poor, and far removed from the intercourse of ‘the opulent and the titled.’ Can Mr. Cunningham blame them for not discovering his genius before he had published those works by which alone his very existence could be revealed to *them*? If, indeed, the celebrated ‘Duck,’ which Samuel Johnson trod on,’ had introduced him, as an infant prodigy, to some high-born blue-stocking, who would have undertaken his education, and circulated his juvenile poems, ‘the opulent and the titled’ might have escaped this censure; but we should not have had ‘*Rasselas*,’ or the ‘*Lives of the Poets*,’ and Johnson would not have a tomb with those that are honoured in the land. But it did turn out that, when the genius was shown, it was most abundantly recognised and honoured—and under circumstances of which Mr. Allan Cunningham does not feel the force.

‘When, after life was half spent in toil and sorrow, he came forth at length from his obscurity, he spread consternation among the polished circles by his uncouth shape and gestures, more by his ready and vigorous wit, and an incomparable sharpness of sarcasm, made doubly keen and piercing by learning. His circumstances rendered it unnecessary to soothe the proud by assentation, or the beautiful by fine speeches. He appeared among men not to win his way leisurely to the first place by smiles and bows; but to claim it, take it, and keep it, as the distinction to which he was born, and of which he had been too long defrauded.’—p. 248.

Now, who reads this, without perceiving that the tone, the manners, and peculiarities of Johnson, were powerful obstacles to his reception? It is true that his genius triumphed over them all; that he was not only respected for his virtues, and revered for his piety, but admired and cultivated for his wit and eloquence. But the opportunity of displaying these was probably retarded by

the coarse and dictatorial ill-breeding of the possessor, the effect of conscious talent and of a vulgar origin, and his merit would have been sooner known had it been more amiably accompanied. We yield to none in the veneration paid to that great name, but we claim for the gentlemen of England the merit of appreciating virtue and talents when they really are proved, and we warn them against presuming their existence before the proof is clear. The danger lies the other way. We hear enough of genius—

‘ Each mother claims it for her booby son ;
Each widow claims it for the best of men,
For him she mourns, for him she weds again.’

Painting *geniuses*, reading such a passage as we have quoted, may suppose themselves injured after the fashion of Johnson, by not being admitted to Almack's, or invited to dine with the Duke of Sutherland. These volumes contain more than one example of such discontents. Again, we say let *geniuses* learn wisdom from Sir Joshua, and the consequence of wanting it from Barry. Good breeding, good nature, and kindly feeling will create friends in every class, while coarseness, rudeness, and envy will counteract even genius and wit, where they exist, and are simply odious and contemptible without them.

If it be true, as Mr. Cunningham alleges, that ‘ disappointment and neglect had for ever roughened Johnson,’ we should like to hear at what period he was smooth? Alas! the sad gifts of Nature were the causes of Johnson's infirmity of temper. We know not only what he did, but what he resisted, and how much he overcame; and the nobleness of his nature shone brightly through the cloud of melancholy, and the disadvantage of early habits. But we cannot class among his merits, the very foibles which were disadvantageous even to Johnson—nor allow respectful pity to pass into the weakness of undistinguishing admiration.

The friendship of Johnson for Reynolds was given to the man, and not to the artist. Johnson certainly undervalued an art which he talks of, in his letter to Baretti, as ‘ what we call in to our assistance to rid us of our time.’ This has been imputed to envy by one ingenious biographer; and to Johnson's disgust at the personal worthlessness of too many artists, by Mr. Cunningham. Did neither of them recollect that Johnson was as nearly *blind* as possible, which is, at least, a more obvious reason for his not being an admirer or judge of painting?

Mr. Cunningham (vol. i. p. 250) seems to think it not only remarkable, but astonishing, that Sir Joshua through life preferred to the company of men employed in the same walk with himself, the general society of whatever was eminent in London, and lived with men of literature and business, rather than with painters, and
men

men whose talk was of pictures. Nothing more surely marks the elevation and scope of his understanding. No man could be more zealous for the progress of the art he loved, none more assiduous in its cultivation. When we reflect that, notwithstanding the constant demand upon his time for portraits, he painted upwards of one hundred and thirty pictures on historical or fancy subjects, many of them of the greatest excellence, and compare these with the lofty dreams of others, which at best ended in miserable abortions, though half their leisure was spent in meditating on them, and the other half in writing and talking of them, we cannot accuse him of neglecting opportunities. Let it be remembered, too, that these were the works of a man whose society was as acceptable to the good, the learned, and the wise, as his pictures were to the lovers of art. But, in truth, no man of high and great attainments ever confines his admiration of genius to the sphere in which he himself excels. It is only the Cockney Phœbus, or the College pedant, who never ranges beyond the limits of his own puny Parnassus, and wastes life in twaddling and jangling with its inmates, or dirty efforts to raise himself by their assistance. The real man of talent leaves his art in his study, and finds its materials in the world. He loves to contemplate excellence, in pursuits most alien to his own, but which it is his province to illustrate and portray. Shakspeare and Homer must have found pleasure in associating with mankind of all classes. Milton was a stern statesman and an active politician. Scott despised the cant of literature, and Byron hated it. Did Sir Thomas Lawrence live much among painters?—or does Mr. Westmacott, or does Allan Cunningham's own friend, Mr. Chantrey, live habitually among the sculptors? Reynolds knew all that could be said, or at least was likely to be said, about painting, and sought and found in Burke and Johnson what the academicians had not to bestow.

The incidents of his life are few and well-known; the excellence of his pencil is now universally acknowledged. His knowledge of the principles by which colours are blended into harmony, and the fine eye with which he preserved the scale and arrangement of these, must have struck every lover of the art who has witnessed the splendid and brilliant effect which his pictures produce when collected (as many of them were a few months ago) within the walls of the British Institution. Some beauties have indeed been lost, from the perishable colours which he occasionally used, but enough remains never to be forgotten. We cannot agree with Mr. Cunningham's sentence, that Sir Joshua's historic pictures have 'little of the *heroic dignity* which an inspired mind breathes into compositions of that class.' They have at least more dignity than any painter of the English school has hitherto breathed into such subjects, and, what is better, the dignity is never theatric
dignity.

dignity, nor contaminated by affectation. It is indeed less ideal than that of the great Italian schools, and more obviously selected from living nature; but he found it there, and not in the Opera House, the usual standard of grace and elegance with those who know no better. There is nothing that is false or melodramatic in his representation.

It would not be difficult to defend Reynolds from some minute criticism which has found its way into these pages. Of the Ugo-lino, it is said, that 'he looks like a *famished mendicant*; deficient in commanding qualities of intellect, and regardless of his dying children.' Sir Joshua painted the same head in his picture of the Banished Lord, which has been often admired for the lofty resignation that it expresses. He repeated it in several sketches, and, as his model was a well-known beggar, the criticism was obvious—but Reynolds was not mistaken in his choice. The head is not devoid of intellectual dignity; and who expects the Count not to appear *famished*, when dying of hunger in the Torre del Famé, or his looks to be directed to his children, when he recollects the horrible description—

'Io non piangeva, sì dentro impietrai.'

We never beheld the face without feeling the full force of that immortal line. Again—in a group of *Charity*, some critic had commended the affectionate expression of the *Mother* to the children around her. Mr. Cunningham asks, 'where is the charity of a mother taking care of her own children?' He might, however, have commended the affection with which she fondles the children, which this critic, but not the painter, *mistook for her own*. We will not pursue these trifling oversights: the pictures speak for themselves; and in the words of Fielding, we assure the reader, that 'if he has seen all these without knowing what beauty is, he has no eyes; if without feeling its power, he has no heart.'

As Sir Joshua, in his historical and fancy pictures, often studied his heads from real life, so in taking portraits he not unfrequently tried to give them a more permanent value, by connecting them with poetical or imaginary subjects. Mr. Cunningham is unnecessarily discomposed at this mixed practice. The best historical painters of the highest schools of Italy converted pretty women, generally their favourite mistresses, into Madonnas and saints; and we have seen it gravely urged by the Rev. Vicar-Apostolic Dr. Milner, in his History of Winchester, that Protestantism must be the 'grave of sensibility,' since those old Italians' conceptions of divine female purity and piety are infinitely more animated than the rival personifications of Mr. West, or even of Sir Joshua. Andrea del Sarto seems not to have been so judicious. His model was his wife, as may be seen by her portrait,
now

now in the Pitti Palace at Florence. She is not very attractive, and yet, by means known only to the initiated, had great sway over her husband. He is said to have been henpecked into this choice of a model; but we observe with sorrow, that his Madonnas, though inspired by the same glowing religion, have by no means the fervour of Raphael's, who was a gay bachelor. The devotion of Italy must have been most effectually cooled, if we may judge by the test of Mengs's Holy Families, and the inspiration of the recent school. Mr. Cunningham, however, objects that a modern lord would make an indifferent Jupiter, and we are not aware that any of their lordships ever sat to Reynolds in that character; though we have seen, by a more adventurous artist, the late Duke of York, attended by an enormous eagle, on the ceiling of one of our noblest mansions, in the capacity of that commander-in-chief of gods and men. We hope the fashion is not likely to become very general. Pretty women, however, in spite of all Mr. Cunningham can say, have a prescriptive right to be treated as goddesses, and even as angels, if the scrupulous conscience of the deputy lord-chamberlain had not taken alarm at the profaneness of the designation. The exquisite and brilliant portrait of Mrs. Hale, in the character of Euphrosyne, now in the gallery of Lord Harewood, is an inimitable example of Sir Joshua's success, in producing a splendid and most interesting work of art, thus ingeniously grafted on a likeness. But in many of his most admired and popular compositions, he has, in fact, pursued the same plan. The Snake in the Grass, a painting that rivals Titian himself, is one in which the Nymph was copied from actual life. Hope nursing Love—now in the possession of Mr. Morritt of Rokeby—is another,—not taken merely, as Mr. Cunningham seems to suppose, as the portrait of Miss Morris the actress, but because Miss Morris's face, and it is a very pretty one, furnished the expression he wanted for his imagined allegory. The deep heartfelt content of the girl in her employment, trying to repress the restless mischief of the little winged urchin at her bosom, is beautifully expressed by the sweet smile of her lips; and here we would observe, that nobody, except perhaps Correggio, ever painted smiles like Sir Joshua. They are frequent in his pictures, and are always characteristic, always expressive of the emotion of the mind, which it was his object to represent, and in harmony with the action. They are smiles of affection, of simplicity, of playful cunning, or intelligence, or sensibility, and never the unmeaning simper of affectation, or the mere outbreak of animal spirits and hilarity. With all his brilliancy, Lawrence did not rival him in this great perfection.

Sir Joshua, it seems, incurred in some degree the malevolence of Gainsborough, but if he regretted, he does not appear to have
returned

returned it, and how he deserved it we are not told :—but we *are* told, ‘ that when Gainsborough asked sixty guineas for his “ Girl and Pigs,” Sir Joshua gave him a hundred,’ and *then* reminded, that he ‘ could *afford* to aid him both in fame and purse.’ This is one of Mr. Cunningham’s *hints* which we cannot approve of—he has evidently allowed himself to imbibe from certain very obscure sources, what we must call a narrow prejudice against Sir Joshua. In truth, the same kind spirit appears to have actuated the man through life ; he never lost a friend when in poverty, or forgot one when in prosperity. When Madame Le Brun became a candidate for fame, and, on the strength of two bad French portraits, the lioness of the day, Reynolds held the following characteristic dialogue with Northcote :—

“ Pray what do you think of them, Sir Joshua ? ” Reynolds—
 “ That they are very fine.” Northcote—“ How fine ? ” Reynolds—
 “ As fine as those of any painter.” Northcote—“ As fine as those of any painter !—Do you mean living or dead ? ” Reynolds, sharply—
 “ Either living or dead.” Northcote—“ Good God ! what, as fine as Vandyke ? ” Reynolds—“ Yes, and finer.”—vol. i. p. 296.

His quiet contempt of competition and exaggeration cannot be more strongly marked ; and yet because Barry, in his splenetic craziness, hated Reynolds, for being loved by Burke, and admired by the world, it is elsewhere asserted, and it is insinuated here, that Reynolds was not free from jealousy of Barry ! We cannot read their lives, much less compare their works, and believe in these dreams of disappointed artists, or the gossip of partizans in an academy ; the thing is impossible. The beautiful eulogy from the pen of Burke, with which Mr. Cunningham concludes his life of Sir Joshua, will be remembered long after these petty squabbles are forgotten ; and let it not be unobserved, that it was written by the wisest, kindest, and most judicious friend that poor Barry ever possessed, or ever quarrelled with.

Every mistaken rule which Reynolds had ever laid down was indeed carried into its full effect by Barry himself, and every wise advice which Burke gave, or Sir Joshua practised, as certainly neglected. He disdained colouring, as inconsistent with the dignity of the art, of which it is, after all, the distinguishing criterion. As even Raphael and Michael Angelo were inferior to the ancient statuaries in ideal beauty, he raved about his love of antiquity, and despised Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, and all that Sir Joshua adored in private. He dwelt with statues, drawings and casts from the antique ; painted the death of General Wolfe, and represented the French and English armies in primitive nudity, after the manner of the ancients. With Barry, a difference of opinion was an affront, a controversy was a quarrel, advice an insult, and competition a deadly and irremissible

remissible injury. And what was there to balance all these social absurdities and annoyances? He could talk of beauty and grace, but he could represent neither; and his boasted visions, when transferred to canvass, ended in an extravagant jumble of classical common-places, applied as preposterously to stupid modern allegories, as the naked forms of the palæstra had been to the soldiers who fought on the Heights of Abram. The absurdities of his pencil were, with equal absurdity, defended by his pen, as if we could be persuaded or scolded into admiration of works which must, after all, be liked or disliked for their own impression. The true apology for Barry is in the state of mind, which Mr. Southey's narrative furnished to these volumes places so graphically before us. The co-existence of partial insanity with strong and powerful, but ill-directed talents, is unfortunately too common to excite surprise, and too melancholy not to claim forbearance. As a warning, indeed, Barry's life (very *amusingly* detailed in the second of these volumes) may be of use, otherwise we should have felt inclined to quarrel with the low price of admission allowed by Mr. Cunningham, as door-keeper to this Temple of Fame. We assign the title of *eminent* artists to those only whose works, whether applauded or neglected during their lives, have been sought after and valued since their decease. Short as the period is that has elapsed, it has been enough to destroy that reputation, the child of party spirit and envy, which once attached to Barry—and it is rapidly reducing to their true dimensions the flighty mediocrity of Romney, and the scientific but powerless labour of West.

The best of Romney's works were only portraits of Lady Hamilton in various characters; and Lady Hamilton was undoubtedly a beautiful woman and an admirable actress. West was a good and amiable man; his vanity was so mixed with good-nature as to be simply amusing; and his glorious self-consequence in fancying that, when he walked *with Mr. Fox* in the Louvre, the crowds that followed were attracted by 'the reputation of English art,' is indeed quite delightful. Of him may justly be said what Mr. Cunningham somewhere says of Mr. Payne Knight, that he mistook the knowledge of art which he possessed for natural taste and genius. He understood rules, and had studied composition both in form and colouring; he loved his art, and drew well. His small finished sketches, and his death of Wolfe and Battle of La Hogue, had many beauties, and few faults; but the beauties were not of a high or striking order, and the faults were those of deficiency, least likely to be remedied. He was the Sir Richard Blackmore of painting, and, with all the outward forms and ceremonies of the painters most admired, receives now much the same degree of attention as is bestowed on the congenial poetry

poetry of the medical knight, whose aims were as lofty and whose execution was as prosaic as his own.

With such sentiments on these heroes of the academy we cannot pursue Mr. Cunningham through his charitable labours, in detecting the latent excellencies of artists whose claims rest on still lower achievements, or even on one or two lucky pictures, much less on what has ever abounded—the glory of unfinished sketches—and drawings, which might have become good pictures if their authors had but possessed the means or patience to complete them. Lord Aldborough and Lord Buchan delighted in Barry,—Cumberland, Hayley, and Miss Seward worshipped Romney,—George the Third himself was an admirer of West,—but we prefer the criterion of the auction-room, and the lists of Mr. Phillips and Mr. Christie.

Gainsborough daily rises in price and estimation: he was the first of our painters who taught his countrymen the charm of English landscape. Wilson had imported to our shores his own poetic style, formed certainly with taste and skill, and varied with considerable power of imagination, but yet ideal, and, though not servilely copied from the great masters of Italy, still formed on their example, and compounded of their materials. ‘His landscapes,’ says Mr. Cunningham, ‘are fanned by the pure air, warmed with the glowing sun, filled with the ruined temples, and sparkling with the wooded streams and tranquil lakes of that classic region.’ They are so; and here was probably one of the causes why the English public were unjustly slow in appreciating his real merit. A few of his works were well sold, in consequence of the reputation he had acquired in Italy, but the demand was soon supplied; and the insensibility of the public to exotic beauties left him very undeservedly in indigence. His own personal character, however, seems to have been partly the source of this neglect. It is admitted, indeed, that he was coarse and repulsive in his manner, or, as Mr. Cunningham prefers to express it,

‘that he was a lover of *pleasant company*,’ (a phrase admitting of very various construction,) ‘a drinker of ale and porter—one who loved *boisterous mirth* and *rough humour*, and’ (as he adds with much *naïveté*) ‘such things are not always found in society which *calls itself select*. What then,’ he says, ‘could the artist do?’

Certainly, with such tastes, he could do nothing but what he did; yet it was quite as natural, in those whose habits and tastes were different, to prefer more delicate and moderate potations, more polished mirth, and company which *they* considered as *pleasant*: and even Reynolds might be excused for disliking the man who must equally have disliked what such a man would call the dulness
of

of Reynolds' best society. Mr. Cunningham may be assured that genius, far superior to any which Wilson ever possessed, will not make a *gentleman* (and Reynolds was in all respects one) associate with companions of low, coarse and repulsive habits. As mere lions, they may for a while be indulged and stared at, but the novelty once over, the disgust returns, and after being tolerated for a while through compassion, in itself humiliating, they are at last left to more congenial allies. We blame the world for not buying good pictures, but we cannot condemn them for avoiding bad company. That Reynolds's *dislike* went further has not at least been shown; and that he was not an indiscriminating admirer of Wilson's paintings is unfairly ascribed, we think, to 'cautious malignity,' and a wish to 'damn with faint praise.' The lecture on which this charge is founded was, as Mr. Cunningham himself admits, not delivered till Wilson was dead, and it could not hurt him, and yet its language proves, as he supposes, an old and rooted spleen. That Reynolds was actuated by such motives we do not believe. Sir Joshua's criticism on the Niobe appears to us much more just than Mr. Cunningham's; but at any rate, before it can be quoted as an instance of *malevolence*, it must be proved not only false, but insincere. It is singular enough that in this part of Cunningham's narrative Reynolds should be charged with extolling Gainsborough out of envy to Wilson; and that he should be charged just as broadly with envying Gainsborough himself, in a subsequent page. Well might Reynolds prefer the society he lived in to that of his brothers in art. Even his wise and sensible reserve was a wound to their self-complacency, and every criticism a presumed mark of his envy or an invidious eulogy on some hated rival. His patience and forbearance were more admirable than his paintings.

With all his merit there is a heaviness and opacity in much of the colouring of Wilson which Gainsborough avoided; but, on the other hand, there is a truth of representation in Gainsborough which even Wilson had not attained. The peasantry, the woods, and cottages of England were his materials, and he had studied them from childhood. Luckily, too, no systems of ideal beauty in this department of the art had limited its range to the precincts in which Claude, Poussin, or Salvator had excelled. Ruysdael, Cuyp, and Hobbima, Ostade and Rembrandt had already proved the extent of its domain, and Gainsborough ranged, like them, through its wild and sequestered scenery. He saw nature also with a poet's eye, and retaining all the appearance of homely truth, reflected it with increased beauty and more forcible expression. There is a fine *selection* of real life about his peasantry, and of real scenery in his landscape, more impressive,
because

because apparently more unstudied and fresher, than the elaborate though poetic compositions of Wilson. If there is less elevation in his conceptions, there is more of facility, exuberance, and vigour in the expression of them. These are all merits of the highest order, and not the less so for being more easily and more extensively recognized by untutored minds. They are also united to others more immediately technical,—a clearness and transparency both of lights and shadows, and that magical *luce di dentro* in some of his pictures, which marks the great masters of colour, and gives to his sunshine and shadow the effect of reality. What Gray's *Elegy* did for our peasantry, was achieved with perhaps hardly less success by the pencil of Gainsborough.

We owe much to the last hero of Cunningham's third volume—Fuseli: he exemplified most of the problems which artists and sometimes authors find it difficult to solve. His hand was ready and his sketches clever,—his diction fluent, and his love of art undoubted,—but he was the dupe of a false system, and mistook himself for a man of genius, soaring beyond human ken into the deep serene of the empyrean, when he was only skimming about the dark and narrow circle of his own cloudy metaphysics. Who does not perceive in his designs the abortive efforts of an inadequate imagination to embody ideas confusedly conceived, and after all incapable of being represented? To fail in great attempts may be the fate of a gigantic mind, but it is only a weak understanding that is in danger of straining at impossibilities. When Mr. Cunningham tells us that his 'colouring is like his design,' we perfectly agree with him, and also that it is original, for it is entirely unnatural. We do not, assuredly, know the shape or complexion of Milton's Satan or Hamlet's Ghost, but our respect for their characters prevents us from accepting Mr. Fuseli's report of their appearance. The Royal Academy of Egypt had anticipated his great discovery in the representation of supernatural personages, and we recommend their practice, as even more compendious and intelligible than his. In Belzoni's tomb, and in many others still extant, all the gods and goddesses are represented as *pea-green*,—a still more supernatural colour than that which distinguishes them in Fuseli's works. But his mortals are almost of the same hue with his archangels, and the painters of Pharaoh had more variety. The *genius* of Fuseli has been praised—and his is not a solitary case—by men who confound the delirium of a common, with the inspiration of a lofty mind; but we are astonished at the limited range, no less than at the flighty absurdity, of his extravagance. He is the Macpherson of his art; and, indeed, his writing is somewhat akin to his painting. We fear Mr. Cunningham himself
quotes

quotes the following passage because he thinks it fine. There is, indeed, 'a power in his diction,' for it has blinded his admirer to his want of meaning; or, if it has a meaning, we shall be most thankful for a translation of it into any comprehensible dialect of English or of Greek:—

'Form, in its widest meaning, the visible universe that envelopes our senses, and its counterpart, the invisible one, that agitates our mind with visions bred on sense by fancy, are the element and realm of invention: it discovers, selects, combines the possible, the probable, the known, in a mode that strikes with an air of truth and novelty. Possible, strictly, means an effect derived from a cause, a body composed of materials, a coalition of forms whose union or co-agency imply in themselves no absurdity, no contradiction: applied to our art, it takes a wider latitude; it means the representation of effects derived from causes, or forms compounded from materials heterogeneous and incompatible among themselves, but rendered so plausible to our senses, that the transition of one part to another seems to be accounted for by an air of organization, and the eye glides imperceptibly, or with satisfaction, from one to the other, or over the whole: that this was the condition on which, and the limits within which, the ancients permitted invention to represent what was strictly speaking impossible, we may with plausibility surmise from the picture of Zeuxis, described by Lucian in the memoir to which he has prefixed that painter's name, who was probably one of the first adventurers in this species of imagery. Zeuxis had painted a family of Centaurs: the dam, a beautiful female to the middle, with the lower parts gradually sliding into the most exquisite forms of a young Thessalian mare, half reclined in playful repose, and gently pawing the velvet ground, offered her human nipple to one infant centaur, whilst another greedily sucked the feline udder below, but both with their eyes turned up to a lion whelp held over them by the male centaur, their father, rising above the hillock on which the female reclined,—a grim feature, but whose ferocity was somewhat tempered by a smile.'—vol. iii. pp. 312, 313.

We particularly recommend the picture of Zeuxis, as described by Fuseli, to the students of our poetic school of art. It will have all the relish of the celebrated Roman dinner in Peregrine Pickle, even though some ignoble brother of the brush may be tempted in contemplating it to exclaim with poor Pallet, 'Bless me! what beastly fellows these ancients were!' Again we say that we thank Fuseli. He cured us of supernatural aspirations—he cured us of the systematic sublime and beautiful,—he showed us the superiority even of common nature to the self-excited enthusiasm of prosaic minds. He died at eighty-four, an age nearly equal to that attained by Titian and Michael Angelo, and left above eight hundred sketches, and pictures numerous enough, but of which we believe not one, if exhibited without his name,

name, would now pay for the paint and canvass which were wasted on it. Yet he drew well, and with ease, and descanted readily and justly on others, when not warped by his own narrow theories.

At fifty, married as he was to a kind and faithful woman, who 'worshipped his genius,' as Mr. Cunningham assures us, though 'without high birth or delicate breeding,' he became at first sight the object of one of Mary Wolstonecraft's numerous affections. Mr. Cunningham shall tell the sequel. Our friend Allan, on this and some other occasions, displays a spirit of scepticism as to appearances and consequences, infinitely amiable, but indicating more familiarity with clay models and marble philosophers than their prototypes of flesh and blood. We pity poor Mrs. Fuseli, but the story is irresistible:—

'At the table of Johnson, the bookseller, Fuseli was a frequent guest, and in all conversations that passed there was lord of the ascendant. There he met his friend Armstrong, who praised him in the journals; Wolcot, whom he hated; and Mary Wolstonecraft, who at the first interview conferred upon him the honour of her love. The French revolution was at that time giving hopes to the young and fears to the old. Fuseli was slightly smitten; but the cap of liberty itself seemed to have fallen on the heart as well as the head of the lady; who conducted herself as if it were absurd to doubt that the new order of things had loosened all the old moral obligations, and that marriage was but one of those idle ceremonies now disposed of for ever by the new dispensation of Lepaux and his brethren. With such notions Mary Wolstonecraft cast bold eyes upon the Shakespeare of canvass. And he, instead of repelling, as they deserved, those ridiculous advances, forthwith, it seems, imagined himself possessed with the pure spirit of Platonic love—assumed the languid air of a sentimental Corydon—exhibited artificial raptures, and revived in imagination the fading fires of his youth. Yet Mrs. Fuseli appears to have had little *serious cause* for jealousy in this mutual attachment.'—vol. iii. p. 297.

Mr. Cunningham then introduces the following quotation from 'The Life of Mrs. Wolstonecraft.' Could he transcribe the passage without laughing?

'She saw Mr. Fuseli frequently; he amused, delighted, and instructed her. As a painter, she could not but wish to see his works, and consequently to frequent his house; she visited him; her visits were returned. Notwithstanding the inequality of their years, Mary was not of a temper to live upon terms of so much intimacy with a man of merit and genius without loving him. The delight she enjoyed in his society she transferred *by association* to his person. She had now lived for upwards of thirty years in a state of *celibacy* and seclusion, and as her sensibilities were exquisitely acute, she felt this sort of banishment from *social charities* more painfully than persons in general are likely to feel it. The sentiments which Mr. Fuseli excited in her mind
taught

taught her the secret to which she was *in a manner a stranger*. Let it not, however, be imagined, that this was any other than the dictate of a *refined sentiment*, and the *simple deduction of morality and reason*.

Social Charities ! Refined Sentiment ! Morality and Reason !!

We have neither space nor time to notice the less prominent artists whose lives are here recorded. Some of them are justly characterized, but their works alone retain any interest in the public mind. There is good sense in Opie's lectures, and talent in his coarse but vigorous pencil. He obeyed his own eye and his own feeling, and without genius was at least true and original. We regret Bird, and his studies of real life, to which he rose from painting tea-boards in Birmingham. A few more pictures like Chevy Chase would have given him a more universal praise, but his humbler subjects were full of life and nature. He studied other painters, and his talent died before him. The lesson is not unimportant to those who, like him, excel in any original manner of their own. A more extensive observation of nature may, and will, extend their powers,—the study of art without it enfeebles and contracts them. Morland was a vulgar drunkard of great natural talent, and his works were much better than his life. Of others we have little to observe. Mere portraits, unless stamped with merit even greater than Hoppner's, are more valuable to history than to art; and Northcote is a tamer Opie, engrafted on an imitator of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The rest are of a faith not allied to many good works, but still respectable.*

We turn from these, but Lawrence deserves more consideration. He had genius, as well as mere talent, and it was of that precocious kind which, by making the possessor wonderful as a child, often ruins its own promise. He was, as we all know, made a show of when only five or six years old, by his father, an innkeeper at Devizes, and then able to spout poetry or draw likenesses at the pleasure of the company who resorted to the house. Continual drawing gave him readiness, and at ten he was taking portraits at Oxford and Bath, in crayons, which he practised till he was seventeen. He must have learned facility, and much correctness of design and observation, from this constant employment in drawing from actual life; and he then

* We should, indeed, except *Cosway*, the fantastic miniature painter, of whom, and his musical parties, Mr. Cunningham, had he known much, would probably have thought it right to tell us little. We remember that *set* well—and wonder how our author should have contrived to converse with no one capable of giving him a hint of the true state of the case which he decks out in the flourishes of sentiment and romance.

began

began to paint in oil and study colour in the right school, for he aimed successively at Rembrandt, Reynolds, and Titian. His own estimate of his powers was just, though self-confident, when he told his mother, in one of his juvenile letters, that, excepting Sir Joshua, he would risk his reputation for painting a head with any in London. In truth his hand obeyed his mind more correctly than theirs, and he had begun to learn the art in which of all English painters he and Reynolds alone have excelled—that of fixing in the memory the marked and characteristic but transient expression of the face, and then painting what he *knew*, correcting only by what he saw when the individual was before him *as a sitter*.

Encouraged by Reynolds with just commendation, he soon convinced the world of his talents by his well-known portrait of Lady Derby, then Miss Farren, and was employed by the Royal Family, and even proposed as an associate of the Academy by George III., and supported by Reynolds and West, though in contravention of their rules, when but twenty-one years of age. He had also the honour, for it was an honour, of incurring the enmity and being abused by the ribald pens of Wolcott and John Williams, to both of whom Mr. Cunningham pays the undeserved compliment of recording their forgotten slanders. He escaped from a much worse danger, when, induced by the criticism of the day, he attempted, *invitâ Minervâ*, to strike out of the admirable and pleasing style which was now natural to him, into the gigantic grandeur of Milton, as expounded by Fuseli. He chose too, after long meditation, as it appears, precisely the subject most unfit for painting, and which he, above all those who ever attempted it, was perhaps the most unfit to paint. He liked poetry, admired Milton, was desirous of outshining Fuseli, whose fame was still rife in the Academy at least, and with much pains constructed an immense Satan. It met, if we are to believe Lawrence himself, the applause of the 'circle of taste,' but assuredly that circle, in his acceptance of it, must have been a very select body. The piece was even abused by Fuseli, who complained that Lawrence had stolen his devil from him. It certainly has much the appearance of one of Fuseli's nightmare monsters, and is as unlike as possible to any conception of the 'excess of glory obscured,' ascribed to the arch fiend by Milton.

Fuseli probably thought his own imagination quite equal to that of Milton, Homer, and Shakspeare united; so he only blamed the evil and prosaic generation in which his lot was cast, and went on devising devils, deities, and ghosts, in evidence of his superiority to the time, and in spite of its obstinate insensibility. Lawrence had more tact, and, with his usual good sense, took the hint, and
condescended

condescended to return to common humanity, a subject which he could not only represent, but embellish. His portraits of Kemble in different characters are fine and well-coloured pictures; but like all pictures of the class, they rather give the actor than the character assumed. In these, however, and in his works generally, there are excellencies and beauties which rank him in the English school as second only to Reynolds. His design, from an early period, was better than Sir Joshua's, and his colouring forcible and natural. It continued so, and acquired additional strength, variety, and facility, till he had the happy opportunity at Aix-la-Chapelle, Vienna, and Rome, of painting the warriors, statesmen, and sovereigns of Europe, and receiving the testimony due to his established talents, from all the foreign artists, as well as their employers. He also studied with a discerning judgment, and used, with sound good sense, the lessons held forth by the immortal works of the Italian masters. The fruits appear in his portrait of Pius VII., and still more in that of Gonsalvi. On these and his other portraits of men whose names must ever be prominent in English and European history, his future fame might securely rest. They are, with scarcely an exception, strong and well-drawn likenesses, characteristic, and exquisitely painted. Wellington, Castlereagh, Canning, Peel, Croker, Stowell, Eldon, Brougham, Scott, Southey, Davy, Moore, and others not unworthy of being named in the same sentence with them, will live to the eye of posterity on the canvass of Lawrence. No man ever struck out a first sketch designed in chalk, as the ground-work of the head to be portrayed, which conveyed an image at once so spirited and so true of all the leading characteristics of the subject. Some of these mere sketches are really precious works, and so are many of his unfinished paintings. In them is seen the strong and accurate transcript of his mind; indeed, in some cases, the expression is more clear and definite than that retained in his more perfect pictures. In many of these, the inferiority of the figure, whether left to the execution of his scholars, or carelessly and rapidly added by himself, detracts from the merit of the head; but independently of this, the accumulation of minute and careful touches, that give a countenance and complexion its last finish, *sometimes* leaves a degree of opacity, injurious to the original conception. Such cases there are: and yet there can be no doubt that the great distinguishing excellence—the one peculiar and unrivalled merit of Lawrence, as a portrait-painter, consisted in the exquisite elaborateness of his drawing of the face. We once heard a distinguished living artist say candidly, 'Sir Thomas's drawing begins where the rest of us leave off.'

Lawrence was in his day the most successful painter of English

lish female beauty, and consequently a great favourite with our women. We shall be accounted blind, perhaps, if we venture even a qualified dissent from their unanimous verdict, as Mr. Cunningham himself gives their portraits by his hand a preference over those of our less attractive sex. We own the flashing brilliancy of their dark eyes, and the inviting simper of their lips, but we still prefer the varied smiles, and, above all, the clear and bright hue, where any is left, in the faces and bosoms of their lovely grandmothers, by Reynolds, to the white fairness of Lawrence's complexions. The arms and necks of their favourite are too chalky for our taste, and thanks to the sunburnt complexions of our gentlemen, the defect is less conspicuous in the male portraits of Lawrence. The warm, sunshiny glow of Titian's Italian beauties, and the florid blowziness of Rubens' dames, were tempered by Reynolds to that exact tone, which is the boast of our English climate, when shown in its most becoming rays. The lights and shades of Lawrence are as true, perhaps, but not so judiciously selected. That he softened defects and flattered plain women, if such can be supposed to have sat to him, may be excused; but we deny that even his art ever produced beauty equal to that of some of his fair originals.

Other artists have confined their ambition to the lucrative practice of portrait-painting, from love of money, but Lawrence made himself dependent on that line of art, from the want of it. He received prices unknown to any earlier professor, but between carelessness, extravagance, and measureless benevolence, he was for ever in difficulties; and these occasioned in him, as they too often have done in others, some reprehensible subterfuges. Mr. Cunningham mentions the capricious humours of his wealthy and noble sitters, who grew tired of their portraits before they were half finished. He ought in fairness to have added, that Lawrence received, on the first sitting, one-half of the large price due to him for a finished picture; that from such a temptation he rarely turned away, and continued to levy these contributions, when his undertakings exceeded all possibility of their accomplishment, so that many a fair or distinguished subject remained, after one or two days' attendance, for eighteen or twenty years, unable to procure another sitting, and certainly not the better for the lusters which intervened. From many of these ill-used and neglected claimants, death relieved him. His rooms were full of unfinished portraits; we wish not to comment on the fact; the character and circumstances recorded in his biography sufficiently account for, but assuredly do not justify or excuse it. We remember, however, that when a friend pressed him for information as to the possibility of finishing a lady's picture at forty, which
was

was begun at twenty years of age, he said with some humour, that 'nothing could be more easy; he had only to take off a ringlet, and add a wrinkle for each intervening year, and the likeness continued as progressive as the lady.' We did not hear whether she herself was satisfied, or encouraged him to complete his work, after this candid exposition of his resources.

Sir Thomas's conversation was often lively and entertaining, and always inoffensive, his manners smooth and courtly, but evidently assumed and professional. To complain, as some did, that they were artificial and insincere, would only evince that want of knowledge of the world, which Lawrence had acquired probably before he left Devizes. Who ever retained a really natural manner, during compulsory or unavoidable intercourse with five or six hundred strangers of all ages, ranks, and tempers, when popularity and even subsistence depended on pleasing? We own that Sir Thomas had not acquired the perfection of the art, that of concealing entirely its exertion. He was one of the most attentive of listeners, and one of the smoothest of talkers, but still it was rather like the polished obsequiousness of an inferior, than the natural and unconstrained even bearing of an equal.

In the letters of Lawrence we may certainly trace a degree of lurking vanity, which, though his good sense concealed it in the general intercourse of the world, still left him at heart somewhat of a coxcomb. He indited sundry bad sentimental verses, and made or talked of love to the two daughters of Mrs. Siddons, till the small gossips, who deal in such information, found out and declared that he *deserted* one of them for her sister; and that this infidelity cost the life of the damsel. It was scarcely worth while to record this little romance so solemnly; as Mr. Cunningham immediately avows his own disbelief of the story, and displays its absurdity, by reminding the reader that Lawrence still continued to enjoy the intimate friendship of Mrs. Siddons herself, and of John Kemble, her brother, the two persons, whether from character or connexion with the lady, of all others the least likely to forget such an injury and insult. It appears certain, in our author's own words, that the poor girl 'died of disease and a doctor;' and surely, under these circumstances, we needed no such apology for the painter, as that which Mr. Cunningham produces from the MS. of 'a lady with compassionate tenderness of heart, and a disposition *more than merciful*:'—

'His character was beautiful, and much to be loved; his manners were likely to mislead, without his intending it. He could not write a common answer to a dinner invitation, without its assuming the tone of a billet-doux; the very commonest conversation was held in that soft low whisper, and with that tone of deference and interest,

which are so unusual, and so calculated to please. I am myself persuaded that he never intentionally gave pain. He was not a male coquet; he had no plan of conquest,'—vol. vi. p. 191.

Since the days when Lady Pentweezel and the charms of Blow-bladder-Street succumbed to the insidious allurements of Mr. Carmine, no painter appears to have maintained such a reputation for gallantry as Sir Thomas. He painted the portrait of our late Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales; was admitted as a visiter to Montague House, and involved in the well-known 'Delicate Investigation.' The commissioners of his majesty's council acquitted the lady, and consequently the artist; but Lawrence, conscious of his own consequence, thought it necessary to revive the public confidence, by voluntarily making oath before a magistrate, that his attentions to Her Royal Highness were *entirely Platonic*.

Nor was this the only delicate affair which his biographer feels it a duty to dwell upon. A very pretty Mrs. Wolfe, the separated wife of a Danish consul, 'having no domestic duties to perform, and much leisure to bestow on others,' bestowed a good deal of it on Lawrence. She was 'young, beautiful, and had a soft low voice like Sir Thomas himself.' As our friend Falstaff says, 'Would you desire better sympathy?' 'He called Mrs. Wolfe his Aspasia, and exclaimed Pericles! Pericles! Pericles!' Mr. Cunningham, because the lady after a time retired to Wales, and from other private but unassigned reasons, believes also in the Platonic priority of this interesting flirtation. As the consul did not institute any investigation, and Sir Thomas made no affidavit on the subject, we are compelled to leave the question in obscurity, but it is important to the dame's honour, that a lady (unnamed, but 'who knew Lawrence well') has assured Mr. Allan Cunningham, that 'his love lay all in talking.'

Sir Thomas was, it seems, beset by as many temptations as ever befel St. Anthony; nay, even on the verge of threescore years, and after the decease of Mrs. Wolfe, 'he was still exposed to the designs of the fair.'

'A young lady of beauty and accomplishments confidently requested a matron, one of the earliest and latest friends of the painter, to inquire what he meant by his soft and persuasive speeches; in a word, if he desired to marry her or not. When this was mentioned to Lawrence, he made answer, "Why, yes, I admired her once for her beauty and cleverness, and thought of marriage; but I soon discovered that she would not suit me as a wife, and ceased to pay her any attention. She has often pained me by her remonstrances and inquiries since; if women will go such lengths, who will pity them?" A man of mature years can have no excuse for tampering, however lightly, with the affections of any woman. One of his female defenders says he gave no wilful pain—never trifled with feelings to please his

own

own vanity ; and that, amidst all his soft looks, speeches, and billets, his views rarely went beyond the indulgence of a sort of romantic civility, is more than probable ; but he might have known that ladies, whether lovely or otherwise, are not apt to put figurative constructions on compliments and attentions.'—vol. vi. p. 256.

These tender tales are of course illustrated with a description, somewhat romantic, of the face and figure, which occasioned such wild ravage among the softer sex ; and we think all this alarming in a volume meant to form part of a Family Library. Must we not also tremble at the effect which such indiscreet disclosures may produce on future exhibitions, and the progress of the arts we love ? The learned world, we know not why, have, like Mr. Cunningham, taken much pains to ascertain the nature and precise degree of passion with which great men have been inspired by their mistresses. Interesting, however, as such discussions appear to be, we do not observe in our fair countrywomen any ambition to become the topics of similar speculation, and even if they indulged such a wish for posthumous celebrity, it might be checked unpleasantly by the erroneous vigilance of husbands and fathers, ordained, as every dinner at the Crown and Anchor reminds us, ' with manly hearts to guard the fair.' How many lovely faces, on which enraptured artists are now allowed to gaze, may be withdrawn when the scrupulous papa shall have pondered on the life and loves of Sir Thomas Lawrence ! What lovely bride, or blooming matron, will be allowed to transmit her smiles on canvass, or immortalise the favourite poodle, turban, and bird of paradise, if, in addition to the stipulated payment for the representative, the original itself, it is surmised, may be only too apt to become the prize of the fortunate Apelles, and her susceptible tenderness to be recorded in the pages of some future Allan Cunningham, with a minute disquisition on the result, and a balance-sheet of probabilities as to the return it met with ?

The loves of Lawrence, it is to be observed, seem, unlike those of Raphael and Titian, to have had little influence on his pencil ; at least few here recorded are immortalized in poetical or characteristic pictures. Considering this fact, and also the great undecided question raised by Mr. Cunningham, as to the nature of the love itself, on which we should take no evidence *post mortem* short of an affidavit, we doubt whether the historian of this great *painter's* life ought to have indulged the world with so many quite unprofessional disclosures. However, we trace in these abstracts only a very brief and modest compliance with the fashion of the time :—if Mr. Cunningham had thoroughly imbibed the spirit of some of our late books of reminiscences, nothing
would

would have been so easy as to have given, in the lives of his artists, those of all the people of fashion in England who either sat for their portraits, or left their cards, or might have been expected to do so.

Whatever Lawrence may have been in the boudoirs of Mayfair, as a painter, and in his intercourse with men, he was guided by good sense and that knowledge of the world, which his early vocation acquired for him. He came to the Academy with a self-confidence that prevented him from adopting the style of others, or bowing to the criticism of the school. He was encouraged by Reynolds to study nature, and no one ever did so with a more unmeasured eye. He early acquired the first and great desideratum, the power of catching and retaining the characteristic and transient expression, and could stamp it on the speaking countenance in durable lineaments. He could, and often did, add to this the natural and unforced action or attitude peculiar to the person whom he portrayed. At the same time, he could generalize or soften all that was unpleasing, or counter to the main impression. He painted well, clearly, and with great knowledge of colour, though in this his eye was less discriminate than that of Reynolds, and his imagination and invention were both less fertile and less select in composition of attitudes and accessory details. There is more dignity and more poetic feeling, as well as more richness, glow, and harmony, in the compositions of Reynolds than in those of Lawrence. Where the tone of Sir Joshua's colouring has been preserved, his pictures cannot be hung near the other's without making them look comparatively feeble and cold. They are both of them, however, far superior in strength and in facility to the artists who were their rivals or contemporaries, and the later works of Lawrence attested still a progressive improvement, — the happy effect of his more extended observation of the great fathers of the art and the masterpieces of Italy.

We have often reflected, during the perusal of these volumes, and of those which treat on similar subjects, on the advantages and disadvantages derived by artists from the contemplation of the Italian models. As on the similar question touching foreign travel, no general proposition can be affirmed: the whole depends on the previous acquirements of the individual. Had Titian and Correggio been sent early to study under Michael Angelo, the result would, in all probability, have been that the world would have never seen the *Notte*, the *St. Jerome*, or the *Martyrdom of Peter*. Reynolds and Lawrence carried their own skill already attained to Rome, and enriched their minds with the treasures they had learned both to value and apply. The less proficient students, like our raw boys from the university,

‘Travel

‘ Travel Europe o’er,
Lose their own language, and acquire no more.’

We will not cite living names, but we may safely say that those artists amongst us have been uniformly the most successful, who have formed their own style for themselves, and drawn it directly from the nature around them. We have a school of landscape already as superior to the rival efforts of foreign academicians, as their glowing climate is superior to our clouds and showers; but while our painters are sketching and tinting in the fields, theirs are meditating on Claude and Gaspar in their galleries. Had Claude himself pursued their plan, his success would have been like theirs, but though his composition is artificial, its parts were all studied from actual scenery, and his matchless lights and skies, the evening and morning shadows, the rich or pearly atmosphere he loved, were transcripts of those daily viewed from his Pincian Villa, and such as still illuminate the magnificent view which it commanded over the domes and towers of Rome. To us the lights and colouring of Italy appear ideal, but in fact the gleams of Callcott, Collins, or Copley Fielding are not more true to nature than the lights of Claude and Gaspar. Has the successful portrayer of English life, in its more rustic forms, been neglected or unrewarded; or have the skill and style thus attained by the careful observation of nature been found incompatible with the display of higher talent, and a more extended range of art, when those, who had already enriched us with original and native excellence in a humbler shape, acquired new objects of emulation by judicious travel, or tried execution on a larger scale?

To conclude—originality, even in a small way, is better than the cleverest imitation. We prefer a simple ballad to the most *crack* prize poem; and we cannot help preferring Gainsborough even to Wilson, and Hogarth to a thousand Barrys and Fuselis, except, indeed, when he meant to be sublime in his turn. Such a genius as another Reynolds might indeed revive or create a taste for the higher branches of the art, but while London is the scene, and its verdict the reward of his professional labours, we warn him against Cockney sublimity, and trust that he will not, without great caution, study grace in Drury Lane, or rural simplicity at Highgate. There is more reason for this caution, than many will be induced to believe. Amongst the numerous able men whose lives are here recorded, and the still more numerous candidates for fame, who direct their ambition to this branch of the fine arts, few indeed have been of such rank and education as might at once ensure their reception into the really enlightened society of the metropolis. It is true, that in our mighty Babylon

exists

exists the greater part of that society from which alone the student of real genius can hope for just appreciation; but to be found, it must be courted, and to be enjoyed, it must be deserved. If early habits have disqualified the aspirant for such success, and early flattery has given him an overweening opinion of his own professional powers, he will at best become the wonder of some amateur coterie, perhaps the oracle of a subordinate circle. We know of no place where men of true talent and sense are so sure to be distinguished, and none where secondary skill and acquirements are so apt to be misled into vulgar pretensions and disgusting affectation. The paltry 'poetry' now published bears the stamp of these in every lineament, and painting, as Mr. Cunningham observes, is a kindred art. Sense and talent exist in every rank, and are in all alike, but the world is not made up of them. The artist that would study unfettered and undisguised nature will perhaps find her most frequently in those who, from rank or understanding, are above mere fashion, or, from obscurity and situation, are independent of it. All between are infected; and the conventional *minauderie* which Mr. Cunningham appears somewhat inclined to charge on the courtly and titled subjects of Reynolds's and Lawrence's portraits is not a whit more factitious than the far less agreeable airs of their inferiors, which pass with the uninitiated for natural simplicity. We suspect that Reynolds himself discovered more real and unaffected grace in the lovely daughters of our highest aristocracy, than in those to whom elegance was an object of *fashion*, and for the same reason that West observed it in the Indian savage of North America. Mr. Rush repeatedly bears witness, in the Narrative of his Residence in England, to the simplicity of manners which characterizes the highest and most select circle of our society, 'the result,' as he justly observes, 'of the greatest refinement.' From the stress laid on this observation the fact evidently surprised the amiable republican; and we are sure it is a fact which would never be suspected by those who draw their notions of society in this metropolis from such meretricious trash as the 'novels'—already, it seems, *standard novels*—'of fashionable life.'

ART. IV.—*Memoirs of the Administration of the Right Honourable Henry Pelham. Collected from the Family Papers and other authentic Documents.* By William Coxe, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A., Archdeacon of Wilts. 2 vols. London. 1829.

THIS work, which closed a long series of literary labours, was originally planned by its author as a sequel to his *Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole*. Soon after their completion he had conceived

ceived the design of tracing the struggle of parties and the revolutions of the cabinet during the ministry of Walpole's successor and pupil, Mr. Pelham, and had collected materials for that purpose; but the reluctance of Miss Pelham, daughter of the minister, to communicate some documents, without which the narrative must have been imperfect, caused a temporary abandonment of the undertaking. After an interval of many years, the author's mind was again directed towards it by the appearance of Lord Orford's *Posthumous History*.

'I found with regret,' says Mr. Coxe, (and there could not be a more competent judge,) 'that though it contained much valuable and original matter, it was deeply imbued with the prejudices and antipathies of the writer, and was calculated to create an impression highly unfavourable to the character of Mr. Pelham. The misrepresentations and errors with which it abounded induced me to enter into a new and attentive scrutiny of the documents I had laid aside. While I was engaged in this pursuit I received a flattering communication from the Duke of Newcastle, offering the use of such papers and information as his grace could procure, with a view of presenting a faithful and impartial narrative of the administration of his ancestor. By his grace's kindness I was permitted to examine those very papers which Miss Pelham had before withheld, and which had been transferred, through her bequest, to her nephew and executor, the Honourable Charles Watson, son of the first Lord Sondes and of Grace the third daughter of Mr. Pelham. These advantages encouraged me to resume my original design, not merely with a view to beguile the tedium of my situation,' (Mr. Coxe was now afflicted with total blindness,) 'but also to contribute the means left at my disposal for the illustration of a curious and interesting period of our national history. When I had nearly completed my intended work, I was honoured with a communication from the late lamented Earl of Chichester, liberally offering me access to the letters and papers of the Duke of Newcastle, which his lordship inherited from his noble father. Availing myself of this proposal, the whole collection was submitted, at my request, to my friend Mr. Rylance, who made extracts or copies of the most important documents. Hence I was enabled to enlarge my narrative, and to correct and explain many points on which I had before possessed but imperfect information. With the assistance of my late faithful and able secretary, Mr. Hatcher, as well as of Mr. Rylance, I have completed this work, and now offer it to the candour of the public, trusting in that indulgence which I have so frequently experienced, and to which I have now an additional claim.'—*Preface*, pp. viii. ix.

The last years of the author's life were employed in constructing, from the materials here described, and others imparted with similar liberality, these *Memoirs of the Pelham Administration*.

He

He did not, however, live to bestow upon them the final revision; and they were left, at his decease, to the judicious care of his brother, the Rev. George Coxe, under whose superintendence they were ultimately carried through the press. They have lately acquired a new title to attention, (if such a work needed any casual incident to enhance its value,) by the publication of Lord Orford's lively letters to Sir Horace Mann, where a great part of the small-talk embodied in Walpole's '*Memoires*,' and of which Mr. Coxe's history is the best corrective, re-appears in a lighter and more attractive form.

The eleven years (from 1743 to 1754) of which, chiefly, the present volumes treat, are a period not fertile in remarkable occurrences, nor administering much gratification to national pride. An unsuccessful war, an inglorious though necessary peace, a rebellion, or rather invasion, which almost endangered the capital without awakening any powerful spirit of resistance in the country, intrigues and frequent disunion in the government at home, and a complex and ineffective course of foreign policy, form at the first view no attractive argument. Yet the era of the Pelham administration presents much that deserves to be remembered. At no period were the strength and greatness of England more vigorously striking root. Never was the tempestuous sea of parliament lulled into a profounder calm. If the time was unmarked by great events, it was not barren of distinguished men, although some were declining, or already sunk, from their former influence and renown, and some only rising to that eminence which they afterwards more conspicuously enjoyed. At the commencement of this period, Walpole had not ceased to mingle in political transactions; at its close the genius of Chatham was hastening to the ascendant. And if history is to be esteemed not merely as the occurrences are striking and uncommon, but as we are enabled to connect them with the motives and characters of men, this portion of the English annals, illustrated as it now is, can never justly be disregarded as insipid or uninteresting.

Mr. Pelham himself was one of the most blameless and useful statesmen who ever led the House of Commons. His plain strong talents and unambitious virtues were precisely those which England most needed in her government at the time when he became prime minister. To them, scarcely less than to the mighty energies of Pitt, may be ascribed the prosperity and glory which attended the close of George II.'s reign. As a financier he has been considered little inferior to Walpole. No man was ever a more anxious steward of the public resources; and he was even thought, in some instances, to enforce economy to a degree
inconsistent

inconsistent with real prudence. His policy, like Walpole's, was characterized by an extreme solicitude for peace: on this point also he was perhaps inclined to err, *nimum premendo littus*; and the sentiments which his natural caution and diffidence inspired were sometimes openly expressed with a candour not usual nor always commendable in a minister. A remarkable instance of this occurred in the debate on Lord Egmont's motion upon the article respecting Dunkirk, in the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, when Mr. Pelham unreservedly declared his opinion, that the country, burdened as it then was, could not singly withstand the House of Bourbon, and that no continental confederacy could be formed which would not be an incumbrance rather than an advantage. It is true he was at that time (1750) occupied with his project for reducing the interest of the national debt, (the great achievement of his administration,) and naturally dreaded, and opposed with zeal, the agitation of topics likely to disturb that calm in which alone his measures could be accomplished. But he had expressed the same melancholy sentiment in private during the negotiations for peace, with still greater earnestness:—

‘We shall, I fear, be brought to a terrible dilemma,’ he said in a letter to the Duke of Newcastle, ‘but we have no choice. It is the work, or rather no work, of former years, that has brought us to this terrible situation. But what is worse, if anything can be so, than the situation itself, is to be in it and not to know it. Dear brother, we are conquered, we have little strength of our own, and less of other people's; you act with as great spirit and resolution as any man can do, but all that will not change the nature of things.’—*Pelham Administration*, vol. ii., p. 30.

Happily, however, the feeling which prompted such expressions was in him not a weak despondency, but a watchful patriotic care, the parent of wise and active exertion. These merits in Mr. Pelham were acknowledged even by those whom his cautious policy had most thwarted. The Duke of Cumberland (till offended by the arrangements of the Regency Bill in 1751) entertained and expressed a high esteem for him. The king, on the conclusion of the treaty at Aix-la-Chapelle, declared him to be ‘the most able and willing minister that had ever directed the affairs of his government;’ and at his death pronounced upon him a still more emphatic eulogy, seasoned indeed with no little bitterness toward survivors:—‘Now I shall have no more peace.’ Mr. Coxe observes, that ‘he may be ranked among the few ministers who enjoyed at once the esteem of the sovereign, the confidence of the parliament, the respect of the opposition, and the love of the people;’ and that

Horace

Horace Walpole is almost the only author who has treated him with obloquy.* But the portraiture of him in Walpole's *Memoirs* (vol. i. pp. 145-199-321) is a cloud of epigrams, and antitheses, and riddles, in which it is often difficult, we do not merely say to ascertain a truth, but to lay hold of an assertion; and the motives which led that patriotic and disinterested historian, in the year 1751, to take steps for informing posterity that the Pelhams were but 'phantoms either of honesty or abilities,' have been sufficiently discussed in a former volume of this Review.† Even Walpole, however, winds up Mr. Pelham's character with the acknowledgment, 'he lived without abusing his power, and died poor.'

Of the solid practical ability which distinguished Mr. Pelham's speeches and writings, the present work affords many satisfactory specimens. They display candour, moderation, and good sense, a studious regard to the national welfare without any selfish eagerness for popularity, a loyal fidelity to the king, and at the same time a manly steadiness in withstanding the sovereign's personal wishes and partialities when opposed to the public prosperity; a zeal for useful reforms, unaccompanied by any contempt for institutions; liberality, in the older sense of that term, when it did not yet imply being without principles and without attachments; and an observance of public opinion without any disposition to raise up a licentious and uncontrollable tyranny, under the name of 'the people.' In short, Mr. Pelham was an old, not a new Whig.

It is agreed by his contemporaries, that he entirely wanted the brilliant parts of oratory. Walpole indeed affirms, that 'he was obscure upon the most trivial occurrences, perplexed even when he had but one idea, and whenever he spoke well it was owing to his being heated: he must lose his temper before he could exert his reason.'‡ Lord Waldegrave, on the other hand, says that, 'without being an orator, or having the finest parts, no man in the House of Commons argued with more weight, or was heard with greater attention.' According to Lord Chesterfield, though 'a very inelegant speaker in parliament, he spoke with a certain candour and openness, that made him be well heard and generally

* Glover coarsely abuses him in his *Memoirs*. In the lyrics of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams he is both flattered and lampooned; but (supposing the verses in each instance to be really Sir Charles's) the 'fugitive pieces' of much better poets have put one another out of countenance when caught and confronted.

† Vol. xxvii., Article, Walpole's *Memoirs*.

‡ One of the occasions to which Walpole alludes, may be the debate in 1744 on the report of the committee of supply respecting the Hanover troops, (*Pelham Administration*, vol. i., p. 130,) when Mr. Pelham opposed Pitt with a more than usual warmth, but with great judgment, vigour, and success.

believed.'

believed.* And Walpole, in retouching the portrait of Mr. Pelham, at the period of his death, allows that 'his eloquence cleared up and shone with much greater force after his power was established. He laid aside his doubling plausibility, which at once raised and depreciated him, and assumed a spirit and authority that became him well.' Of his deportment on ordinary occasions, Chesterfield, no inconsiderable authority, says that 'he had a gentlemanlike frankness in his behaviour.' While very young he had served a campaign against the rebels of 1715, and signalized himself in the affair of Preston; and a respectable contemporary writer† observed, or fancied, that he retained to the end of his life the openness of demeanour which belongs to the military profession. According to the small talk of his day, he had the infirmity of betraying emotion by his countenance when conversation touched on points which were uneasy to him. Hume Campbell (Earl of Marchmont), in his Diary published by Sir George Rose in the Marchmont Papers, even accuses him of the uncourtierlike vice of blushing. Though not unsusceptible of anger, he was naturally gifted with a calmness and moderation of temper, which suited well, and no doubt prompted on some occasions, his policy in public affairs. It is he who is reported to have said, when some one recommended an exertion of privilege to restrain the newspapers from publishing the debates of the House of Commons, 'Let them alone, they make better speeches for us than we can for ourselves.‡' Mr. Coxe gives an example of the same mildness of disposition, evinced by him on a more trifling occasion.

'A traditional anecdote preserved in the family, and communicated by the present Duke of Newcastle, will afford a pleasing instance of the easy and kind condescension with which Mr. Pelham behaved to his domestics. He had sent for his coachman to give him some orders. Whilst he was speaking, the man suddenly drew out his watch, and glancing a look at it, abruptly broke off the conversation by exclaiming, "Sir, it is my time, and I must go and drive my children in the carriage." "Richard," said Mr. Pelham, "the time and the carriage may be yours, and so may the horses and other things; but, my good Richard, do let the children be my own."'—*Pelham Administration*, vol. ii. p. 304, note.

* Characters by Lord Chesterfield, published in his *Miscellaneous Works*, 4to. by Maty.

† Dr. Birch, writing under the name of Tindal.

‡ *Pelham Administration*, vol. i. p. 355. A similar answer (though in a matter where self-love was less concerned) is related of George II. 'Being informed that an impudent printer was to be punished for having published a spurious (King's) speech, he answered that he hoped the man's punishment would be of the mildest sort, because he had read both, and, as far as he understood either of them, he liked the spurious speech better than his own.'—*Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs*, p. 88.

The severest trials of Mr. Pelham's temper and fortitude arose from the infirmities of his brother and colleague in government. There are few characters in history more generally known by their little and ludicrous points than that of the Duke of Newcastle. Mr. Coxe, in a masterly though indulgent delineation of this celebrated Whig leader, has drawn attention to the comelier features, which in so many representations of him are altogether disguised or caricatured. There was much in him which it is impossible to respect, but he possessed many qualities which it is equally impossible to despise. Considering the ascendancy which he so long maintained, in a court where the sovereign never cordially regarded him, and where ambitious, strong, and favoured competitors, watched eagerly, and strove without scruple, to wrest from him the prize of power, it seems extravagant to pronounce with Horace Walpole that he was a mere 'phantom of abilities.' It may be true, that (according to the exquisitely descriptive saying of Lord Wilmington) 'he always lost half an hour in the morning, and was running after it all day without being able to overtake it;' but experience, zeal, activity, and, in foreign affairs at least, extensive knowledge, compensated, as far as such qualities could compensate, for the want of method and of well-directed energy. It is said that many of the first draughts of his letters still extant, some of them very long, and of a nature requiring order and arrangement, are remarkable for their perspicuity, and have scarcely a single erasure. Those in the present collection, though not equal in manliness and sense to Mr. Pelham's, betray neither want of talent nor perplexity of thought. 'Hear him speak in parliament,' says Lord Waldegrave, 'his manner is ungraceful, his language barbarous, his reasoning inconclusive. At the same time he labours through all the confusion of a debate, without the least distrust of his own abilities, fights boldly in the dark, never gives up the cause, nor is he ever at a loss either for words or argument.' This picture conveys no exalted notion of the statesman, but there have been times when such a man might be considered no contemptible *debater*.

His most characteristic failing, and that which made the condition of all associated with him in business uneasy and insecure, was a morbid restlessness of mind, a perpetual recurrence of that distrust, the too ordinary effect of which is to render him who entertains it himself fickle and unsteady. Lord Waldegrave, writing of him in his lifetime, says, 'Ambition, fear, and jealousy, are his prevailing passions: a jealousy which 'could not be carried to a higher pitch if every political friend was a favourite mistress.' His correspondence in the present work abounds with the indications of this unquiet temper; suspicions, complaints, counter-plottings

plottings on the mere surmises of a plot, confidences made to one friend with injunctions to withhold them from another, and tormenting apprehensions of a similar conduct towards himself.

‘ I beg of you,’ says Mr. Pelham in one of his letters, (1752,) ‘ do not so often call upon me to act in concert, and to act as one; I have never done otherwise. If we differ in opinion *toto cælo*, we cannot act together in what we differ; but where that has not been notoriously so, and known by yourself to be so, before you engaged in them, I do not know an instance wherein either confidence or concert has been wanting on my part.’—*Pelham Administration*, vol. ii. p. 462.

Scarcely, indeed, had Mr. Pelham been appointed first lord of the treasury, when the duke complained in a letter to Lord Hardwicke, that his brother was falling into ‘ Lord Orford’s old method of being the first person upon all occasions.’ These feelings, it may be supposed, were watched and turned to advantage by interested observers, and there was address as well as malice in the taunt which Lady Yarmouth is said to have levelled at the duke, that he was ‘ bred up in the fear of his brother.’ It appears from some curious passages in the correspondence now published,* that in the latter part of Mr. Pelham’s life, the king formed (or intimated in Hanover that he had formed) the plan of ‘ cajoling and managing’ that minister, and, as the duke expressed it, ‘ playing off’ the Pelhams against each other. But this, whether seriously contemplated or not, was a scheme which no man had hitherto accomplished or was likely to undertake with success. The clouds of displeasure which arose between the brothers, whether from the difference of their opinions on some political subjects, or from the sensitive and busy jealousy of the duke, were transient, though often recurring: their fraternal affection and their concord as ministers on the most essential points, if occasionally shaken, could never be subverted; their quarrels (to use the duke’s own observation) were *amantium iræ*, and were ever followed by an increase of cordiality. The duke, if he was the most irritable, was also the most placable, of men. Mr. Coxe † furnishes, from one of his letters to Lord Hardwicke, a striking instance of the frankness and good grace which he could yield to remonstrance, and acknowledge himself in error. The following characteristic passages form part of a letter to Mr. Pelham, from Hanover, in 1748, when, after some acrimony between the brothers on the subject of the negotiations for peace then depending, the duke unexpectedly learned that Mr. Pelham had had a severe fit of illness:—

‘ Believe me I am the more touched on this occasion as I am sensible the situation of affairs, and possibly the part I may have had in them,

* Vol. ii. p. 455, &c.

† Vol. i. p. 6.

or at least some warmth I have used in justifying them, has been in a great measure the cause of the continuance, if not of your original illness. This good effect it has had, that you shall never more have one disagreeable word from me.'—vol. ii. p. 27.

After stating the general anxiety at the court of Hanover on Mr. Pelham's account, and that the king, 'who is a bit of a doctor,' had desired to know every particular of his illness, he concludes:—

'For God's sake, dear brother, make yourself as easy as you can about our foreign affairs. If they are not as well as we could wish, I hope they are better than you fear. I will do more than is possible to conclude. My heart is set upon it, for my country's service, for my own honour, to recommend myself to the king, and, believe me I speak truth, to remove the only possible point of difference that can ever be between you and me. I love you, I esteem you; and I pray God grant good news of you by the messenger I expect. I can say no more.'—*ibid.* p. 29.

The following extract from a letter to the chancellor, on Mr. Pelham's projected reduction of the interest on the national debt, is equally descriptive of the writer:—

'It is a great and glorious design, worthy of him; and I have told the king and everybody I speak to that no man is, or I verily believe ever was, so willing and so able to do this great service to his country as my brother is. I will assure him two things, that this will make my happiness in public affairs complete; and, secondly, that all I can possibly do to contribute towards it shall be done, by never proposing any measure that does not appear to me to be absolutely necessary, that can in any way delay the execution of this great design. And, lastly, I never will hear anybody talk who will pretend to let anybody else share in the merit.'—vol. ii. p. 45.

Considering the restless and variable temper of the Duke of Newcastle, his openness to flattery, and the foible which Lord Chesterfield, in one of his letters, imputes to him, of loving to have a favourite, it cannot be observed without surprise, how little if any part of his conduct can be traced to the influence of unworthy counsellors, and how uniformly his confidence was reposed in two of the wisest and best friends whom a statesman of that day could have selected,—his brother and Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. And if it cannot be ascribed to him as a merit, it deserves at least to be commemorated as his happiness, that three of the most eminent persons of the last century, Pitt, Murray, and Yorke, (two of them numbered by *Walpole* in his list of the five 'great men' within his memory,) were among those who owed early advancement to the favour of the Duke of Newcastle.

Distinguished, from the outset of his life, as a warm supporter of the house of Brunswick, and ever zealous for what he termed 'the old and great system' of combination against the ambitious
views

views of France, he was not unnaturally led, on some occasions, to concur, against the wish of Mr. Pelham, in the scheme of foreign policy espoused by the King and the Duke of Cumberland. It was, indeed, very difficult for a statesman once admitted to the cabinet of George the Second, more especially if he attended him abroad, to remain wholly uninfected with Hanover politics, which were the degeneracy of that 'old and great system' so gloriously upheld by King William and the Duke of Marlborough. Never, perhaps, was that system brought to a point so nearly bordering on burlesque as when England was intriguing and subsidizing to secure the election of King of the Romans in favour of the Archduke Joseph, unaided and at last baffled by Austria herself, who a few years afterwards obtained the desired object without any foreign assistance. Times were indeed to come when the old antigallican system should be wielded by stronger hands and with nobler results. But those days also have gone by; and we have lived to be taught by modern Whigs, that the true policy of England is to combine with, and not against, France—virtuous, liberal, easy, unambitious France!

The love of power and the official jealousies which characterised the duke were entirely free from any mercenary taint.* In pecuniary affairs he was disinterested and magnificent; politics were his expense, not his gain. Lord Chesterfield, who, as he himself observes, had been 'sometimes well and sometimes ill' with the duke, makes this eulogy upon him at his decease:—

'My old kinsman and contemporary is at last dead, and for the first time quiet. He had the start of me at his birth by one year and two months, and I think we shall observe the same distance at our burial. I own I feel for his death, not because it will be my turn next, but because I knew him to be very good-natured, and his hands to be extremely clean, and even too clean, if that were possible,—for, after all the great offices which he had held for fifty years, he died three hundred thousand pounds poorer than he was when he first came into them. A very unministerial proceeding!'—*Chesterfield's Miscellaneous Works*, vol. ii. p. 564, 4to.

In no circumstance were the Pelhams more fortunate than in

* 'I come now to speak to you of the affair of the Duke of Newcastle; but absolutely on considering it much myself, and on talking of it with your brother, we are both against your attempting any such thing. In the first place, I never heard a suspicion of the Duke's taking presents, and should think he would rather be affronted: in the next place, my dear child, though you are fond of that coffee-pot, it would be thought nothing among such wardrobes as he has, of the finest wrought plate: why he has a set of gold plates that would make a figure on any side-board in the Arabian tales: and as to Benvenuto Cellini, if the duke could take it for his, people in England understand all work too well to be deceived.' 'As to Stone,' (the duke's secretary,) 'if any thing was done, to be sure, it should be to him: though I really can't advise even that.'—*Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, Jan. 6, 1743.*

the steady friendship of that great lawyer and sagacious politician, Lord Hardwicke. By his influence their dissensions were calmed—in their most anxious deliberations his counsel was decisive. Walpole seldom errs so grossly as when he says of this nobleman that he was despised in the cabinet.* Lord Waldegrave estimates him more justly when, speaking of his resignation in 1756, he observes that, as a statesman, Lord Hardwicke had been the chief support of the Duke of Newcastle's administration. The documents in Mr. Coxe's work bear a continual testimony to the respect entertained for Lord Hardwicke by the brother ministers, and the high value they placed upon his services. The duke, in a letter to Mr. Pelham (in 1745), says, 'I am sure you will not think unreasonable what I now propose, that everything, as far as possible, should be first talked over by you and me before it is either flung out in the closet or communicated to *any* of our brethren; I always except the chancellor, who I know is a third brother.'—(*Pelham Administration*, vol. i. p. 206.) On another occasion, when apprehensive that the chancellor intended to withdraw from the discussions of the cabinet, and devote himself wholly to the judicial business of his office, the duke says (addressing Lord Hardwicke)—'I must beg you will consider in what situation you will leave me. My brother has all the prudence, knowledge, experience, and good intention that I can wish or hope in a man, but it will or may be difficult for us alone to stem that which, with your weight, authority, and character, would not be twice mentioned. *Besides, my brother and I may differ in opinion; in which case, I am sure yours would determine both.*'—vol. i. p. 40.

In the struggle which ended by the removal of Lord Granville from the administration in 1744, Lord Hardwicke's wisdom and address contributed materially to the success of his friends. The duke wrote to him when the contest was approaching its crisis,—'Perhaps nobody but you can carry us through, and you can.' The chapter which relates this transaction is one of the most interesting in Mr. Coxe's volumes. The veteran statesman, Lord Orford, was at length summoned from his retirement to be the umpire in this important conflict; and the final exertion of that influence which he still retained with the king, and almost the last act of his life, was to confirm the ascendancy of the Pelhams by recommending the dismissal of Lord Granville. He decided well for the king and for the country. That Lord Granville should have acted cordially with these colleagues was impossible. The appointment of Mr. Pelham, in 1743, to be first lord of the treasury, in

* *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 139.

preference to Lord Bath, whose pretensions Granville supported,* was a defeat not easily to be endured by a sanguine and arrogant favourite, presuming upon the confidential station which he held as the king's attendant and adviser on the scene of war, and at that time exulting with a half military vanity in the unfruitful glories of Dettingen. His address to the new prime minister, from Mentz, was sufficiently frank, but gave little prospect of future good understanding :—

‘ If I had not stood by Lord Bath, who can (could) ever value my friendship ? and you must have despised me. However, as the affair is decided in your favour by his Majesty, I wish you joy of it, and I will endeavour to support you as much as I can, having really a most cordial affection for your brother and you, which nothing can dissolve but yourselves, which I don't apprehend will be the case. I have no jealousies of either of you, and I believe that you love me ; but if you will have jealousies of me without foundation, it will disgust me to such a degree that I shall not be able to bear it ; and as I mean to cement an union with you, I speak thus plainly.’—vol. i. p. 85.

As might have been expected from the tone of this declaration, his colleagues found him, in his subsequent conduct, self-willed and contemptuous ; his official communications from abroad were dry and unsatisfactory,† and he cared little to conceal that he neither reposed confidence in his partners in administration, nor expected it from them. Too sensible of his great superiority in genius and acquirements, he held cheap those sober qualities of prudence and good sense in which he was himself infinitely excelled by Mr. Pelham. With his characteristic rashness, which defied difficulties without preparing to encounter them, he flattered and urged on the king in that unprofitable course of foreign policy, which was daily becoming more unpopular, and exposing his administration to increased embarrassments. To arrest the course of these mischiefs was a necessary, but a difficult and ungracious task. It was said by near observers, that ‘ if the king liked anybody, it was Lord Granville.’‡ His politics, his manners, his knowledge of foreign courts, and (the circumstance deserves remark) his being the only minister who could converse with the

* The interest which Lord Orford took in this appointment is very strikingly displayed by his cordial, manly, and sagacious letters to Mr. Pelham, while it was depending.—‘ *Pelham Administration*, chapter I.’ One of them concludes thus—‘ Dear Harry, I am very personal and very free, and put myself in your power. Remember me kindly to my Lord Duke. Yours, &c.’ Yet Horace Walpole would have it believed that Mr. Pelham had lately been the duke's accomplice in betraying Lord Orford.—*Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 145 ; and he says elsewhere (p. 205), that Lord Orford was betrayed ‘ without being deceived.’

† ‘ He corresponded with them but seldom, and then chiefly on points which the next Gazette might have informed them of as fully as his dispatches.’ (Introduction to Mr. Yorke's *Parliamentary Journal*, *Pelham Administration*, vol. i., p. 478.)

‡ Lord Marchmont's *Diary*, *Marchmont Papers*, vol. i., p. 197.

king in his own language,* gave him an influence over the royal mind which was not dispelled by his removal from office. The unsuccessful attempt of George II., on his quarrel with the Pelhams in 1746, to form a new administration under Lord Granville and Lord Bath, gave rise to one of the most extraordinary political scenes of that reign. Mr. Pelham, the Duke of Newcastle, and their friends anticipated the design of their master, by a sudden and general resignation; and it became afterwards a favourite theme of party obloquy that they had contumaciously thrown up their offices 'in the height of a rebellion.' The accusation is futile. Had they indeed renounced their employments with any design of aggravating civil discord, that they might use it as an engine against their adversaries, they would have justly deserved the brand of perpetual infamy. But the rebellion, at that time, (February 1746,) though not extinguished, had long ceased to be formidable.† If anything could have revived the languishing spirit of Jacobitism, the accession to power of so unpopular a statesman as Lord Bath, and so Hanoverian a politician as Lord Granville, would most probably have had that effect. Their overthrow, accomplished safely and constitutionally by the well-concerted resignation of their opponents, was a pledge of the public tranquillity. The whole history of the event shows that the measures taken by the Pelhams were safe, wise, and decisive. 'Forty-eight hours, three quarters, seven minutes, and eleven seconds' (according to a satirical paper of the day) was the term of the new administration: the king found that he had raised a fabric of sand, and that nothing remained but to disperse it as quietly as possible. 'Lord Bath' (says Walpole in his *Memoirs*) 'slipped

* It is singular that this acquirement should have been so rare in a court which had been ruled by two successive German sovereigns. Mr. Pelham, it appears, knew little even of French. Sir Robert Walpole had neither German nor French, and talked with George I. in Latin. It may be suspected that their conferences would sometimes (as Milton says)

—'have made Quintilian stare and gasp.'

† 'I was very uneasy,' says Horace Walpole to Sir H. Mann, in a letter of Feb. 7th, 'at finding you still remained in the same anxiety about the rebellion, when it had so long ceased to be formidable with us.' In his next letter, Feb. 14, after describing the attempted change in the cabinet, and the return of the Pelhams to office, he says, 'The duke and his name are pursuing the scattered rebels into their very mountains, determined to root out sedition entirely. It is believed, and we expect to hear, that the Young Pretender is embarked and gone.' 'After describing two revolutions, and announcing the termination of a rebellion, it would be below the dignity of my letter to talk of anything of less moment.'—vol. ii. p. 194-5. So little were the northern Jacobites, at that time, an object of dread to politicians in London, if we believe Sir Horace Mann's correspondent. Let us now turn to Horace Walpole the historian, writing 'pour ne frustrer la postérité.' 'Will it be credited, if it is told? The period they' (the Pelhams) 'chose for this unwarrantable insult' (their resignation) 'was the height of a rebellion; the king was to be forced into compliance with their views, or their allegiance was in a manner ready to be offered to the competitor for his crown, then actually wrestling for it in the heart of his kingdom.'—*Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 149.

down

down the back stairs, leaving Lord Carlisle in the outward room expecting to be called in to kiss hands for the privy seal.' 'Lord Granville left St. James's laughing,' and met a friend who wondered that he had held office so long. Jovial and grandiloquent as ever, he made light of the adventure, and in no long time slid into a subordinate post, (that of President of the Council,) which he continued to hold in the reign of George III. The king, discontented, but taking patience perforce, like the 'gruff papa' of a comedy, became gradually reconciled to the Pelhams, who returned to office strengthened and advanced in public estimation. Pitt, whose pretensions to the office of Secretary of State had been a proximate cause of the late rupture, obtained a place in the government, but not that to which the Pelhams had been anxious to raise him; the king's personal dislike was an obstacle not yet to be overcome; nor was it until after the lapse of several years, when he at length 'took the cabinet by storm,' that his genius obtained scope for those bold and vast exertions by which the close of George II.'s reign became one of the most illustrious periods of English history.

In dismissing this posthumous work of an author who laboured so long and so honourably for the advancement of historical knowledge, it will not be complained of by our readers that we should avail ourselves of some private materials at our disposal, and offer a few details of his life and literary career. Mr. Coxe was born in London in 1747. Of his parentage he himself, after some experience of society, wrote thus—

'Among the principal blessings of the Almighty, I consider this as one of the greatest, that I was born of a family who were neither of a high nor low birth, and that my parents were such, that were I to come into the world again, and had the power of choosing them, I would fix upon those whom Providence has given me.'

His father was Dr. William Coxe, physician to the king's household, and grandson of Dr. Coxe, who gave evidence for Lord William Russell on his trial for high treason. His mother was the daughter of Paul d'Aranda, a merchant and a friend of John Locke. She was a person of distinguished good sense and sweetness of disposition, and her son ever regarded her as his dearest and most intimate friend.

After passing some time at a private school, Mr. Coxe was sent to Eton, and was there, on his own petition, indulged with the assistance of a tutor, Mr. Sumner, afterwards Master of Harrow. The teacher was remembered by Mr. Coxe with admiration at a late period of his life; but the pupil, if his own confession may be literally taken, did not very zealously second his exertions. He was a boy of great spirits and volatile disposition, and much addicted to
fivea

fives and cricket; and in his progress through the school he merely kept above the middling rank of his companions. When he was fourteen years old, his father, who was then just rising into professional distinction, died, leaving six children very moderately provided for. In order that he might continue at Eton, Mr. Coxe was placed on the foundation, and in 1765 he was elected to King's College, Cambridge.

He came to the University a tolerable Greek and Latin scholar, but in other respects, according to his own report, very imperfectly educated. He shot, fished, and loitered away his first year of residence, forming no settled plan of improvement; but about the end of this period he was fortunately introduced into the society of some students of Peterhouse, a college which possessed at that time, among its younger inmates, several men of more than common talent and acquirements. Mr. Coxe had as yet lived chiefly with members of his own college, and had been contented with the portion of classical scholarship which he had brought from school; but the conversation of his new friends at once disclosed to him the insufficiency of his own attainments, and awakened in his mind that thirst of knowledge and honourable love of distinction which characterized him to the end of his life. Without abandoning his former studies he applied himself diligently to mathematical science, natural philosophy, modern languages, and, above all, history. His intercourse with the friends to whom he now attached himself was a kind of literary brotherhood; they rather lived together than exchanged visits, and their correspondence during the periods of separation gave an unrestrained flow to all the thoughts and feelings of men enjoying literature and the world with the first ardour of youth.

The closest intimacy which Mr. Coxe formed at this period was with Mr. Law, afterwards Lord Ellenborough, whose father, the Bishop of Carlisle, was then Master of Peterhouse: the son entered the University a little later than Mr. Coxe. In a paper written for the amusement of his chosen friends, Mr. Coxe drew the characters of four conspicuous members of their society, among whom were Mr. Le Blanc (in after years a distinguished ornament of the bench over which Lord Ellenborough presided) and Mr. Law, then at the age of four and twenty. This latter portrait, though traced by an inexperienced hand, has touches that will strike those who remember the original in the height of his attainments and honours.

* Philotes bears the first rank in this our society. Of a warm and generous disposition, he breathes all the animation of youth and the spirit of freedom. His thoughts and conceptions are uncommonly great and striking; his language and expressions are strong and nervous,

nervous, and partake of the colour of his sentiments. As all his views are honest and his intentions direct, he scorns to disguise his feelings or palliate his sentiments. This disposition has been productive of uneasiness to himself and to his friends, for his open and unsuspecting temper leads him to use a warmth of expression which sometimes assumes the appearance of *fiercé*. This has frequently disgusted his acquaintance, but his friends know the goodness of his heart, and pardon a foible that arises from the candour and openness of his temper; and indeed he never fails, when the heat of conversation is over, and his mind becomes cool and dispassionate, to acknowledge this error of his nature, and, like the Roman Catholic, claims an absolution for future as well as past transgressions. Active and enterprising, he pursues with eagerness whatever strikes him the most forcibly. His studies resemble the warmth of his disposition: struck with the great and the sublime, his taste, though elegant and refined, prefers the glowing and animated conceptions of a Tacitus to the softer and more delicate graces of a Tully. He is charmed with the style of Bolingbroke, though not with his opinions. In poetry, Virgil and Milton are his favourites.

The warmth of friendship which runs through this description was imparted as well as felt. In a letter written to Mr. Coxe, at a later period, adverting to their past days of intimacy, Mr. Law spoke of him as one 'whose presence gave a quicker relish to every amusement, and who improved or brought with him happiness wherever he came.' They looked upon each other as men pressing forward to distinction, but with the feeling rather of partners than of competitors in honour. The mind of Mr. Law was already filled with that ardent and unrelaxing ambition which accompanies the consciousness of great powers, and seems implanted, where they exist, for the purpose of bringing them into action. He blamed the reflection of Johnson, that 'riches, authority, and praise lose all their influence when they are considered as riches, which to-morrow shall be bestowed on another; authority, which shall this night expire; and praise, which, however merited and however sincere, shall after a few minutes be heard no more.' 'Considerations of this kind,' said Mr. Law, 'may be carried much too far, and while they unnerve the arm of impatience, may slacken the sinews of industry, and destroy hope, emulation, and honest ambition, the strongest motives to everything worthy, great, and noble.' 'Of all things in the world,' he once observed, 'I abominate a novel that ends unhappily.' Impressed with the efficacy of temporal rewards as incentives to exertion, his mind revolted even at a work of fiction which kept these motives out of sight.

The more advanced scholarship of Mr. Coxe was of material service to his friend in the acquaintance which he was now forming

ing with ancient and modern classics, and the taste of both was improved by an interchange of criticisms. Mr. Law's were judicious, blunt, lively, and full of a strong and often characteristic feeling. His favourite writers at that time have been already mentioned. He resented with a just warmth the weak exuberances of Lucan. In reading Sophocles's Ajax, he scorned the 'thick-skulled' (we may add, the unsuccessful) 'hero.' Nothing in English literature delighted him more than Absalom and Achitophel; and his judgment in this instance appears to have been unbiassed by any political sympathy with the poet, for in speaking of Hume he declared, in the broadest terms, his displeasure at the lenity of that historian to James II. He defended, on the most defensible points, the then recent publication of Lord Chesterfield's Letters. Mr. Coxe attacked them without reserve, and wrote a 'saucy parody' on the assiduous promptings and circumstantial admonitions of the courtly father. Mr. Law conceived, but did not follow up, the happy idea of an answer from young Stanhope, acknowledging his various difficulties and distresses, and lamenting his failures with *la petite Blot*.

It could hardly have been expected that a friendship grounded on so much mutual esteem, and so close an agreement of opinions and feelings, would, after few years, expire as if by a natural decay. Such, however, was the event. Perhaps, on one hand, the cares of an anxious and absorbing profession, and, on the other, frequent absences from England, may have brought on some decline of the former intimacy, and slight causes might increase an estrangement once grown perceptible between men of sensitive tempers, and impatient alike of neglect and the imputation of negligence. It must be owned too, that although the attachments of school and college are in general the most permanent, there are minds which appear congenial only during retirement, and betray the principle of disunion when they are exposed to the full blaze and heat of the world; like the shades of the future Cæsar and Pompey in Virgil's Elysium,—

'Concordes animæ nunc et dum nocte premuntur.'

But the cessation of friendship did not, in this instance, give rise to opposite feelings; and, in the decline of his years, Mr. Coxe delighted to look back at an intercourse which, as he expressed it, 'had once formed the solace of his life.'

In 1770, Mr. Coxe first tasted of literary distinction by gaining the bachelor's prize for Latin prose, and he again obtained a similar success in 1771. In the latter year he was admitted to deacon's orders by Dr. Terrick, Bishop of London; and the thesis which he wrote on this occasion was so masterly, that the bishop paid him the unusual compliment of exempting him from examination

examination for priest's orders. He was appointed to the curacy of Denham, near Uxbridge, but had not long filled that station when he was selected by the late Duke of Marlborough to undertake the tuition of his son, the Marquis of Blandford, then very young. The recommendation of Mr. Coxe to this charge had proceeded from the learned Jacob Bryant, who at this time knew him only by reputation, but who became and always continued his zealous friend, and laboured with characteristic energy, both by advice and by active exertion, to promote his welfare.

About the same time, Mr. Law began his education in the Temple as a special pleader; and we may be pardoned for advertising once more to this distinguished man, to introduce a specimen of the reflections with which he cheered his friend and himself on their, as yet, humble destinies:—

‘ June 18, 1773—Temple, Friday night.

‘ After holding a pen most of the day in the service of my profession, I will use it a few minutes longer in that of friendship. I thank you, my dearest friend, for this and every proof of confidence and affection—let us cheerfully push our ways in our different lines; the path of neither of us is strewed with roses, but they both terminate in happiness and honour. I cannot, however, now and then help sighing when I think how inglorious an apprenticeship we both of us serve to ambition, while you teach a child his rudiments, and I drudge at the pen for attorneys. But if knowledge and a respectable situation are to be purchased only on these terms, I for my part can readily say—*hac mercede placet*. Do not, however, commend my industry too soon; application wears for me at present the charms of novelty; upon a longer acquaintance I may grow tired of it.’

While Mr. Coxe was at King's, he had been urged by a senior member of his college to employ himself on some literary undertaking. The advice found a willing listener, and Mr. Coxe, after leaving the university, occupied himself in planning a course of essays, in which he was to be assisted by some of his Cambridge friends. The name selected for this work was *The Mirror*, a title adopted under more fortunate auspices a few years afterwards, by the accomplished Henry Mackenzie and his literary associates in Edinburgh. The present *Mirror* took its name from a magic glass supposed to be in the editor's possession, and reflecting in a visible form the characters of those who looked into it. The idea was that of a young author, and the resources which it offered were likely to be soon exhausted. Of the manner in which Mr. Coxe worked upon it some notion may be formed from the criticism of one of his friends.—‘ Your characters have humour, particularly the man who had, as the vulgar say, no soul, and could gain no reflection from the glass. Sir Godfrey Kneller made

made a hit of the same kind when he refused to paint a fellow who had no expression in his countenance :—"Sir," says the artist, "you have no face."

The 'Mirror' was in time abandoned, and Mr. Coxe's next attempt in authorship was a *Life of Petrarch*, a work which he also left unaccomplished, and which our literature still wants. His attention was probably drawn to this subject by his conversations with Gray the poet, whose acquaintance he casually made at Cambridge, at a quiet coffee-house near Pembroke, which they both frequented. Gray, as his natural shyness wore off, 'unrolled' to Mr. Coxe the 'ample page' of his ancient and modern learning; and among the books which our historian recollected long afterwards as having been recommended to him by the poet, was the *Life of Petrarch*, by the Abbé de Sade. Another was the *Memoirs of Laporte*, valet de chambre of Louis XIV.*

Mr. Coxe employed himself on his *Life of Petrarch* in the intervals of his attendance on Lord Blandford. At this early period of his literary life he was fortunately led by some trifling domestic incident into a correspondence with Mr. Melmoth, the translator of Pliny's and Cicero's *Epistles*, and author of *Fitzosborne's Letters*. Mr. Melmoth was his godfather, and had been his father's schoolfellow; and Mr. Coxe found in him a warm friend and valuable counsellor. He was a strict disciplinarian in composition, and candidly acknowledged that he was in his own practice apt to be too nice in the manner of arranging and expressing his ideas. The scruples of such a monitor were, it may be supposed, frequently perplexing and mortifying, and Mr. Coxe was almost led to believe himself incapable of attaining the true standard of elegance and perspicuity. But he received with docility the lessons which, though rigorous, were kindly bestowed; and to them probably may be ascribed the clear, the accurate, the somewhat perhaps too chastened style of Mr. Coxe's historical compositions.

The infirmity of his health, which had interrupted his attendance on Lord Blandford, induced him, at the end of two years, to relinquish that charge altogether, and he quitted it, to use his own expression, 'with the fluttering alacrity of a bird escaped from its cage;' but he did not lose by this step the favour and confidence of the noble family to which he had been temporarily attached.

In 1775 he accepted the office of tutor to Lord Herbert, son of the Earl of Pembroke, and made a tour with that young nobleman, which, among other parts of Europe, included Switzerland. A country so romantic, both in its physical and moral aspect, excited the peculiar attention of a traveller ardent in his admiration of the

* Characterized by Gibbon, in his *Miscellanies*, as 'the honest *Memoirs of Laporte*,'
sublime

sublime and graceful in nature, but, at the same time, accustomed already to contemplate society with the views of a philosopher and politician. From his first entrance into Switzerland he preserved and arranged the results of his observation: he was equally indefatigable in exploring scenery, investigating antiquities, and unravelling the intricacies of provincial government and legislation; and he carefully and successfully cultivated the society of the persons most eminent in literature and science, among whom were Bonnet, De Saussure, Mallet, De Luc, Solomon Gesner, Haller, and Lavater. His own name acquired, during his several visits to Switzerland, (for he travelled through that country four times between 1776 and 1787,) a celebrity which did not fade away during the long exclusion of Englishmen from the Continent by the revolutionary war. His '*Travels in Switzerland*,' the first, and one of the most deservedly popular of his published writings, appeared originally, in 1778, in the form of letters, which were addressed to Mr. Melmoth, and dedicated to the Countess of Pembroke. The work gradually expanded as new materials were acquired, till, in 1801, when the last edition was published, Mr. Coxe sat down, 'with a heart full of sorrow,' to record the violent and perfidious subjugation of a country which he had so often seen prosperous, contented, and independent.

While Lord Herbert was at Geneva, Mr. Coxe indulged his enthusiasm for Petrarch by making a pilgrimage to Vaucluse. He had, some months before, introduced himself by letter to the Abbé de Sade, the descendant of Laura, and biographer of the poet, and had received a very courteous invitation to pass a few days with the Abbé, '*more philosophico*,' as he said, at his hermitage, near Avignon. Mr. Coxe, indeed, possessed a claim to the Abbé's favourable regard which could not be advanced by every tourist: he had diligently read through the voluminous and learned '*Life of Petrarch*,' and compared it with the original authorities as far as they were accessible. He approached the 'hermitage' with some feelings of awe and timidity, but was received with a frankness which immediately set him at ease, and justified the subacid encomium of Gibbon, that 'the Abbé, though a priest, was a gentleman.' Vaucluse was about a league distant, and the ardent traveller longed already to pay his orisons at the poetic fountain; but delays intervened, and it was not until the following day that, availing himself of his host's afternoon nap, he hurried to the classic scene which had so long haunted his imagination,—the solemn valley of the Sorgue, and the rocks and streams which, to mortals whose 'ears are true,' still murmur the name of Laura. During three days of his residence with the Abbé, Mr. Coxe, with the superfluous anxiety of a novice, suppressed the fact that he was himself

himself engaged in the biography of Petrarch. On his making this communication, the Abbé freely placed his manuscript collections at the disposal of his visiter; and Mr. Coxe addressed himself to the task of selecting and compiling, with the zealous application which characterized him in all his literary undertakings,—though in this instance it was destined to produce no apparent fruit. Such labours, however, are not always thrown away, because they miss their completion: a task ineffectually pursued may discipline and strengthen the intellect for more fortunate enterprises; and the early history of literary men often resembles that of the youths in the old fable, who were directed by their father's will to dig in certain grounds for a hidden treasure, and, after labouring many days, discovered that, although they could come at no gold, they had made an excellent vineyard.

Lord Herbert extended his tour to the northern kingdoms of Europe, and Mr. Coxe accompanied him to Warsaw, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Stockholm, and Copenhagen, availing himself indefatigably of the opportunities afforded him to investigate the history, literature, and social and political condition of the countries through which he passed. Nor were such researches uninteresting even in these remote realms, when the traveller could converse with Müller on northern history and antiquities, and with Pallas on science, and collect information from persons who remembered Peter the Great and Charles the Twelfth. At Warsaw, Mr. Coxe was admitted to a familiar and confidential intercourse by the accomplished and ill-fated Stanislaus Augustus. In a conversation on some proposed improvement in the laws and government of his own kingdom,—‘Happy Englishmen!’ exclaimed Stanislaus, ‘your house is raised, and mine is yet to build.’ The building of that house he was never to behold; and the too happy English are now intent only upon plucking down theirs. At St. Petersburg, the travellers were presented to the Empress Catherine II.; and that sovereign, doubtless not unwilling to make the best impression on a literary Englishman, encouraged the researches of Mr. Coxe into the state and administration of the Russian prisons,—a subject on which, while at Vienna, he had conversed with the celebrated Howard, and received from that illustrious man suggestions for the guidance of his inquiries. The empress permitted Mr. Coxe to propose to a member of her government a series of written questions on this subject, and to some she herself dictated the answers, which were for the most part direct and candid. One of them had a good deal of *naïveté*. The question was,—‘Are the prisoners permitted to purchase spirituous liquors, and do the jailers sell them?’ The empress answered,—‘Every species of food is sold in the prisons, but the jailer

jailer cannot sell spirituous liquors, and that for two reasons : first, because spirituous liquors can only be sold by those who farm the right of vending them from the crown ; secondly, which is very extraordinary, there are no jailers to any of the prisons, although the laws make mention of them.*

Soon after his return from this tour, (which lasted about four years,) Mr. Coxe published his ‘ Account of the Russian Discoveries in the Seas between Asia and America,’—a work of great merit and utility, and fortunate to its author, since it was the origin of a friendship with the accomplished and excellent Dr. Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, which Mr. Coxe esteemed one of the most honourable as well as advantageous occurrences of his life. The incident which led to this acquaintance shows both parties in a very amiable light, and we are enabled to tell it in Mr. Coxe’s own words :—

‘ The first origin of my acquaintance with him arose from the accidental circumstance of my friend Mr. Cadell introducing me to him in his shop, as one literary man to another, soon after my first return from abroad. When I was about to publish my “ Russian Discoveries,” I formed an opinion concerning the two continents of Asia and America very different from that which Dr. Douglas had shown in his Preface to Cook’s First Voyage, and I thought it necessary to controvert his sentiments. But as I did not wish to do it without acquainting him with my intention in the least offensive manner, I desired my friend and bookseller, Mr. Cadell, to mention my intention, and express my hope that he would not take it amiss if I ventured to dissent from so respectable an authority. Mr. Cadell brought me a very liberal answer from Dr. Douglas, as might have been expected from a man of his character. Soon after this he met me himself in the street, and taking me aside, mentioned the application of Mr. Cadell ; and, while he expressed his thanks for my attention, begged, with that humility which distinguished his character, “ that I would let him down as gently as possible.” I now felt my own extreme inferiority, and was quite ashamed to oppose the opinion of so respectable a man on points so problematical, and consequently renounced my intention. Fortunately I did so, for the bishop was right and I wrong. This procedure occasioned a more intimate acquaintance. I frequently dined with him both at Windsor and in London, and received many literary favours from him.’

About the same period, Mr. Coxe formed, or renewed, an acquaintance with Dr. Johnson, whom he frequently met at Mr. Thrale’s. When his host presented him to Johnson, ‘ I know him,’ said the great man courteously, ‘ and I know his Switzerland.’ Mr. Coxe felt a just pride in learning that Johnson was accustomed to praise and recommend his works ; and the venerable

* ‘ The prisoners are guarded by soldiers.’—Coxe.

critic proved the sincerity of his approbation by urging Mr. Coxe to continue writing. He suggested as a subject, Poland, a country, he said, not quite civilized nor quite uncivilized, and but little known to us. At one of the evening parties at Streatham, Mr. Coxe was discoursing, perhaps not very considerably, on the happiness of retiring from the world. Johnson cautioned him against indulging such fancies. 'Exert your talents,' said he, 'and distinguish yourself, and don't think of retiring from the world until the world will be sorry that you retire.' The admonition was gentle and complimentary; but Johnson did not always use the *patte de velours* when upon this subject. According to Mrs. Piozzi, he once said to some one who complained of the neglect shown to Jeremiah Markland,—'He is a scholar undoubtedly, sir; but remember he would run from the world, and it is not the world's business to run after him. I hate a fellow whom pride, or cowardice, or laziness drives into a corner, and who does nothing when he is there but sit and growl. Let him come out as I do, and bark.'*

Mr. Coxe now passed the greatest portion of his time at Cambridge, occupied in preparing his 'Northern Travels' for the press, but in other respects uncertain as to his future course of life. Porson was at this time residing in the university, (having taken his bachelor's degree and become fellow of 'Trinity,') and was already enjoying the celebrity which his great talents deserved. Mr. Coxe visited and formed an acquaintance with him:—

'I was at first greatly struck,' he says in one of his manuscript papers, 'with the acuteness of his understanding, and his multifarious acquaintance with every branch of polite literature and classical attainment. I also found him extremely modest and humble, and not vain-glorious of his astonishing erudition and capacity. I was not less struck with his memory. Taking tea one afternoon in his company at Dockerell's coffee-house, I read a pamphlet written by Ritson against Tom Warton. I was pleased with the work, and after I had read it I gave it to Porson, who began it, and I left him perusing it. On the ensuing day he drank tea with me, with several other friends, and the conversation happened to turn on Ritson's pamphlet. I alluded to one particular part about Shakspeare which had greatly

* We must not cite this anecdote without referring to a very satisfactory note upon it, in Mr. Croker's 'Boswell,' vol. iv. p. 376, where justice is done both to the eminent scholar 'tossed and gored' on this occasion, and to Johnson, who in reality entertained for him the esteem due to his learning and character. 'Jeremiah Markland,' says his descendant, the learned editor of the *Chester Mysteries*, 'was no growler: he sought for, because he loved, retirement; and rejected all the honours and rewards which were liberally offered to him. During a long life he devoted himself unceasingly to those pursuits for which he was best fitted, collating the classics, and illustrating the Scriptures.' On the 2d October, 1782, we find Johnson urging Nicholls to obtain some record of the life of Markland, whom, with Jortin and Thirlby, he calls 'three contemporaries of great eminence.'—See also, *Quart. Review*, vol. vii. p. 442.

interested

interested me, adding, to those who had not read it, I wish I could convey to you a specific idea of the remainder. Porson repeated a page and a half word for word. I expressed my surprise, and said, "I suppose you studied the whole evening at the coffee-house, and got it by heart." "Not at all; I do assure you that I only read it once."

Porson's favourite project at this period was to publish an edition of Æschylus, and Mr. Coxe endeavoured, with his usual active benevolence, to procure him the necessary patronage. With this view he introduced him to Jacob Bryant, who exerted himself, but unsuccessfully, to procure subscriptions. Their efforts were not much seconded by Porson. Poor Mr. Bryant seems to have found him as stiff-necked as Prometheus himself.

'I have tried a great deal to serve him,' said he in one of his letters, 'on account of his uncommon learning, but cannot obtain the least encouragement.—He cannot carry on the scheme he has formed without assiduity and solicitation, and a proper respect to those from whom there is any expectation. But he visits nobody, and omits every necessary regard. A handsome gratuity from me shall certainly be ready when demanded, but I find a total disinclination in others.'

In 1784 Mr. Coxe published his *Travels in Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark*. This work confirmed the literary reputation of its author, and from the time of its first appearance it has been esteemed one of the most valuable sources of knowledge on the subject of Northern Europe. Some of the earlier portions were submitted to Dr. Robertson the historian, who carefully revised them, and whose suggestions were gratefully adopted.

Soon after the publication of this work Mr. Coxe again undertook the office of a travelling tutor, having for his pupil the late Mr. Whitbread. They began their journey with the northern kingdoms, and in the subsequent part of it made a hasty passage through Italy. It was expected that Mr. Coxe would publish his travels in this latter country; but although 'charmed and astonished,' as he expressed himself, by the classical scenes of the south, and though labouring under the *res angusta* which so often prompts men to inauspicious literary attempts, he yet felt that the limited opportunities he had possessed of observing and inquiring could not qualify him to perform the task satisfactorily, and he wisely and honestly forbore to undertake it.

He returned to England in 1786. In the nine following years he made another tour on the Continent and in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, with Mr. Portman, (eldest son of Mr. Portman of Bryanston,) and again travelled with Lord Brome, eldest son of the Marquis Cornwallis. During the same period he succeeded to the college living of Kingston-upon-Thames,

Thames, but resigned it on being presented by Lord Pembroke (in 1788) to the rectory of Bemerton, which he held during the remainder of his life. Lord Cornwallis also appointed him chaplain of the Tower. In the intervals of travelling Mr. Coxe augmented and improved his works on Switzerland and the North of Europe, which went through several editions. His mind now took a decided bent towards that department of literary labour from which his subsequent reputation as an author was principally derived. In 1792 he circulated a prospectus of an Historical and Political State of Europe, in which he proposed to give a separate account of the principal kingdoms and states, treating of each country under two heads, historical and statistical. No person could have been found so well qualified for this undertaking; for to the talent, industry, and integrity of which his former works had given proof, Mr. Coxe united a personal knowledge of almost all the countries to be described, (Spain and Portugal, and Turkey, were the principal exceptions,) and an extensive acquaintance with men of letters, science, rank, and political influence in each. But the French Revolution—the end and the beginning of so many things—compelled him to abandon this project. The sources of information became closed or difficult of access; it was a waste of labour in that time of subversion and change to describe institutions, and trace the outline of territories; and the past occurrences of modern European history, compared with the portentous scenes which then occupied men's minds, appeared small and obscure, like events of distant antiquity.

While engaged on this work, Mr. Coxe had passed several months in examining and arranging the voluminous correspondence of Horatio, Lord Walpole, (brother of Sir Robert,) during his embassies in France and Holland; and, on discontinuing his State of Europe, he proposed, under the sanction of Lord Walpole, (son of the ambassador,) who had encouraged and assisted his researches, to publish a selection from these papers. In the progress of his new undertaking the transactions and correspondence of Sir Robert necessarily engaged much of his attention, and the history of that minister became gradually the chief subject of his inquiries, which were warmly patronized by Horace, Lord Orford. He placed all that remained in his possession of his father's papers at Mr. Coxe's command, and related in conversation many facts which no other person could authenticate, adding this observation, 'You will remember that I am the son of Sir Robert Walpole, and therefore must be prejudiced in his favour. Facts I will not misrepresent or disguise; but my opinions and reflections on those facts you will receive with caution, and adopt or reject at your discretion.' The papers of Sir Robert's brother-in-law

in-law, Lord Townshend, (in the possession of his grandson the Marquis Townshend,) were another important source of information to which Mr. Coxe obtained access with some difficulty, and by the aid of kind and powerful intercessors. On receiving the long-desired permission, he lost not a day in presenting himself at Rainham, the seat of the Marquis, in Norfolk, overjoyed at the acquisition about to be placed within his reach, yet feeling, with the natural delicacy of a well-constituted mind, the anomalous situation of a visitor who, in the mere character of a literary man, establishes himself in a nobleman's house for the purpose of examining its archives. His reception, however, banished uneasy feelings, and his researches were abundantly rewarded.

No man ever appreciated more justly or requited more faithfully than Mr. Coxe the confidence reposed in an author by intrusting him with family papers. There are some things, perhaps, in every such collection which the writer who makes use of it must consider sacred from public curiosity; but it requires great delicacy and judgment to apprehend, and great self-denial to observe, this obligation in its full extent. That truth be not violated, whether by suppression or addition, is the plain rule of every historical work; but when that law is satisfied—when the question is only of illustrating, enlivening, enriching—of an anecdote, a saying, a characteristic word or gesture—of all, in short, that most captivates the merely inquisitive reader, it will often become a perplexing and uneasy task to the privileged compiler to decide how much may be allowed to his literary interest and ambition on the one hand, and how much is justly exacted by respect and gratitude on the other. In calculating the forbearance required of him, he must estimate feelings with which the public have little sympathy. To them, representing that large and indefinite posterity for which, professedly, so much is said and acted, the great names of a former age are important only as they are connected with events; but descendants, the true and natural posterity, have a domestic as well as historical interest in the fame of an ancestor; they may shrink from a ridicule, or resent a misconception, which the world would deem harmless and trivial; and they must always be liable to some uneasiness in reflecting that an indiscretion of the author whom they have indulged may expose themselves to reproach for committing the records of their house to the callous hand of a stranger.

The access which Mr. Coxe now enjoyed, not only to the Walpole, Orford, and Townshend papers, but to the manuscript collections of the Hardwicke, Grantham, Waldegrave, and other distinguished families, induced him to suspend the undertaking he had commenced, and apply himself to one of a wider scope and higher interest, the ‘Memoirs of the Life and Administration of Sir

Robert Walpole,' which he first published in 1798. A more judicious and instructive biographical work, or one more satisfactory to every rational desire of knowledge, is not found in English literature. It combines in a remarkable degree the exact and dispassionate inquiry which forms the great merit of compiled history, with the lively circumstantial illustration which belongs to contemporary narrative, or that drawn from recent tradition. But this latter source of knowledge is never approached without the strictest caution. He was enabled, as he states in his preface, 'to elucidate many parts of secret history, either totally unknown or wholly misrepresented;' but he adds, that in collecting political information, he always considered and allowed for the connexions and principles of those from whom he derived it, and that, in taking up anecdotes from tradition, he scrupulously confined himself to the narrowest limits, and 'never once adopted the hearsay of a hearsay.' It would be superfluous to dwell longer on a book with which no accurate reader of English history can permit himself to be unacquainted. The *Memoirs of Lord Walpole*, which for a time had given place to those of Sir Robert, were published four years afterwards.

An excursion which he accidentally made in the autumn of 1798, with his friend Sir Richard Colt Hoare, suggested to Mr. Coxe the design of one of his most agreeable works, '*An Historical Tour in Monmouthshire.*' He passed several months of 1799 in exploring, with his accustomed enthusiasm and active curiosity, the antiquities and natural beauties of that delightful country, which, in its miniature mountain scenery, contained some sequestered spots that reminded him of his beloved Switzerland, and were then as little or less known to English travellers. The *Tour*, with prints from the drawings of Sir Richard Hoare, was published in 1801, and may be ranked among the most elegant and interesting publications extant on British topography.

In 1803, Mr. Coxe married Eleonora, daughter of Walter Shairp, Esq., consul-general of Russia, and widow of Thomas Yeldham, Esq., a lady whom he had long known and esteemed, and whose society, through the remaining twenty-five years of his life, was the chief source of his happiness. He was now, by the aid of friends to whom his talents had made him known, and his worth had endeared him, raised above uneasiness with respect to pecuniary fortune. Sir Richard Hoare had given him the rectory of Stourhead, which he afterwards resigned, on being presented by Lord Pembroke to that of Fovant. Bishop Douglas conferred on him a valuable prebend, and the archdeaconry of Wilts; and, by the influence chiefly of the same good patron, he was elected a canon-residentiary of Salisbury.

In

In the grave but not melancholy retirement of his parsonage at Bemerton, situate a mile from Salisbury, and commemorated by Walton as the residence of the saintly George Herbert, the Archdeacon passed the residue of his life, devoting himself to literature, and to the duties of his sacred office. In the absences occasionally rendered necessary by his literary undertakings, or by other causes, his mind always returned with fondness and longing to Bemerton, the home where his affections most dwelt, and the haven granted him by Providence from many wanderings and many anxieties. It was also the scene of labours which he loved more than other men love rest or the enjoyment of fortune. 'His habits of literary composition' (we borrow the language of a gentleman well acquainted with them*) 'were so confirmed, that they were almost essential to his health. No sooner had he completed one great work, than he laid the foundation for another. He could not, as he expressed it, rest "*les bras croisés*." In earlier life his application was so incessant, that it encroached on the hours requisite for healthful amusement, and even dinner would sometimes be forgotten till nine in the evening. In later years his hours of study were from ten in the morning till three in the afternoon, a period seldom interrupted by any accident, for visitors of whatever rank knew and observed the rule of non-intercourse.' At other times all were cheerfully received. 'Five hours might seem a long time to devote to sedentary occupation, but it was not sedentary, it was active: making due allowances, there was almost as much walking about, and as little rest, as if the employment had been some animating field sport.' His strong memory and extensive knowledge, his long-established habits of study and great practice in composition, enabled him to refer, to collate, to arrange, and to dictate, with a wonderful rapidity and precision; and these advantages, with his untameable ardour and activity of disposition, carried him through a series of literary undertakings, after the fifty-sixth year of his age, which to most men would appear ample occupation for a life.

A train of reflections, which first rose in his mind on visiting the ruined castle of Rodolph of Hapsburgh, in the canton of Bern, seems gradually to have matured into the design of a History of the House of Austria, which Mr. Coxe at length published in 1807. He had contemplated in that great dynasty 'a family rapidly rising from the possession of dominions which form scarcely a speck in the map of Europe, to a stupendous height of power and splendour; becoming the barrier, under Providence, which arrested the progress of the Mahometan hordes into Chris-

* Mr. Rylance, who succeeded Mr. Hatcher in the arduous and confidential office of secretary and amanuensis to Mr. Coxe.

tendom; afterwards pre-eminent as the ally of the Catholic church in her struggle against religious truth and civil liberty; but again, in later times, the great bulwark of public freedom, the main counterpoise to the power of France, and the centre on which the vast machine of European politics had invariably revolved.*

To this magnificent subject a considerable part of his studies and researches had for many years been directed; he had pursued it during several visits to Vienna, among the rich historical stores of the Imperial library, and had kept it in his view while examining the various documentary collections which were opened to him when preparing his *Memoirs of the Walpoles*. On none of his former works were so much time and industry bestowed; and his exertion was rewarded not only by public approbation, but by a compliment of less ordinary occurrence. The Archdukes John and Louis, in their journey through England in 1817, paid a visit to the Canonry-House at Salisbury, for the purpose of conversing with the historian of their illustrious family. They warmly commended his accuracy and impartiality, and flattered him in a point which, with a writer on state affairs, is always a sensible one, by expressing surprise at his knowledge of some facts with which they had supposed none but their own family were acquainted. The visit was not a mere formal condescension, for these enlightened princes afterwards rendered the Archdeacon an important assistance in the preparation of his *Life of Marlborough*, by furnishing him with documents from Vienna.

In 1813, he published '*Memoirs of the Kings of Spain of the House of Bourbon, from 1700 to 1788*,' a portion of European history familiar to him from his previous researches. He appropriately dedicated it to the Marquis Wellington, who was at that time accomplishing the glorious deliverance of Spain from the usurpers of the Bourbon sceptre.

On the completion of this work his indefatigable mind soon found for itself a new task of higher interest, but of far greater labour; and at the age of sixty-nine, Mr. Coxe began his *Memoirs of John, Duke of Marlborough*. As yet, no satisfactory life of that great warrior and politician had appeared in England. The duchess, Marlborough's widow, left a thousand pounds for the writer or writers who should complete such a work, but Glover and Mallet, the authors chosen by her for the task, did not even enter upon it. A mightier personage, though not of a more imperious soul, the Emperor Napoleon, willed that a life of Marlborough should be written in France; and the decree was executed by a M. Madgett (assisted, it is said, by the well-known Abbé Dutens), with as good success as could be ex-

* Preface to the *History of the House of Austria*.

pected from an author who had no access to the best sources of information. The Archdeacon undertook his work under much happier auspices. The inestimable collection of private and state papers at Blenheim, arranged with great care and accuracy by the late duke, was freely opened by that nobleman to one whose former connexion with the family, added to his other and stronger claims, gave a peculiar propriety to his desire of becoming their historiographer. Lord Hardwicke, and other possessors of original documents, were on this, as on former occasions, liberal and unreserved in confiding them to him; and his good and justly-respected friend, Lord Sidmouth, then Home Secretary, and ever distinguished by zeal in the cause of literature, gave him access to the State Paper Office. The *Life* appeared in three successive volumes, and was completed in 1819. The testimony of this Journal has been long since given to its merits.* As a memoir illustrative of public transactions, it richly augmented the materials of English and European history; and as a work of biography, it rendered justice to the character of Marlborough, by diffusing a full, clear, and unambiguous light over the events of his astonishing career. Its narrative, authentic and circumstantial, at once satisfies the desire of knowledge and ministers to the love of amusement; and the confidential and animated correspondence with which it is interspersed gives to some parts of it almost the liveliness of those works of fiction where the principal personages, by a series of letters, at once tell the story and develop their own characters and feelings.

While engaged on the *Life* of Marlborough, Mr. Coxe began to experience that visitation which he pathetically alludes to in his Preface to the *Pelham Memoirs*,—the failure of sight. The intense labour of a work, in the course of which it is said that he inspected about *thirty thousand* manuscript letters, gave a confirmed ascendency to the disease, and it terminated in a few years in total blindness. It was not without bitter feelings that a man, to whom study had for fifty years been the chief business of life, perceived the sure approach of this catastrophe; but if reading had not armed him with philosophy, religion had taught him resignation, and with this powerful support the natural energy and vivacity of his mind soon triumphed over the calamity. Nay, so ‘sweet are the uses of adversity,’ it is said that the social qualities of his mind expanded, and his conversation became more uniformly cheerful and engaging, as the decay of sight obliged him to gain his ideas from the interchange of speech instead of the solitary exercise of the eye. But his literary occupations were not laid aside; with the aid which his infirmity rendered indispensable, he was still able to pursue his long-accustomed labours,

* Vol. xxiii.

and he followed them with his wonted alacrity and confidence. In 1821, he published the 'Correspondence of Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury,' illustrated and connected by historical and biographical narratives; and the remaining years of his life, during which his sight became wholly extinguished, were employed upon the Memoirs of the Pelham Administration. It is said by those who assisted him in these labours, that 'his memory, originally retentive, seemed to improve after his loss of sight; and the attention being less withdrawn to external objects, could be more uninterruptedly fixed upon whatever was the immediate object of research.' His power of mental calculation was, from the same cause, rather improved than impaired. The readiness with which he could explain names and reconcile facts and dates became the more admirable, when he could no longer depend on written helps to his memory. He would occasionally detect an error in numbers which escaped those about him; and in referring to authorities for statistical or historical details, it appeared to them that he rather guided than received guidance.

ὑψηλοῦς οὐδὲν φιλον.

'*Ἀλλ' αὐτὸς ἡμῖν πᾶσιν ἐξηγούμενος.*—Soph. CEd. Colon.

The close of this long, virtuous, and useful life was easy. In his eighty-first year, till which time he had enjoyed almost uninterrupted health, he was attacked by a disorder, not alarming at first, but which soon showed itself to be the forerunner of death. With a calm but not presumptuous spirit he composed himself to obey the awful citation; and, if man may so pronounce of his fellow-mortal, his last end was that of the righteous.

Few have ever left life more rich in 'all that should accompany old age,' public approbation, the affection and reverence of friends and kindred, the esteem of great men and the gratitude of humble ones. It would be no common eulogy to say of so long and active a career that it was accomplished without reproach; but this negative praise would ill express the fervid and generous quality of virtues that were not merely active, but had in them something of enthusiasm. An impatient aversion to base and disingenuous vices, and an ardent and indefatigable benevolence, were the strongest features of his character. The most vindictive man never followed up an injury more keenly than he pursued a scheme of kindness. Not only his pecuniary means, but his time, his labour, and his influence, were devoted to the offices of charity or friendship with a frankness, and singleness of heart which disclosed at once the most ingenuous mind and the warmest affections. If, as has been observed, he contributed but slightly to literature as a divine, he greatly adorned life as a Christian. Trained up from infancy in the faith and principles which that
name

name implies, and not forgetful of them in his youth, he embraced them with a still firmer attachment when, by assuming the clerical office, he became bound not only to cultivate them in himself, but inculcate them upon others; and there were found after his decease some scattered memorials of his most secret thoughts, which proved that even Herbert, his pious predecessor at Bemerton, scarcely entered upon the sacred ministry with deeper awe or more anxious self-examination.

The vigour of constitution and the lively spirit, which enabled him to go through so many and such various labours, appeared in his person and movements—in an upright stature, lightsome gait, and ruddy but clear complexion, till a very late period of his life. His countenance was strongly marked, indicative of much sense and shrewdness, and readily assuming the expression of playful humour or the most animated benevolence. No one could be long in his society without perceiving that he was a man highly endowed by nature and education, and experienced in the world; but there was an occasional eccentricity in his manner which it is impossible to describe adequately, though any picture of him would be imperfect in which it was wholly omitted. As far as it can be expressed by words, it seemed to be a struggle between the fastidious and shy humour, commonly ascribed to Englishmen—of which he had a more than ordinary portion—and the warmth of heart and impetuosity of temperament by which he was no less distinguished. Something of that wilful singularity in trifles, usually said to be characteristic of old bachelors, appears to have been natural to him even in early youth: About the time of his first leaving college, he passed a few weeks at Margate. After his return, a lady, hearing him speak with enthusiasm of chess, observed that he ought to have been at Margate lately, for there was a melancholy gentleman there who used to play chess by himself in the public library, for hours at a time. Mr. Coxe asked if she knew his face, —‘No, indeed,’ was the answer; ‘but I am sure I should remember his back.’ Mr. Coxe placed himself in the attitude of the chess-player, and was immediately recognized as the melancholy gentleman of the Margate library.

According to the custom of subjoining an autograph to a portrait, we must add that the worthy Archdeacon’s handwriting was not the least striking of his peculiarities. It was a cipher of which few, even among those accustomed to it, were wholly masters. His correspondents, who valued all his words, (for they were those of wisdom and kindness,) were sometimes tantalized by the total impossibility of extricating them from the tangled black skein that ran along his paper. The infirmity or bad habit which occasioned this defect began early in his life and established itself in spite of
expostulation

expostulation. Mr. Melmoth remonstrated in round and plaintive periods, but in vain :—

‘ I am much obliged to you,’ writes Lord Ellenborough to Coxe when at Strasburg, ‘ for the entertainment three very agreeable letters have afforded me ; they have paid me richly for the trouble I had in deciphering them, for, *entre nous*, they were written in so very *fine* a character, I could scarcely conjecture what they meant to convey, and had not my mind been very congenial to your own, I should never have made it out. Pray, my dear friend, write legibly to your great folks, for it would be melancholy to lose all the effect of the many good things I am sure you send them, by the carelessness of packing them up. For my own part, I continually regret having paid so little attention to so very necessary an art ; and as it is now somewhat too late to aim at the graces of writing, I stick fast to what is only in my power, a good plain, stiff, legible character.’

Jacob Bryant, with his homely humour, professed that he thought Buckinger wrote a better *foot*. ‘ But,’ he added, ‘ be your hand or foot what it may, your letters, like a mystic talisman, however secret the characters, will always have a pleasing influence with me.’ Another friendly and more dignified monitor, the late venerable Bishop Barrington, once addressed him on the same subject, in a letter which, if the most gentle and courteous remonstrance could subdue an inveterate bad habit, might have brought that wonder to pass.

‘ *Mongewell, Jan. 8th, 1798.*

‘ Dear Sir,—A Frenchman of high rank under the Monarchy, answering a letter which he had received from a person of similar rank, expressed himself thus :—*Par respect, Monsieur, je vous écris de ma propre main ; mais, pour faciliter la lecture, je vous envoie une copie de ma lettre.* I will in future forgive the want of respect, if you will have the goodness to follow this Frenchman’s example. I wish to comply with your request—for so far I can decipher, that there is a request—but I must beg to know from your amanuensis what it is.

‘ I am, dear Sir, with much regard,

‘ Your faithful servant,

‘ S. DUNELM.’

Of Mr. Coxe’s literary character, we have said much in the foregoing pages—a few words only remain to be added. Utility was the great aim of all his works. In all of them, even from the earliest, we recognize a predominating good sense and good temper, sound moral and religious principles, and a hearty and honest determination, neither relaxed by indolence nor disturbed by any idle ambition, to do that justice to his subject which shall satisfy a rationally inquisitive reader. If, as a biographer, he sometimes took the tone of an advocate (a failing not easily avoided), the materials were always at hand, supplied by his integrity and diligence,
from

from which, if his own judgment were faulty, the reader might form a more accurate opinion for himself. As a writer on English history, he was acute, moderate, extensively informed, firmly attached to the well-balanced constitution which this country in his time enjoyed, and a warm friend of that genuine, social liberty, which is but another name for the highest and most comprehensive justice. He combined with a sincere love of truth, an unbounded ardour of research. To his industry nothing seemed impracticable; the works of which we have made some mention are but a part of the labours he achieved, and only the smaller portion of those which he projected.* But his zeal for the extension of knowledge was controlled by an undeviating discretion; and in availing himself of the vast series of original and private documents from which he drew the substance of his biographical and historical writings, he never transgressed against the sacred laws of propriety and good faith. To this perfect rectitude of conduct, more even than to his literary celebrity, may be attributed the success of Mr. Coxe, in obtaining, from the representatives of so many distinguished families, the treasures of documentary illustration with which, beyond the example of any former writer, he has enriched English history: and his works, considered in this point of view, are a monument not more of his talents as an author, than of his pure and upright character as a man. ‘Hoc non solum ingenii ac literarum, verum etiam naturæ atque virtutis fuit.’ †

ART. V.—*Narrative of Voyages to explore the Shores of Africa, Arabia, and Madagascar; performed in his Majesty's Ships Leven and Barracouta, under the direction of Capt. W. F. W. Owen, R.N.* 2 vols. London. 1833.

WHENEVER we take up a narrative of travels in Africa, or a voyage to explore or survey its coasts, harbours, and rivers, we do so with a dread certainty of meeting with many distressing scenes of human suffering, and a more than ordinary waste of life. Yet we are equally certain that, let the extent of the calamity be ever so great which may have befallen any former expe-

* Among the publications which we have not enumerated, are ‘The Life and Select Works of Benjamin Stillingfleet;’ ‘Lives of Handel and Smith;’ a ‘Vindication of the Celts;’ ‘Tracts on the Prisons and Hospitals of Russia, Sweden, and Denmark;’ a ‘Letter on the Secret Tribunal of Westphalia;’ ‘Lives of Corregio and Parmegiano;’ Sermons preached at the Assizes at Salisbury, and at the Anniversary of the Meeting of the Sons of the Clergy; Tracts on the Church Catechism and on Confirmation; and a Commentary on the Office for the Visitation of the Sick, published since his decease by his brother.

† Cicero, pro Archia poeta.

dition, it will have no effect in diminishing, in the smallest degree, the ardour of new adventurers ready to run the same hazards: it would almost seem, indeed, that the greater the peril, the more numerous and anxious are the competitors for sharing in it; and this spirit of braving disease and dangers is sometimes carried to such a romantic pitch as to be almost incredible. We have heard an anecdote (which we believe to be authentic) of a gallant and distinguished naval officer, who was so dreadfully wounded in battle as to have been most properly remunerated with the honourable distinction of a knight-commander of the Bath and a double pension, going one day to the Secretary of the Admiralty to request that his name might be put down as a candidate for exploring the north-west passage. The Secretary attempted to dissuade him from entertaining such a thought, alleging his many wounds, from which he was still suffering great inconvenience, the loss of one eye, and the sympathetic affection of the other; stated the painful inconveniences to which he would be exposed from the extreme cold, and the probability of being shut up for a whole winter in the ice; and he thought that these arguments had convinced him of his unfitness for so perilous an undertaking; but, on leaving the room, the candidate for glory turned round, and with great emphasis observed, 'My ancestor perished honourably in the ice, and I think it very hard that I should be denied the possibility of sharing the same fate:' such is the thirst after fame, 'that last infirmity of noble minds.'

Africa, however, may be said to possess a stronger attraction than most other regions of the globe, from its having been less explored; and, consequently, affording a more fertile and extensive source of novelty for the gratification of curiosity and adventure. It was said of old, and the saying holds good at the present day, 'Africa semper aliquid novi offert;' and this very circumstance is a sufficient spur to a daring and inquisitive mind. Great as the progress has been in our day in the development of geographical information relative to this great continent, consequent on the exertions and zeal of Hornemann, Park, Oudney, Denham, Clapperton, Laing, and many other travellers, not forgetting the last, and by no means the least—the modest, unpretending, and straightforward Lander—much still remains to be done to complete the geography even of Northern Africa; and as to the southern part of this continent, it continues to exhibit almost a blank on our maps. A nautical survey of its eastern coast was the main object of the present expedition; and the united labours of the surviving officers of the little squadron are detailed in the volumes, of which we are about to give a short account. Of the interior we are just as ignorant as before.

Since

Since the days of Vasco de Gama, the undoubted discoverer of this coast, not only had no regular survey of it been made, but the greater part of its numerous rivers, ports, and harbours had rarely, and many of them never, been visited by Europeans. The Board of Admiralty, therefore, decided that, among the several expeditions which, on the return of peace, were undertaken by its directions for scientific purposes, the examination of the eastern coast of Africa, including the Mozambique Channel and the western shores of Madagascar, was an object worthy to be numbered. The conduct of this survey was intrusted to Captain William Fitzwilliam Owen, who had not long before returned from completing a most extensive and laborious examination of the Lakes of Canada; and that he has well fulfilled this second duty, the detailed and beautifully executed charts, in four large sheets, not included in these volumes, but published separately, abundantly testify.

Captain Owen, for reasons best known to himself, does not profess—except in the *advertisement*—to be the author of the present narrative, though we readily recognize him as the actual writer of the greater portion of it. A Mr. Heaton Bowstead Robinson stands forth as the ostensible *redacteur*; and of his labours we feel that the less we say the better; we are obliged to own that a more clumsy and puzzling production, as to the mere framework, we have rarely met with. There were two, and sometimes four, vessels employed on the survey, and generally detached; and the several commanding officers gave in their observations to the chief, Captain Owen:—these are very properly introduced into the ‘Narrative,’ but without any regard as to time or place, and so huddled together, and the chain of connexion so entirely broken, that in the same chapter, nay, in the same page, and at the same time, we may find ourselves on the shores of the Red Sea and of Madagascar—or, at the same moment, on both the eastern and the western coasts of South Africa. This extraordinary faculty of ubiquity, which conveys the editor to different places at the same time, easy as it may be to him by the instrumentality of the potent pronoun *we*, (which is poaching on *our* manor,) is exceedingly puzzling to the reader, who is never sure to whom the *we* applies—whether it be to the commander of the *Leven*, relating what occurred at one place, or of the *Barracouta*, engaged in another, or of the *Albatross* in a third.

But we have a much graver charge to make against the editor; and this refers to a matter in which Captain Owen *ought* to have kept his *literary* ally right. He dedicates half a page to what is called an ‘Introduction,’ and, here, speaking of Captain Owen’s instructions, he says, ‘Had it been left to his own discretion, he
might

might have obtained the required information without the dreadful sacrifices which it is the duty of these pages to record; for in a climate subject to such varied and deadly changes, a discretionary power was certainly advisable. This power was not given to Captain Owen.'

Fortunately, the instructions are printed, and, after perusing *them* and this narrative, we are bold to say that not only was a full and ample discretionary power given to Captain Owen, but that he assumed and put in practice a greater latitude of discretion than almost any other officer in the navy would have ventured to do. He went to places never contemplated by his instructions, even as far as Bombay,—he purchased ships to add to his squadron without any authority,—he captured others, which he had no right to do,—he took possession of a territory belonging to a friendly power, hoisted the British flag, appointed a governor, laid down laws, and punished offenders. We mention these things, and might add many more, not in blame, be it observed, of Captain Owen, but to refute the assertion of this Mr. Heaton Bowstead Robinson, that the 'melancholy consequences' were owing to the want of discretionary powers. What the causes of these melancholy consequences were will be seen by a few extracts from the 'Narrative.'

The *Leven*, having arrived in Delagoa Bay, anchored in English River, which may be considered as the estuary into which three rivers fall—the Temby, the Dundas, and the Mattoll,—all large at their mouths, but soon narrowing, and having their sources probably not more than thirty or forty miles from their entrance into the estuary. A merchant vessel had lost her master and one seaman, while in this river, as it is called, by fever; the people on board reported the place very unhealthy, which our surveyors could not believe to be the case in a southern latitude of 30°; 'but, alas!' says the writer, 'we were soon to learn the dreadful truth.' Yet they might have remained ignorant of it, had they fortunately been less incredulous, and taken the precaution of moving the ship out of this muddy estuary into the fine expansive bay of Delagoa.

At this place they encountered the first, or southernmost, of the many miserable establishments of the Portuguese scattered along this coast of Africa. It consisted of a major, commandant, captain, lieutenant, adjutant, secretary, priest, and surgeon, with about fifty soldiers, some of whom were Europeans banished for capital offences, the rest being negroes,—or rather an improved breed from a mixture of Portuguese, Kaffer, and Negro: they are described as 'stout, handsome, and athletic; the women well made, but generally not so well featured as the men—still many might be called pretty.' The adjutant had been banished for the murder of his brother, and was generally drunk all day; the lieutenant had
been

been sent hither for murdering a priest, after debauching his sister ; and their ladies are described as being in all respects worthy of such husbands. The visitors, however, found these criminals extremely kind and useful, ready to supply all their wants as to provisions and necessaries, but equally careful to exact from them about six hundred per cent. on the prices at which they themselves were in the habit of compelling the natives to serve them.

The Zoolos or Hollontontes (a corruption of Hottentot, or perhaps Hottentot from it) possess the interior as far southward as that narrow strip of country, bordering on the Cape colony, which is inhabited by the pastoral Kaffers, of whom, indeed, they are a congenerate race, or rather a separate tribe ; and it may here be mentioned, once for all, that close behind the Portuguese and Arab settlements, along the whole line of coast from lat. 30° south to the southern frontiers of Abyssinia, in about 8° north, or for the extent of 38 degrees of latitude, the country is in possession of the various tribes of these same Kaffers, or Zoolos, known by the general name of Gallas, a fierce and predatory race of men, having nothing in common with the African negroes—not even the colour—for their manly and gigantic forms exhibit the tinge of bronze. The breeding of cattle is their main object, and the covetous desire of possessing them the source of perpetual plunder and massacre ; yet many of these tribes seem disposed to betake themselves to agriculture, and others manufacture various articles of wood and iron, which they execute in a neat and workmanlike manner, particularly their spears and hassagais ; they also bring down to the trading settlements on the coast, wax, honey, ivory, skins, and such articles as are in demand. How the editor of the present work could call these people ‘fine negroes’ we are at a loss to conjecture, so totally different are they in all respects from the negro ; but he describes them truly when he says they are ‘tall, robust, and warlike in their persons,—open, frank, and pleasing in their manners, with a certain appearance of independence in their carriage.’ When some of the visitors were asked to exchange their spears for trinkets, they shrewdly desired the interpreter to inquire if, ‘when a white man was in an enemy’s country, he ever sold his arms ?’ These men go *all but* entirely naked ; their women generally are well clothed in long skin cloaks.

Lieutenant Farewell, of the navy, was induced, for the sake of carrying on a trade with the natives, to fix himself at the bay of Natal, under the sovereignty of a chief of the name of Chaka, one of the most inhuman and monstrous characters that ever existed. The account of him here published, as given by the Lieutenant, appears scarcely credible. He puts to death men, women, and children who oppose him ; he keeps twelve hundred

hundred concubines, and those of whom he becomes tired he distributes among his officers. He suffers no one to see him eat or drink ; his chiefs approach him in a crawling attitude ; if any one should laugh or smile, or cough or sneeze, he is immediately put to death. One ugly person having disturbed the serenity of his features, he called out—‘Take that man away and slay him, he makes me laugh.’ We are slow to believe this ; but we can well imagine that the conversation the Lieutenant had with him, on a visit to his wooden house, is faithfully described :—

‘Showing me his house, he asked if the King of England could boast of so good a one ? I answered, “Yes, much larger.” “Ay, perhaps as large,” said Chaka ; “but so good ?” “Oh ! yes, much better.” “You have not looked at mine,” said Chaka ; “look again ; your king may have as large a house, and seemingly as good, but not with so many conveniences.” I still, however, insisted that the house of my king was in everything superior, when Chaka desired me, in a serious and displeased tone, to look again, and again, and in short repeated this command six times before I saw the danger of my adhering to the opinion which I had formed. At length, therefore, I concurred with Chaka, by observing that I had not before looked with sufficient attention, and that his house was certainly the most comfortable,’—vol. ii. p. 391.*

Captain Owen having been informed, falsely as it appeared, that the rivers falling into Delagoa Bay extended several hundred miles into the interior, determined, unfortunately, to fit out his boats, to explore them. On either side they found the land low, with muddy flats and putrid swamps, the shores covered with mangrove trees, even far below the high-water mark ; the water salt and discoloured with mud ; the thermometer 85°. All these rivers abound with hippopotami, which, though in general timid and harmless animals, are yet capable of exhibiting great courage, when thrown into a state of excitement, as appears from the following incident :—

* Lieutenant Vidal had just commenced ascending this stream in his boat, when suddenly a violent shock was felt from underneath, and in another moment a monstrous hippopotamus reared itself up from the water, and in a most ferocious and menacing attitude rushed open-mouthed at the boat, and with one grasp of its tremendous jaws seized and tore seven planks from her side ; the creature disappeared for a few seconds and then rose again, apparently intending to repeat the attack, but was fortunately deterred by the contents of a musket discharged in its face. The boat rapidly filled, but, as she was not more than an oar’s length from the shore, they succeeded in reaching it before she sank. Her keel, in all probability, touched the back of the animal, which irritating him, occasioned this furious attack, and

* This officer, on returning by land with a party to Natal, was met by some of these savages and inhumanly massacred.

had he got his upper-jaw above the gunwale, the whole broadside must have been torn out. The force of the shock from beneath, previously to the attack, was so violent that her stern was almost lifted out of the water, and Mr. Tambs, the midshipman steering, was thrown overboard, but fortunately rescued before the irritated animal could seize him.—vol. i. pp. 90, 91.

The repeated attacks of the parties on these unwieldy animals were attended with no successful results; but this was not the case with one that was made upon a band of Hollontontes, who, with their shields and spears, rushed, as furiously as the hippopotamus, towards the tents of the party at night, uttering the most hideous yells; but the skins of these heathen offered less resistance than the hides of their hippopotami, to the volleys of balls and the bayonet points that were prepared to welcome them:—

‘The constant flash and roar of the muskets, with the horrid yells of the assailants, breaking upon the still dark gloom, produced a terrific scene; an occasional groan, however, as a ball found its fleshy bed, and the falling of some, soon intimidated the barbarians, and, after a short but desperate struggle, the cries of war and defiance were changed into shrieks of terror and dismay, followed by a precipitous retreat, not, however, forgetting their wounded, whom they carried off.—vol. i. pp. 97, 98.

The rivers at thirty miles, and some of them at a less distance, from their mouths, were found to have so much contracted their streams as not to make it worth while pursuing them farther. The fatal effects of going even thus far were not long delayed. Mr. Tambs, who had escaped the fangs of the hippopotamus, was the first victim to that dreadful disease which afterwards made such havock among the officers and crews. A few days after the death of the above-mentioned officer, a seaman of the *Leven* was taken ill and shortly expired. Captain Lechmere, a volunteer in the expedition, was seized three days after this, and at once anticipated the result. This fine young man, the son of the late Admiral Lechmere, had excited so general a feeling of respect and esteem among all on board, and there is so characteristic (we should say whimsical, were the occasion less melancholy) a trait connected with his immediate dissolution, that we give the whole passage:—

‘This interest in his fate was strongly exemplified in the attachment of his attendant, William Newman, a marine, who was as much concerned as if he had been his nearest relative; he carried him from place to place like a child, as poor Lechmere’s fevered fancy dictated; sang to him, fanned him, moistened his lips, and was silent or still as his patient directed, and at last brought him by his special desire into the captain’s cabin, where there was already a young midshipman in almost the same hopeless state. As the bell was striking the midnight hour, he sank into the dreamless sleep of death. His last moments were attended with a romantic interest. The fever being very high

a short

a short time before his decease, every means were tried to calm him, but in vain; the same impatient painful restlessness still prevailed.

At length Captain Owen, who knew from experience that singing had a powerful effect in soothing extreme pain by diverting the mind from its sufferings, and fearful that the heart-rending expressions and cries uttered by Captain Lechmere might produce an injurious effect upon the other object of his solicitude, commenced that pathetic ballad, "Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowline." The first note produced a cessation of his frenzy: from raving madness he sank into almost total insensibility, which continued until Captain Owen came to the words "His soul is gone aloft!" when a long guttural sound announced that *his* spirit was fled, which was instantly confirmed by his attendant saying, in a melancholy tone, "He's gone, Sir!"—"And aloft, I hope!" replied the Captain, as he concluded his song.—vol. i. pp. 128, 129.

We remember having heard of Captain Owen's notions on this point, when, in the midst of the dead and dying on Fernando Po, he daily witnessed the loss of some one or more of his companions; he there, as now, stoutly maintained that imagination and apprehension killed more than the climate. Captain Lechmere's servant, we are told, took to his bed the day after his master's death 'with a determination to die;' Captain Owen, perceiving at once the nature of his case, ordered him to be freely supplied with wine; but after three or four days the man announced solemnly to his messmates that, at the midnight bell, he should be no more. Still he took his wine freely, fell fast asleep that night, and awoke in the morning, to his great astonishment, quite well. His disease, the Captain asserts, was only of the imagination, produced by sympathy and apprehension; and the cure of this man convinced him that a mental affection could only be removed by an oblivious medicine.

The fever, however, in spite of wine and medicine, soon began to make dreadful ravages: the cases are stated to have amounted to upwards of twenty, 'among whom there was not one who had not been employed away from the ship on these river expeditions.' Here we have at once the cause of all their misfortunes. Mr. Cannon, a midshipman, the carpenter, the caulker, a seaman, and a marine, were the next victims. The surgeon and principal officers of the *Leven* represented to the Captain the absolute necessity of removing into the open bay, where the sea-breeze was blowing, to save the lives of the people. The whole crew was but sixty, out of whom twenty-nine were laid up with fever; but Capt. Owen, though he thought proper to comply with the wishes of his officers, still maintained his doctrine that the disease was much more the result of fear and anticipation than of the climate. In this respect, the gallant Captain is partly borne out by the opinion contained
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in the cautionary address of the College of Physicians on the first approach of cholera ; but we are inclined to think that, by men of ordinary understandings, the mortality, on the present occasion, will be mainly ascribed to the effects of the muddy creeks and inlets, the putrid swamps and mangrove jungles, that cover the banks of the rivers. It would, indeed, be absurd to talk of a bad climate on the open sea, or clear dry ground, in the latitude of 30°.

If anything were wanting to afford a decisive proof of the cause of the dreadful mortality, we have it in the fate of the party, consisting of six officers and twenty-four seamen and marines, sent under Captain Cutfield of the *Barracouta* to explore the Manice, or King George's River. On the party's return to the bay, a telegraph signal announced that the captain, four officers, and eighteen men were on the sick-list. To Captain Cutfield, Lieutenant Gibbons, Mr. Morley, the master, and Mr. Watkins, midshipman, the disease proved fatal—thus making the aggregate of deaths amount to twenty ; and when the ships left Delagoa Bay for the northward, fifty were in their hammocks ; and though it is stated that the pleasing effect of novelty, together with the sea air, produced a most salutary change in many, yet several more died ; a midshipman, two seamen, and a boy, in the *Leven* ; and the boatswain, a marine, and a boy, in the *Barracouta*.

The Cockburn furnished a party to explore the Mapoota River, falling into the southern part of the bay ; and here again, out of twenty men the whole crew, there remained alive on the return of the vessel only seven officers and men—Lieutenant Owen being the only white person on board able to do anything. Here then we have another proof that these river explorations were the sole cause of the 'melancholy consequences' alluded to by the Editor of this book. 'Frightful,' says Captain Owen, 'was the list of those who had fallen beneath the deadly curse of Africa, amounting to two-thirds of the officers and one-half of the crews of the three vessels.' We may observe that this curse is equally felt on the western coast. The master of the steamer, in which Lander is now exploring the Niger, on pretence of being too soon for the swelling of that river, dawdled away the time in the creeks of the coast—the crew caught the fever, which they carried into the Nun—and he and twenty-six of the party died. The rest recovered only on reaching the hills through which the Niger flows.

There was one other river-expedition on the present survey equally deplorable in its results, with which we shall finish this painful part of the Narrative—it is that of the Quilimane, being one of those to which, by his instructions, Captain Owen's particular attention was directed. The party sent to explore this river

at least as high as Senna, and if practicable to Tete, the extreme settlement of the Portuguese, consisted of Lieutenant Browne, Mr. Forbes, the botanist, Mr. Kilpatrick, assistant-surgeon, and two black servants, Antonio and Adonis. The governor of Quilimane supplied them with a large canoe of eight or ten tons, and a black subaltern officer to accompany them. The river soon narrowed from a mile in width, till, at some forty miles from the sea, it was only from twenty to thirty yards broad. They therefore crossed by land to another branch; the country flat, pretty well cultivated, and abounding with villages. At the house of one Paulo Mariano they were received in the most kind and hospitable manner. Here the Zambezi united with the large river or branch called the Luabo. The following description will answer for most of the half-caste residents invested with official authority in the interior:—

* This Paulo Mariano held the rank of colonel in the militia, having under his command about one hundred natives, armed with muskets, according to the fashion of the country; he was likewise a merchant, dealing largely in ivory and gold-dust. His days were spent in an unvaried routine of sleeping and indolence; the following details of one being fully descriptive of all. He rose early, and amused himself in the balcony of his house until breakfast, by smoking several charotes; at eight he breakfasted, and then occupied himself for a short time among his people, slept away the noon hour, and dined at two, the table groaning beneath a profusion of meats, dressed in a variety of ways, in which port wine generally formed a principal ingredient. After the meal was ended, and he had smoked another charote, the old gentleman once more retired to rest, and did not rise again until the coolness of the evening drew him forth, enveloped in a cloak, to enjoy the refreshing air; at nine he took supper, and shortly after retired to bed.—vol. ii. pp. 49, 50.

Mr. Browne states, in his Notes, that many of the men belonging to the Colonel were perfect models of the human frame: no other dress than a mere waist-cloth—their hair long and neatly plaited—they were evidently a mixture of the Gallas or Kaffers. At this place two of the party were taken ill; but their kind host fitted up a canoe with every convenience, which carried them up to Chaponga, the residence of Donna Pascoa. The river was broad, but the stream rapid, on account of numerous sand-banks, and their progress slow. On their arrival, Donna Pascoa received them with many expressions of welcome. This lady is governess of the district and colonel of a militia of native negroes. She pays an annual sum for her government, and levies taxes in kind, consisting of bees'-wax, fowls, meat, vegetables, oil, rice, &c. Timber for the largest canoes is a source of considerable profit, which, she told Mr. Browne, would be greatly increased if she were

were allowed to work two gold mines lately discovered within her territory.

‘ Her domestic establishment was in a style of much splendour. The display at meals was sumptuous, the table being covered with massy plate, while the viands were of the choicest quality. She was a merchant, and considered the richest in the colony, her principal agent being a Banyan, or of the Hindoo left-handed caste, who travelled through the country with Indian and European goods, collecting in return gold, ivory, and slaves.’—vol. ii. p. 56.

This good lady prepared two canoes to convey the party to Senna, with an ample supply of provisions. Mr. Forbes was very ill, and became worse from the cold, the thermometer having fallen as low as 62°. On the fifth day after their departure, he breathed his last. Very unlike Donna Pascoa’s welcome was their reception by the commandant and priest of Senna; the latter had a repulsive and crafty expression of countenance, and his conduct corresponded with his features. Ten houses of European construction, and a scattered assemblage of huts, compose the town of Senna, situate on a plain covered with a forest of tamarind, mango, and cocoa-nut trees, interspersed with filthy, stagnant pools, sufficiently demonstrative of the unhealthiness of the place, and of the inactivity of its inhabitants. The district of Senna and of Tete, about sixty leagues higher up, would be capable, with an industrious population, of producing all the luxuries of life for export and consumption, but the commerce is chiefly confined to gold, ivory, and slaves.

Donna Pascoa’s husband having died at Senna, this lady came thither to settle his affairs, and in her company the two travellers spent about a fortnight comfortably, at the end of which time both were seized with fever, and in a few days Lieutenant Browne expired, leaving Mr. Kilpatrick in the midst of disease, sorrows, and difficulties, against which in his enervated state he was ill able to contend. The two servants, Antonio and Adonis, were both ill, but they contrived to procure a coffin, and with the aid of some negroes dug a grave, and interred the corpse, which the priest had refused to do.

Mr. Kilpatrick was now thrown into a state of hopeless despondency, from which nothing could arouse him; unnerved and broken-hearted by disease and melancholy reflections, he had recourse to spirituous liquors. Donna Pascoa was most attentive to him: she took him to Chaponga, where for a time he left off drinking spirits, but complaining that food injured him, he presently returned to the vicious practice, and in a little while sank under

his disease. 'Thus,' says Captain Owen, 'terminated this ill-fated expedition, in which three gentlemen of more than common talent and enterprise found early and distant graves.'

Much needs not be said of Mozambique. It is a low coral island in the mouth of the harbour of the same name which separates it from the main land; the town is built on the side of the island which faces the harbour. In the palace and forts, and some of the houses, are still visible the remains of former grandeur, but the whole place had the appearance of rapidly falling into decay. Its ancient wealth and vice-regal splendour are now lost in poverty and gloom. The population is made up of a few native Portuguese, Arabs, Creoles, and slaves, the last by much the most numerous. The principal trade consists of these unhappy beings, with skins, ivory, and a little gold-dust. The following story says little for the moral tone of the society here:—

'A Portuguese family, notorious for wealth and licentiousness, resided at Mozambique. Of the female branches Donna L—— was reputed handsome; she had for a short time tasted the sweets of matrimony, but was now a gay and young widow without any restraint. This lady was visited by all the gentlemen of the place. But the man who pretended to the exclusive enjoyment of her favours, was a Col. P—— de C——, who united in his character all the essentials of a coward and a bully.

'It appeared, however, that he had rather overrated his powers of attraction, for Donna L—— was at once struck with a passion for a young Englishman, who was remarkable for elegance of person and gentlemanly manners. The proofs of the lady's preference for poor Dowling were too conspicuous to escape the penetration of the *ci-devant* lover, whose warm and jealous temperament was at once inflamed by all the demons of hatred and revenge. Fearing the coolness and courage of the English character, he endeavoured to control his anger until a favourable opportunity offered for a sure and bloody sacrifice of its object. This event was perhaps a little hastened by a meeting which took place between the parties at the house of Donna L——, when the colonel, a little excited by wine, forgot his cold-blooded policy, and, overcome by love and jealousy, not only insulted, but afterwards drew his sword upon Dowling in the lady's presence.

'The Englishman acted as most of his countrymen would have done under the same circumstances, by instantly seizing the colonel, thrusting him out of the room, and then, it is said, kicking him down stairs. Dowling concluded that this affair would not end here; he thought that the Portuguese character was as brave and honourable as his own, and, in expectation of having to give the colonel satisfaction in the morning, went to bed. He slept upon the ground-floor
of

of the tavern, and was in the habit of leaving his window open during the night. Four assassins, soldiers, by the direction of the vanquished colonel, took advantage of this to enter his room and make a cowardly attack upon him whilst sleeping; he awoke bleeding from several wounds, yet undismayed, arose, and with determined heroism seized one of their weapons, and actually, in this exhausted state, beat them out of the room. But this was his last effort; he immediately sank upon the bed, and, from the injuries which he had received, died within an hour. All the inhabitants were much interested in this case, and tried to bring the offenders to justice; but the cowardly policy of the general would not sentence a *soldier* to death for any crime. Accordingly neither Don P—— de C—— nor any of the other assassins were punished beyond a short imprisonment and removal to distant posts.'—vol. i. pp. 259, 260, 261.

The demoralization and depravity among all classes were found to be pretty nearly the same in the French settlements, in Madagascar, and at the Seychelles, at the last of which the slave-population is about seven to one, as compared with the free persons. In fact, the laxity of the social code, as to certain subjects, is pretty nearly the same in all the slave colonies, the West India islands, we fear, not excepted.

Captain Owen mentions a curious phenomenon which they witnessed on their return to the Cape of Good Hope.

'In the evening of the 6th of April, when off Port Danger, the Barracouta was seen about two miles to leeward: struck with the singularity of her being so soon after us, we at first concluded that it could not be she; but the peculiarity of her rigging and other circumstances, convinced us that we were not mistaken; nay, so distinctly was she seen, that many well-known faces could be observed on deck, looking towards our ship. After keeping thus for some time, we became surprised that she made no effort to join us, but, on the contrary, stood away. But being so near the port to which we were both destined, Captain Owen did not attach much importance to this proceeding, and we accordingly continued our course.

'At sun-set it was observed that she hove-to, and sent a boat away, apparently for the purpose of picking up a man overboard. During the night we could not perceive any light or other indication of her locality. The next morning we anchored in Simon's Bay, where, for a whole week, we were in anxious expectation of her arrival; but it afterwards appeared that at this very period the Barracouta must have been above three hundred miles from us, and no other vessel of the same class was ever seen about the Cape.'—vol. i. pp. 241, 242.

This phantom-ship, according to the writer, had no connexion with the Flying Dutchman, though the crew were probably not so easily satisfied of the contrary. A note tells us, 'such effects may be produced

produced by refraction ;' certainly they may, but not, we must suspect, to the extent here mentioned, where the distant object is looked at on the level surface of the sea, the intervening space amounting to three hundred miles ! A very singular instance of this kind is considered, however, as a well-authenticated fact. The old signal-man at the Mauritius has been known to announce the approach of ships, which he would describe accurately, a day or two before their arrival, and long before they could by possibility be seen, on account of the curvature of the earth. This was undoubtedly the result of refraction, in a particular state of the atmosphere, and of looking through it from the lofty summit, out of which the celebrated Peter Botte rises, above Port Louis. His accuracy on one occasion was put to the test, by his having announced the appearance of a ship with *four* masts : three days after this, a ship actually having four masts arrived ; when it appeared she must have been seen by the signal-man upwards of three hundred miles off.

The next and equally miserable settlement of the Portuguese, to the northward of Mozambique, is Quilimane, anciently an Arab colony, the natives of which the followers of Vasco de Gama destroyed, putting to the sword every Mahomedan resident ; but as Captain Owen truly says, ' the sins of the early Portuguese have here been visited upon many generations ; the climate, poison, and the dagger are constantly destroying the present race ; and, although in possession of the finest country in the world, they are entirely dependent upon other nations, importing all their enjoyments, save the grossest sensuality.' This last species of ' enjoyment,' exclusively their own, and their wretched state of dependence, have equally, it is plain, their origin in the vile traffic in slaves. From their indolent sensuality they are starving in the midst of plenty, or rather where, with the smallest degree of labour, there could not but be plenty ; for neither the soil nor the climate can be mainly to blame where cocoa-nuts, mangoes, oranges, limes, bananas, pine-apples, guavas, and plantains are spontaneously produced ; where the ordinary vegetables of Europe—cabbage, lettuce, spinach, peas, beans, pumpkins, cucumbers—are found to flourish ; and where the most useful kinds of grain, as rice, millet, maize, and even wheat, can be raised.

In our last Number we had occasion to notice that hitherto unexplained phenomenon called the ' ripples,' so commonly met with in the Indian ocean. At Quilimane one of the squadron had to encounter a tumultuous movement of the sea, fully as inexplicable, known by the name of ' rollers,'—' a wave that moves like a precipitous hill of water, differing in magnitude, in particular situations, from ten to forty feet in height, and overwhelming every thing in its course.' It occurs frequently in a perfect calm ; and is generally supposed

supposed to be first put in motion by a distant gale of wind. The short time these rollers continue, frequently not more than fifteen or twenty minutes, is unfavourable to such a supposition; some submarine lifting of the ground would seem to be more probable. The Julia sloop of war, when lying off Tristan d'Acunha, was driven from her anchors in a dead calm by these rollers: she was dashed on the beach with such fury as scarcely to leave a whole piece of her remaining, and her crew, with the exception of thirty men, perished. Captain Owen says,—

‘During the night the swell became much more considerable, but it was not until the ebb-tide that the waves commenced breaking in heavy rollers, two or three of which fell partially over us; still there was nothing that led us to apprehend danger, until, whilst at breakfast, one of vast magnitude burst with terrific fury on our decks, bearing every thing before it, almost swamping the vessel, and throwing her on her beam-ends. Two men who were on deck in an exposed situation were carried off their legs, and one washed overboard, who would inevitably have been drowned had not the other, by a spirited exertion, thrown him a rope, and succeeded in rescuing him from his perilous situation.’—vol. i. p. 238.

Another of the wretched establishments of a fallen and degraded nation, chiefly occupied as a slave mart, is at the bay of Inhamban, in 24° south latitude. From this place commences the tract of country known by the name of Sofala.

‘The port of Sofala, its castle, its town, in short every thing relating to it, had excited the strongest interest amongst us; in olden time, it was the Ophir of Solomon, whence his fleets returned laden with “gold, almug trees, and precious stones;” the spot whither the early but venturous Phœnician navigators steered their cumbrous barks, and where, in later years, Albuquerque and the last heroes of the Portuguese race had distinguished themselves.

‘With all these claims upon the recollection, it was with much curiosity that we looked forward to our arrival at Sofala, and with much disappointment at the total failure of our expectations. Instead of what the fancy pictured, remains of past grandeur and opulence, frowning in decay and falling gradually to dust, we found but a paltry fort and a few miserable mud-huts, the almost deserted abode of poverty and vice.

‘But not only here, every place in Africa and India subject to the Portuguese has withered beneath the iron hand of oppression. Lust and avarice are their idols, and never gods had more devoted worshippers.’—vol. i. pp. 318, 319.

Captain Owen is quite sure that Sofala is Solomon’s Ophir, because the Arabic name is Zofar, the great similarity of which must be considered a ‘convincing proof.’ We have no great opinion of being convinced by such etymological proofs. Doctor Vincent,

Vincent, who did not rashly make up his mind, came to a very different conclusion, and places Ophir on the coast of Arabia.

At the Bazaruta Islands, the want of water is so severely felt, that the reptile race even suffer from it; a flock of lizards ran over the seamen while at dinner, to get at the water they had taken on shore with them; 'they absolutely drank of their grog, to the great amusement of our people, who, as they had proved themselves such convivial companions, were desirous of taking them on board for pets.'

On advancing to the northward, the last frontier post of the Portuguese is Ibo, after which comes the first Arab settlement of Quiloa. This was once the most considerable of the Arab possessions on the coast, holding sovereignty over Sofala, Mozambique, and the intervening ports; but now a miserable village, scarcely visited or known, occupies the site of ancient Quiloa; and the wretched Arab hovels of the present day are blended among the ruins of the fallen city. 'It is really melancholy,' says Captain Owen, 'to contemplate the devastation that the monopolizing spirit of mankind has produced on the east coast of Africa. Wherever we went, even in the most obscure harbours, we could trace the remains of former wealth and civilization, contrasted strongly with present poverty and barbarism.' From hence the whole line of coast to the northward, with the numerous bays, harbours, towns, and villages, are under the dominion of the Imaum of Muskat. The seat of his government is described as being nearly as wretched as its dependencies, and fatal to almost every Englishman who ventures to fix his abode there. No less than three of the East India Company's residents are said to have died within a few days after their arrival. The wonder vanishes after reading Captain Owen's description of it:—

'Muskat must be the filthiest town in the world. It forms an entire bazaar, inhabited by every caste of Indian merchants, who dwell in narrow alleys, partly covered by open mats of palm-leaves, slightly interwoven; these serve to keep out the sun, but admit the rain freely, so that after a shower the whole bazaar is knee-deep in mud; and, as neither the sun nor the wind can find admission, it remains in that state until the moisture is evaporated by the animal heat arising from the numerous passengers constantly in motion, or the mud carried away upon their feet in cumbrous masses,'—vol. i. p. 336.

One of the most valuable of the Imaum's possessions on the coast of Africa, from its abundant produce of sugar and different kinds of grain, is Zanzibar, in $6\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ S. Between the island and the main are numerous safe and extensive harbours, formed by coral reefs and islands. The neighbouring island of Pemba is equally fertile, and between it and the main are numerous good harbours
and

and safe anchorage. At Melinda, where De Gama was received with open arms, and which he describes as 'pleasantly situated on a plain near the sea-shore, surrounded with gardens, and containing houses neatly built of hewn stone, with handsome rooms and painted ceilings,' there can now scarcely be said to be a town at all; and its inland territories are wholly occupied by the Galla tribes, spreading terror and alarm among the Arab dows or small vessels that navigate the coast.

Farther north is Mombas, the most valuable possession of the Imaum upon the whole coast. 'Perhaps,' says Captain Owen, 'there is not a more perfect harbour in the world than Mombas.' The harbour is very extensive, completely sheltered by the island, and a coral reef on each side. In fact, here are no less than three extensive harbours, capable of holding the largest fleets, and two or three rivers of considerable size fall into them. A detailed account is given of the many advantages the possession of this place would give to Great Britain, not only as a commercial depôt, but as a military station. In our opinion, we have depôts and military stations more than enough already, and feel no desire of increasing them, even though 'our holding Mombas would be one of the most effectual steps towards the entire civilization of Eastern Africa and the suppression of the slave trade.' In fact, the British flag was at this very moment flying on the fort. The sheik, it seems, sent off a deputation to beg, in his own name and that of the people of Mombas, that they might be authorized to hoist the British flag, and place their town and territory in the hands of his Britannic Majesty. The offer of a country, possessing so many advantages, was irresistible. It is true, it was the legitimate possession of the Imaum of Muskat, with whom the East India Company were in strict friendship; but the people wished it, and as, in modern times, the sovereignty is held to be vested in the people, there could be no impropriety in acceding to their wishes—the *people* of an oriental despot!—but let that pass. The British flag was accordingly displayed, and Lieutenant Reitz appointed governor; but his reign was of short duration; for wishing, naturally enough, to know something of the nature and extent of his new dominions, he set out for the interior in the rainy season, contrary to the advice of his subjects, caught the fever, and followed the fate of his comrades who had perished in the muddy swamps and creeks of Delagoa Bay. We are told that, under his government, many abuses were corrected, and that 'justice for a short period reigned at Mombas.' Public whipping, imprisonment, fines, and banishment kept these Mombasian *people* in order; and 'sentence was executed under Captain Owen's immediate inspection.' We need scarcely add that, the moment these
unauthorized

unauthorized and extraordinary proceedings were made known in England, immediate orders were sent out to deliver up the place to its proper owner.

From the river Juba to Cape Guardafui, and along the coast to the entrance of the Red Sea, the country is inhabited by a race of people called Somaui, who profess to observe the precepts of the Koran: they are represented as a mild generation, of pastoral habits, and confined almost entirely to the coast, the interior being occupied by the fierce and untamable Gallas. From Guardafui, in lat. 3° N., to Mukdeesha, in 2° S., the whole line of coast is a naked and rocky shore, rising abruptly to the height of from two to four hundred feet, which, in advancing to the southward, declines into a sandy plain: in the whole extent of this portion of the coast there are neither bays, rivers, nor inlets.

In those tranquil seas, not far from the line, there occurred one of those miraculous escapes in boat navigation of which our naval chronicles contain so many examples. A distant white speck, about eighty miles from the coast, was seen in the horizon apparently approaching the ship: this was set down for an albatross, but it presently turned out to be a boat:—

‘As she approached, we perceived her to be a large canoe, with a sail formed by a small piece of blue dungaree and an old cotton sheet. In her sat four black men, haggard and emaciated in their appearance, while a fifth lay stretched at full length under the seats, apparently in a dying state. They lowered their sail, and seemed to hesitate whether or not they should venture on board; upon which we endeavoured to remove their fears by friendly motions to advance, and by means of one of our seamen, who spoke a little Arabic. We imagined, of course, that they belonged to the coast, but by venturing too far out had been blown off. To our astonishment they replied in French, inquiring in a most anxious manner if we were of that nation, and on receiving an answer to the contrary, they uttered a cry of joy, and paddled alongside as fast as their little remaining strength would allow.

‘Upon coming on board, it was evident that

“Famine, despair, cold, thirst, and heat

Had done their work on them by turns;”

and it was some time before they were sufficiently recovered to make us acquainted with their history.—vol. i. p. 377.

It was simply this. They were runaway slaves, escaped from the tyranny of a French owner of the Seychelles. They started with a little fish, rice, and about a gallon of water, which, ignorant of their course, and thoughtless of the future, they had consumed in the first few days, and were actually, when picked up, in the last stage of starvation. ‘Seventeen notches in the side of their canoe indicated the many days of misery and distress they had passed during this voyage

voyage of seven hundred and fifty miles. The poor negro in the bottom of the boat expired in less than an hour after his hopes had vainly been awakened to life and liberty.'

Capt. Owen, during the completion of the survey of the eastern coast of Africa, took measures for examining the western coast of Madagascar, which was but partially and very imperfectly known. On the north-west coast of this great island, which extends from Cape Amber to Cape St. Andrew, he surveyed several commodious, safe, and extensive bays and harbours, the principal of which are Passandava, Nareenda, Majambo, Bembatooka, and Boyauna. Many large rivers fall into those bays, whose sources are no doubt in the chain of mountains that, running north and south, divide Madagascar into two portions. The remaining part of the western coast, from Cape St. Andrew to Cape St. Mary, an extent of ten degrees of latitude, presents a long-continued rocky or sandy shore (with the exception of St. Augustin Bay), bound with reefs and islands of coral:—

'The coast from St. Augustin's to Boyauna Bay is almost an unvaried, low, marshy plain, irrigated by barred rivers, bounded by a line of sharp-pointed coral masses, uncovered when the tide is out, and in two or three places a complete archipelago of rocky islets, assuming a variety of whimsical shapes, among which that of the cauliflower appeared the most predominant.'—vol. ii. p. 97.

At Bembatooka Bay were three American vessels actively engaged in completing their cargoes, which consisted almost wholly of jerked beef which they prepared themselves, preserving the tallow and curing the hides on the spot. In slaughtering the beasts, which they procure for a trifle, 'the heads, hearts, offal, and bones, are thrown into the middle of the town, and there left to putrify in the sun, filling the air with most disgusting odours, highly productive of disease:' the heads and hearts of the bullocks were, however, very acceptable to the surveying party, who had been so long on salt provisions.

The details which Capt. Owen gives of his intercourse with Radama would have been interesting if published at the time, but after the lapse of so many years, and the information which has been conveyed through so many channels to the public, respecting the progress of this extraordinary reformer of his countrymen, they do not seem to call for particular observation.

The little squadron, on taking its final leave of Madagascar, proceeded once more, as if spell-bound, to that fatal bay of Delagoa. A party set out to ascend one of the rivers, for the purpose of hunting the hippopotamus. Whilst they were in quest of the haunts of these huge animals, a shrill angry scream reached their ears, and presently Mr. Barrette, a midshipman, rushed from

from the reeds, his face covered with blood, calling loudly for assistance to Lieutenant Arlett, who had just been attacked by an elephant. The party proceeded to the spot, and found their unfortunate comrade stretched motionless on his back, covered with blood and dirt, and his eyes starting from their sockets, in all the expressive horror of a violent death. It was some time before he showed any symptoms of life; they succeeded, however, in carrying him on board, where he gradually recovered, and when he became sufficiently collected, he gave an account of what befel him, which shows the extraordinary sagacity of the elephant, even in its wild state. He, at the first approach of the animal, thought he had stumbled upon an enormous hippopotamus, the object of their pursuit, but was soon undeceived.

‘The animal, which appeared highly irritated at the intrusion, waved its trunk in the air, and the moment he spoke, reared upon its hind legs, turned short round, and, with a shrill, passionate cry, rushed after him, bearing down the opposing reeds in his way, while Lieutenant Arlett vainly attempted to effect his escape. For a short time he had hopes of eluding his pursuer, as the animal perceived one of the seamen mounted on the top of a tree, about twenty feet high and three in circumference, menacing him by his voice and gestures, while preparing to fire. The elephant turned short round, and, shrieking with rage, made a kind of spring against the tree, as if to reach the object of his attack, when his ponderous weight bore the whole to the ground, but fortunately without hurting the man, who slipped among the reeds. The ferocious animal still followed him, foaming with rage, to the rising bank of the river; the man crying loudly, “An elephant! an elephant!” until, closely pressed by his pursuer, they both came upon the top of the slope, where the party who had heard his cries were prepared, and instantly fired a volley as the elephant appeared. This made him return with increased fury to Mr. Arlett, who, in his eagerness to escape, stumbled and fell, the huge beast running over him and severely bruising his ankle.

‘As soon as he had passed, Mr. Arlett arose, and, limping with pain, attempted once more to retreat, but the animal returned to the attack; his trunk was flourished in the air, and the next moment the unfortunate officer was struck senseless to the ground. On recovering himself, his situation appeared hopeless, his huge antagonist standing over him, chafing and screaming with rage, pounding the earth with his feet, and ploughing it with his tusks. When the party first saw them, Mr. Arlett was lying between the elephant’s legs, and had it been the intention of the animal to destroy him, placing a foot upon his senseless body would in a moment have crushed him to atoms; but it is probable that his object was only to punish and alarm, not to kill—such conjecture being perfectly in accordance with the character of this noble but revengeful beast.

‘It

‘ It appeared that the elephant, on his last return to Mr. Arlett, had filled his trunk with mud, which, having turned him on his back, and forced open his mouth, he blew down his throat, injecting a large quantity into the stomach. It was this that produced the inflated appearance of Mr. Arlett’s countenance, for he was almost in a state of suffocation, and for three days after this adventure, he occasionally vomited quantities of blue sand.’—vol. ii. pp. 211, 212.

The consequence of this last visit to Delagoa Bay, and of the hunting excursion, is thus stated by Captain Owen :—

‘ The fatality of the Delagoa fever was here further exemplified by the death of our purser, Mr. Thomas Farley, and Lieutenant Richard Nash, of the Royal Navy, a gentleman, who, after invaliding from His Majesty’s sloop *Éspiegle*, sailed as a passenger on board the *Leven*, for the purpose of obtaining a knowledge of surveying. It was supposed that he imbibed the fever whilst engaged in the hippopotamus hunt up the Dundas River, and Mr. Farley, by sleeping two nights on shore: both continued in good health until after our arrival at the Cape, a period of three weeks, when they were attacked nearly at the same time, and died within a few days of each other.’—vol. ii. p. 223.

The results of this expedition, so important to hydrographical science and navigation, are thus summed up by Captain Owen :—

‘ During the five years which we had been absent, we had traced about *thirty thousand miles* of coast line, which was transferred by measure to paper, occupying nearly three hundred large sheets. Most of the details of this work were before but imperfectly known, and many we were entirely ignorant of; so that at one view it is shown in how great a degree navigation has profited by the expedition. But, to form a just idea of the magnitude and character of the work, the charts and plans made during the voyage should be referred to, nearly the whole of which were furnished to the Admiralty in duplicate. In the course of our service, we were called upon in numerous instances to correct the errors of former navigators, and fix the latitudes and longitudes of places that had not before been determined.’—vol. ii. pp. 376, 377.

It is much to be regretted, however, that, in traversing such an immense extent of coast-line almost unknown, and wholly unexplored, objects of natural history should not have engaged the particular attention of some one in the expedition, who might have been charged with the duty of collecting whatever appeared to be curious. It required not a professed naturalist to do this, and to preserve specimens. The botanist, as we have seen, fell an early victim to one of those pestiferous rivers, in which so many of the officers and crew perished. We are fully aware that the business of marine-surveying, and laying down the results of
observations

observations on paper, afford full occupation to the officers and crews generally of small vessels; but the surgeons and assistant-surgeons have plenty of time on their hands, and we know not in what manner they could spend their leisure hours with more amusement to themselves, and greater advantage to the public, than in the investigation of the wonderful objects of the creation. There is one subject in particular, that on the present expedition was constantly before their eyes, and one as to which our information is very imperfect—the objects themselves most wonderful, but the manner and the means of their production, the creatures even by whom they are produced, and their whole economy, so enveloped with the veil of mystery as to be very little understood. It is scarcely necessary to say, that we allude to the multitude of coral islands and reefs, which were found to extend, on the present voyage, over a very considerable portion of the ‘thirty thousand miles of coast-line’ which the expedition traversed. The Seychelles and Comoro Islands, almost the whole of the western coast of Madagascar, and the eastern coast of Africa, from Delagoa Bay to the entrance of the Red Sea, are fenced in, as it were, with one continuous chain of coral reefs. We are apt to regard with wonder the stupendous results of the art and industry of man, whether exemplified in the massy temples and pyramids of Egypt, the gigantic wall of China, the island-raised Breakwater in Plymouth Sound, or the splendid ruins of Greece, and the two yet perfect and magnificent temples of London and of Rome; but after all, what are they, or all of them, whether regarded in point of magnitude or of symmetry, when put in comparison with the creations of the minute and insignificant worms which fabricate these coral reefs and islands, and of whom they are at once the habitations and the tombs! One single group of these lithophytes would be sufficient to supply materials for all the monuments which the art and industry of man have ever raised. They are so numerous in the Indian and Pacific Oceans, and so uninterruptedly increasing, that in the course of ages these seas must be filled up, and land must usurp the place of water! This result may not take place in ten thousand, or ten times ten thousand years, but come it must.

ART. VI.—*Great Britain in 1833.* By Baron d’Haussez, Ex-Minister of Marine under King Charles X. 2 vols. London. 1833.

IT is curious that so many of the last ministry of Charles X. should have become authors since their fall; and it is satisfactory

to think that, realizing the theory of Cicero*, they find in literature a consolation in adversity—even in exile and the dungeon. We have already † given an account of the work—small in volume; but considerable in talent and importance—which M. de Polignac felt himself called upon to publish last year, and that specimen makes us hope that he will give us a full history of his own administration and of that eventful crisis which terminated, by the same blow, it and—for a season, at least—the monarchy of the elder Bourbons. M. de Peyronnet produced an able tract relative to the trial of himself and his colleagues; and he has lately contributed some articles to the '*Livre des Cent et Un*,' which latter, however, seem to us to partake somewhat of the pompous mediocrity of the work in which they are placed. We have reason to believe that Baron Capelle is the author of a volume published the other day at the Hague, and entitled '*De l'Origine et des Progrès de l'Esprit Révolutionnaire*;'—a volume of which we shall probably have occasion to speak at large hereafter, but which a cursory perusal inclines us to pronounce creditable to his talents and character. M. de Montbel has put forth a kind of panegyrical life of young Napoleon, Duke of Reichstadt—an odd subject for an ex-minister of Charles X., and treated in a poor, flimsy, and affected style: as they say that some diseases are gotten rid of by communicating them to others, M. de Montbel seems to have consoled his own *ennui* by transferring it to his readers. We have not yet heard that MM. de Chantelauze or Guernon-Ranville have sought the same remedy; but the Baron d'Haussez has administered to himself—and unfortunately to his readers also—a very considerable dose of the literary narcotic in the two volumes which form the subject of this article.

We opened them with every desire to be pleased—we had been accustomed to think favourably of M. d'Haussez—his moral character is, as far as we know, unimpeachable—he had the reputation of being a diligent and honest minister—we sympathize with his misfortunes—we approve and admire the mild and philosophic temper which seeks in literature some compensation for the frowns of political fortune—and yet, with all our good predisposition, we cannot speak well of his work. It is to a surprising degree superficial and inaccurate; and it is so, not only from the mistakes to which a foreigner is always liable in describing a strange country, but from, we are sorry to say, the absence of a spirit of inquiry, of deduction, of

* *Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt—senectutem oblectant—res secundas ornant—adversis perfugium et solatium præbent—delectant domi—non impediunt foris—pernoctant nobiscum—peregrinantur—rusticantur.*—Cic. pro Archia.

† Quarterly Review, No. XCV., Art. 9.

comparison,—in short, of *judgment*, which we expected from a man who has had such a share in the civil and political administration of a great empire. He sees and notes many apparent discrepancies between the manners and habits of English and French society; but he does not perceive, nor does he take the trouble of inquiring into, the *causes* which produce and often justify or reconcile those variances. He very often expatiates on differences between the two countries which are merely *formal*, and where a philosophical mind would have seen that there is no substantial difference at all. M. d'Haussez confesses that his observations on England are '*free*,' and hopes they may be found '*fair*.' With their '*freedom*' we are not at all disposed to quarrel. England is very tolerant of criticism even when severe, and M. d'Haussez's criticism is—whatever he may have meant it to be—by no means pungent. That it is '*fair*' we cannot at all agree, and shall be obliged to disprove: but indeed it was hardly possible that it should be fair; for when a writer undertakes to compare or contrast two countries, of which he knows one as a native, and the other *not at all*, it would be miraculous that, however good his intentions, he should succeed in giving an equally accurate picture of both. We therefore do not complain that he is prejudiced against us; but we must censure a great deal of ignorance and bad faith with which he endeavours to bolster up his prejudices. We do not blame him for being partial to France—'tis very natural—but we do blame him for a flimsy affectation of *impartiality* which the whole spirit of his book belies. Whether from artful design or sheer ignorance, he occasionally makes minor errors in our favour; and on some topics he appears to give us an advantage over France which we certainly should not have claimed for ourselves: but whatever little concessions he now and then makes in our favour he very soon resumes, and, by a series of mistakes and mis-statements, ends by leaving us no merit whatsoever—except, we think, the having better roads.

We hardly know where to begin, or how to pursue our examination of a book which produces its topics in a very strange confusion; we believe it will be best to take them great and small, trivial and important, as they occur—

'The small towns that you pass through (in England), from the irregularity with which they are planned, and from the fact of the houses being situate on the very borders of the road, or some few feet from it, with gardens or a patch of green before the door, have, in truth, the appearance of large villages. No public *promenade*, nothing, in a word, which on the continent gives to a collection of houses the character of a town, presents itself to the eye of a traveller.'—p. 3.

Now here we have, on trifling subjects indeed, a specimen of M. d'Haussez' style.

We

We know not where M. d'Haussez landed, or by what road he reached London; but *we* do not perceive the difference which he finds between the *small* towns of England and France respectively. How, in the points alluded to by M. d'Haussez, do Amiens and Canterbury differ? Is not the *plan* of Abbeville infinitely more irregular than that of Chichester? Have the houses in English towns gardens before every door, and are not the houses of French towns situated on the *very borders* of the public way? Has Windsor more or less the appearance of a *town* than St. Germain? or are Edgeware or Hounslow more or less *villages* than Ville Juif or Moisselles? Then he thinks a public *promenade* essential to give a collection of houses the character of a town. In France, no place is strictly called a *town* which has not walls; and streets inclosed within walls are generally dark, narrow, and unwholesome; the inhabitants of such towns find an agreeable and almost necessary *promenade* on the ramparts where they still exist, or on the spaces where the ramparts once ran; and sometimes there is a *place d'armes* outside the walls which affords a *promenade*. Similar walks exist in many English towns, but are, in general, unnecessary—where airy streets with spacious *trottoirs** and shops, gay by day and brilliant by night—or the suburban roads, furnished on both sides with gravel walks, and bordered by gardens and villas—afford much more agreeable walks than the formal and little-frequented avenues, alternately miry and dusty, with which the necessity of their position obliges a French population to be satisfied; but which, whenever the localities will permit, we observe that they are ready to exchange for a well-paved street, or a handsome quay or terrace within the town. Thus, then, because M. d'Haussez did not see at the gate of Canterbury or Chichester a gravelly quincunx of stunted trees, he pronounces that these cities are not towns, and that the inhabitants have no *promenade*!

His description of the first view of London is striking, and, for nine months in the year, just.

'Something vague and confused, which one cannot account for—a species of foggy envelope of vast extent, across which you think you can distinguish objects of a conical form, then an imposing mass which crowns the whole of this vaporous picture, fixes the attention of the stranger—it is London, with its sombre and smoky sky, its numerous steeples, and its majestic St. Paul's.'—p. 3.

But he proceeds to say—

'None of the long avenues, the imposing luxury of the approaches

* It is singular that England has long had the thing, and not the word; France the word, and not the thing. However, *trottoirs* are now making their way in Paris and other French towns.

to continental towns—none of those magnificent, yet often impracticable roads which conduct you to them: the only indications of a rich metropolis are handsome houses separated from each other by gardens, diminishing in extent as you approach, and disappearing to make way for the houses which form the suburbs of London; winding roads of unequal breadth, but bounded on either side by commodious *trottoirs* kept in admirable order, and filled with carriages of all kinds and fashions, circulating with inconceivable rapidity.—pp. 3, 4.

Now what does he mean by 'the imposing *luxury* of the approaches to continental towns?' The straight, but often, as he admits, 'impracticable roads,' lined with trees which lead to most foreign towns may be very handsome; but have they anything of 'imposing luxury' to be compared with the miles and miles of villas and gardens which form the approaches of London, and, in a less degree, of most English towns? At last he reaches London.

'Here are new subjects of wonder, for everything is presented under a different aspect from anything in France which could form a subject of comparison. In London there is a crowd without confusion—bustle without noise—immensity with an absence of grandeur. One sees large streets ornamented with *trottoirs*, paved with slabs of stone. These are separated by iron railings from brick houses *two stories high*, devoid of style, symmetry, or aught that resembles architecture. Some compensation is afforded for all that is wanting in art by the existence of squares, whose centre presents a garden embellished by statues, flowers, and green sward, with the additional ornament of fine trees.'—pp. 4, 5.

Where were M. d'Haussez's eyes when he imagined that London consists of 'brick houses *two stories high*?' we doubt whether he could find in any street in London *one* brick house only two stories high. London houses have generally four stories, never less than three, sometimes five or six. But many of his remarks on our metropolitan architecture are correct. He does justice to the beauty of our bridges and most of our churches, and, above all, to Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's; and he is struck with the general effect of the new whitewashed* architecture in Waterloo Place, Regent Street, and the Regent's Park. But he adds—

'So much pains have been taken to reproduce the ancient style of architecture, that one might fancy oneself in an ancient Greek or Roman city: there is not a house which has not a monumental cha-

* A ludicrous instance of this whitewashing abomination occurs in the great square above Charing Cross. The Union Club and the College of Physicians form one façade; but unluckily the Club is plaster, and the College stone. In time the colour of the plaster had assimilated itself pretty well with the stone, and the building looked uniform and handsome; but it seems the Club is bound by its lease to paint its front once every three or four years, and it has been lately painted of a colour as different as possible from its unvarying neighbour: and the façade is now divided—unequally too—into light and dark, like a scaramouch.

racter. The slightest examination reveals the numerous imperfections, the glaring faults of imitation without taste, without reason, and at variance with the commonest rules of art.—p. 7.

This is but too true ; it is impossible to look at the details of these lines of architectural façades raised over the huge staring windows of haberdashers' shops, without being struck with their absurdity and incongruity. What miserable poverty of invention in the architects,—what an absence of good taste and common sense, to be able to find nothing more appropriate to a line of *shops* than the *temples* of Greece and Italy ! Luckily, they are but lath and plaster, and this evidence of our absurdity will not last much beyond the present generation.

' Among the public buildings to be excepted from this rigorous censure are Somerset House, the New Post Office, the Orphan Asylum, Newgate, the Mansion House, the Bank, and, in a less elevated order, some Club-houses, such as the Union, the United Service, the Athenæum, and the Travellers'. Three of the theatres, the Opera, Covent Garden, and Drury Lane, are deserving of notice rather for their vast proportions than for their architecture. The Colosseum, which contains a panorama of London, is a noble edifice: it has the appearance of being transported from the banks of the Tiber to those of the Thames.'—pp. 7, 8.

We fear that M. d'Haussez is here too indulgent: Somerset House has nothing but its size to recommend it,—it is only a heap of not inelegant details. The new Post Office (otherwise plain and respectable) is disfigured by two unmeaning colonnades at the wings.* Newgate has no architecture, and ought not to have: the Mansion-house is full of faults; and the Bank is at once paltry and extravagant. The Clubs are handsome, particularly the *Athenæum*, which seems to us the most beautiful of all our modern buildings for its proportions and its happy union of simplicity and ornament. We agree, also, with M. d'Haussez that the Colosseum is a noble edifice, but the last expressions of his sentence lead us to doubt whether he is aware that it is—and was meant to be—a fac-simile of the portico of the Roman Colosseum.

M. d'Haussez asks—

' not if there be a police in London,—that question the appearance of the policemen in their uniforms renders superfluous;—but what the police does ? Its interference is not visible in the cleaning of the streets, nor in the indication of their names, for the names are wanting at the end of most of the streets'—(we had not observed this)—
' nor in the regulation of the crowd of carriages at public places—nor in checking the shameless obtrusiveness of a certain class of women—nor in abating stalls dangerous to the health and safety of the pub-

* We are not sure that we are quite right in calling them *colonnades*: *impervious porticoes* would be perhaps a fitter designation, and better express our objection.

lic'—(we had thought that there were fewer stalls in London than in Paris)—'nor in an infinity of other objects which in other countries claim and deserve the attention of the police.'—vol. i. p. 12.

When we recollect that it is but three or four years since we have had a police at all, and the difficulties and prejudice with which the system has to contend, we are surprised that they have done so much and so inoffensively; but in truth M. d'Haussez' observation shows that he does not understand our national history, institutions, or character. We believe that there is no European country, except England, which possesses real *individual* liberty,—that is, where the celebrated theory 'that every man may do whatever the law does not expressly prohibit,' is reduced to actual practice. France, in the loosest madness of her anarchy, or in the most halcyon season of the constitutional monarchy, had it not. Her police not only executes the law, but supplies its deficiency, and decides summarily in all cases on which the law is silent: it acts on discretion;—it is charged with the prevention, not merely of crime, but of inconvenience; and we very much doubt whether there is one jot more of *individual liberty* in France at this hour than there was under Louis XIV. The state—the government—has no doubt less power to suppress or punish political offences; but the minister of police and his gendarmerie are as busy and as powerful as ever were the lieutenant de police and the *maréchaussée*—they, to use M. d'Haussez' own expression—'bestow their attention on an infinity of objects,' on which our English tempers would brook no restraint. It is, therefore, not against the apathy of the police, but against the character of our constitution, that M. d'Haussez should have directed his observation. This is another instance of M. d'Haussez' habit of looking only on the surface.

M. d'Haussez entitles his book 'Great Britain in 1833.' His book is *published*, indeed, in 1833, but there is not one word in it which has the slightest reference to any event or peculiarity of the current year. And what shall we think of him, as a statesman, or even as an ordinary observer of mankind, who affects to make distinctions and professes to describe the *Great Britain of 1833*, and who yet does not touch a single feature of the political and social aspect of this eventful and critical year? There is not, we believe, a considerate man in any country, who does not look with the most intense anxiety on the 'perilous experiment,' which we have been so mad as to make. The revolutionary party, throughout Europe, hails it with joy, and exclaims, '*L'Angleterre elle-même est en révolution*,'—the friends of order and established government also admit, that she is *en révolution*, but they see it with equal wonder and alarm—wonder that we should have pulled down

down that political system which was so long the admiration and model of the world—and alarm, lest our rashness and folly may have prepared a dreadful catastrophe, not for ourselves only, but for the civilized world. One would have thought that M. d'Haussez, of all men, might have been somewhat interested in such matters, and we were a little curious to see how one of the principal authors and victims of the late French Revolution might have contemplated our first steps in a similar experiment—but no! M. d'Haussez is not that sort of man; and he publishes a work called 'England in 1833'—which might just as well, and indeed much better, have been denominated 'England in 1820.'

The first chapter of M. d'Haussez' book is entitled *London*—the second is *Dinner*. We hope that M. d'Haussez is not really so light and frivolous a person as this order of topics would indicate; but his chapter on *dinner* is (besides its being so ridiculously prominent) contemptible in other views. We shall spare our readers the silly verbiage about 'taste' and 'gastronomy,' and the 'legitimate pleasures of a good *cuisine*,' and 'the insipidity of the English kitchen,'—they show a degree of ignorance and want of observation at which we wonder, and a low-minded *inflation of trifles* which we regret. Indeed, the whole chapter—we had almost said the whole book—is an inflation of trifles—a kind of *omelette soufflée*.* Only think of the following 'scientific' view of an English dinner!—

'To enjoy oneself at table is, in France, an axiom of good sense and good company. In England, on the contrary, to eat to live, seems to be the sole object; there the refinements of cookery are unknown. It is not, in a word, a science; neither does the succession in which dishes should be served appear to be studied. To cover a table with immense pieces, boiled or roasted, and to demolish them, *in the confusion* in which *chance* has placed them, appears to be the whole *gastro-nomic science* of the country. The most ordinary seasoning of the English *cuisine* is a profusion of spices unsparingly thrown into the sauces. To correct the effect of this, recourse is had to the insipid simplicity of plain-boiled vegetables, which continually circulate round the table, and with which the *host would fain load the guest's* plate. The meat is either boiled or roasted. The fish is *always* boiled, and is served *invariably* with melted butter. The numerous *transformations* which the natives of the deep undergo before appearing on a French table are altogether unknown in England. Eggs are *excluded* from English dinner-tables, and even when produced at other meals, they are served in the shell; for the talent of *making an omelette* enters not into the education of an English cook. English fowls are

* 'There are,' says Cervantes, 'men that will make you books, and turn them loose into the world, with as much despatch as they would do a *dish of fritters*.'—*Don Quixote*, c. iii. p. 2.

of an indifferent quality; and game is subjected to a process of *roasting* which deprives it of *all its flavour*. The confectionery is badly made and without variety. The vegetables, condemned only to figure as correctives of a too-exciting *cuisine*, do not appear upon the table. The *entremets* are limited to a very scanty supply of creams and insipid jellies.'—p. 17-19.

We are by no means sticklers for exclusive English cookery; though we cannot partake M. d'Haussez' horror of *boiled* and *roast*. Indeed, we are obliged in candour to confess, that we never have returned from abroad after having *feasted* a month or two on the bread and water called '*potage*,' and the exhausted rags denominated '*bouilli*,' and all the *alius et idem* hash and trash of the common French *cuisine*, without enjoying, as a great luxury, the natural flavour of beef, mutton, and pork, peas, beans, and potatoes, *tasting of themselves*, and not of one general clammy stockpot. The French have a variety of dishes, and we have a variety of flavours: of the two, if we cannot have both, we prefer the latter. In both countries, the tables of a higher order pretty much resemble each other—with however one important difference, which we think (perhaps partially) in favour of *our* dinners. A good English table adds to the *piquant* refinements of France the succulent substantiality of English fare. But there is no reciprocity. M. de Talleyrand can dine perfectly *à la Française* in Arlington Street; but Lord Sefton, if he happened to wish for a slice of roast beef, would not find it in the Rue St. Florentin. We know not where M. d'Haussez may have dined; but it is evident that he does not see that, in England as in France, there are different degrees of refinement, and that what he describes as the *universal* English dinner is just as if some Englishman should record the family dinner of his *notaire*, in the Isle St. Louis, as the *recherché* dinner of the Faubourg St. Germain. But even in these poor details to which M. d'Haussez *descends*—perhaps we should say *rises*—he is, as every English reader must see, egregiously mistaken in his facts, and shows in many ways his usual thoughtlessness. 'Fish is *transformed* at Paris, and not in London:' it might have occurred to the *ex-minister of marine* that it is, perhaps, because in London we get our fish *fresh* enough to be eaten without '*transformation*.' He knows that eggs enter into the composition of an '*omelette*,' (which is after all not a *very* uncommon dish here, though he might not see one)—but he does not know that they are equally necessary to custard and puddings (which he met with daily), and therefore he presumes that eggs are '*excluded from the English kitchen*.' He says '*the course which follows the first course is equivalent to the second course in France*:' we believe it, and venture to assure M. d'Haussez that the

the course which follows the *first* is called the *second* in England also. It may be true that it is served, as he says, 'without taste'—that is matter of taste—but, he adds, it is served *confusedly*. This we deny; and when he subjoins, that 'each guest attacks without offering to his neighbour the dish before him,' we are obliged either to question his veracity, or to lament that he kept such company as it has never been our lot—poor authors as we are—to encounter. But his great theme of objection is the 'irregularity' and 'confusion' in which an English dinner is served: according to him, it is a kind of chance-medley, in which it is a mere accident *at which end* you are obliged to begin your dinner. 'The *creams*,' he says, 'have often disappeared before the *roast* is thought of.' This, at first sight, would be pronounced a downright lie, but it is probably only the confusion of M. d'Haussez' mind. He had but just before said, that 'a piece of roast beef, of which the *toughest part* is served round,' forms part of the first course; and as roast beef is seldom served in France, and never in that stage of the debate, M. d'Haussez denies it altogether the title of *roast*, which he confers exclusively on the dish of roast game or poultry which comes in the second course. The greater any of M. d'Haussez' blunders are, the greater pains he always takes to enforce them; and he therefore repeats, in another place, that *English roast beef is invariably selected from the toughest part*. And, on the whole, because the dishes are not served in the same *order* as in France, he logically pronounces that they are served at *random*; which is just as true and as rational as if he had said the Greek alphabet was an irregular confusion of letters because *gamma* comes before *delta*, whereas in French the D comes before G! Everybody who has thrown away a thought on the mode of serving the tables of each country, knows that the *ordo* in which certain classes of dishes are served is *more regular* and unvaried in England, than in the more numerous if not more copious services of France; but thus it is with M. d'Haussez—he sees them served in an order which he does not understand, and thence concludes that there is no order at all. We recollect being once present in a club-dining-room, when a gentleman, who had lately been in the north of Europe, called, *before* dinner, for some dried fish, cheese, caviare, or other articles, which *we* generally eat at the *close* of dinner. 'Bless my soul!' exclaimed old Lord Muskerry, who was sitting by, 'there is a gentleman eating his dinner *backward*!' What was a pleasantry in Lord Muskerry is a dogmatical blunder in M. d'Haussez. He makes the same mistake about wines:—

'Sometimes, between these frequent libations' (of wine during dinner), 'but not commonly, a glass of beer is swallowed. This is not wonderful,

wonderful, for the strength of the English wines is more calculated to excite than allay thirst. The same *want of regularity* and system which is observable in the service of the dinner, exists in the distribution of the wine. The different species of wine succeed each other without regard to their respective qualities. To empty bottles and *wine-season (aviner)* the conversation, appears to be the only object of the guests.'—pp. 21, 22.

Now, as to the strength of the wine, we should advise him, in future, '*de mettre de l'eau dans son vin,*' both really and metaphorically. But what does he mean by *English* wines? The wines may be drunk in England in different order and quantity, but does M. d'Haussez not know they are all wines of the Continent? Then, as to their succeeding each other 'irregularly and without any order,' it is notorious that the order in which wines are drunk at an English table is very precise: one man may drink sherry, another port, another claret, but no one infringes his usual order; no one begins with claret and ends with champagne. The order may be right or wrong, but order there is, and it is generally inflexible. All these are miserable frivolities; yet as M. d'Haussez has thought them worth noticing, his reviewer must follow him; but, moreover, when we find what sort of observer he was of things which he saw three hundred and sixty-five times in the year, we may judge what credit is to be given to him in less obvious and more delicate matters.

In the same narrow spirit of thinking 'irregular' whatever does not follow the rules to which he is accustomed, he says—

'An English salon presents in its *ensemble* and arrangement a *coup d'œil* quite different from a French one, and *without partiality* it may be averred that the comparison is quite in favour of the latter. The cause of this is owing to the grouping and *incongruity* of the English furniture; you seldom see the furniture of an English room uniform, rarer still is it to find it ranged in order. Among a dozen chairs and *fauteuils* there are not two alike in height, size, and destination. The greater part of them are so low, that one falls down rather than sits: and a disagreeable effort is necessary to rise from this position. The posture of the body is accordingly ungraceful, and it provokes a negligence of manner which extends into the usages of society.'—pp. 26, 27.

If M. d'Haussez had visited England half a century ago, he would have found in our *salons* as much stiffness and formality as he could have desired—chairs of a uniform shape, ranged in imperturbable circles round the walls, and so high, that the feet scarcely reached the ground:—

'But restless was the chair: the back erect
Distressed the weary loins, that felt no ease;
The slippery seat betrayed the sliding part
That pressed it; and the feet hung dangling down,
Anxious, in vain, to find the distant floor.'—*Cowper*.

Modern

Modern refinement has made the lucky discovery (which has not yet dawned on M. d'Haussez) that such apparent congruity is really *incongruous*; and that, as men and women are of a variety of statures, and as furniture is used for a great diversity of postures and purposes, it is more congruous to fit it to the variety of its objects and uses, rather than adhere to an undeviating uniformity. In how much better taste does M. de Lévis, in his *Souvenirs*, prefer a comfortable diversity of seats to 'les formes élégantes que nous préférons (aujourd'hui) à tout.'

Again—

'There is one English custom which makes a disagreeable impression upon a stranger on his admission to English society. He is not conducted *down stairs*; the master of the house, who scarcely comes forward to receive him when he enters, dispenses with the ceremony of accompanying him when he withdraws. English politeness confines its duties on this occasion to a pull of the bell, as a notice to the servant who is entrusted with the duty of doing the honours of the antechamber.'—pp. 27, 28.

In England, the master of the house advances towards the door of the room in which the company is received; which we imagine is not only more convenient, but better bred, than if he were to *leave the rest of his company* in order to run *up and down stairs* to conduct each individual: an Englishman would pass his life in his hall and on his staircase if he were to be subjected to such a discipline. If, however, from M. d'Haussez' observation, an English reader should suspect that French gentlemen meet their guests at, and reconduct them to the bottom of the *stairs*, he would be very much mistaken. In the majority of houses in the great French towns, the staircase is common to several families; and when a Frenchman conducts you to the door of his *antechamber*, opening on the staircase, he goes to the whole extent of his own territory. In some rare instances of visitors of a very high rank, the French will receive them at the bottom of the stairs, but so, in like cases, do the English. In short, the modes of reception in both countries are pretty much the same, bating the differences (like this noticed) which arise from the different distribution of the localities.

A chapter entitled 'Family Connexions' begins thus:—

'English families are *too numerous* to be long knit together. It is a rare occurrence, indeed, if the affection of parents and relatives should spread itself over the *numerous progeny* of each house connected with them, and display that delicate care, that affectionate kindness, which is remarked in other countries. If these attentions are bestowed in infancy, they relax in a precise *ratio* with the development of bodily and mental faculties.'—p. 41.

To

To overthrow all these conclusions, we have only to examine the alleged facts on which they are built,—*Are* English families more numerous than those of other countries? *Does* an English marriage produce such a disproportionate quantity of ‘progeny’ as to stifle natural affection? But he gives us two anecdotes in support of this general position. He once happened to be present when a young gentleman met, for the *first time*, a married sister much older than himself: and, on another occasion, a young lady, in deep mourning for an elder brother, dead but a fortnight, volunteered to dance with M. d’Haussez himself, because, she said, that, having been brought up by an uncle, and at a distance from her own family, she had happened never to see her brother. We disbelieve the story of the young lady’s volunteering to dance within a fortnight of her brother’s death; and we more than suspect that the degree of estrangement in both cases is exaggerated,—but if true, what would such instances, so rare as to be incredible, prove? A youth may go to sea or into the army: during his absence his sister may have married into a distant county, Scotland or Ireland; he may not have had an opportunity of seeing her for years,—he has never seen her husband—the thing is not probable, but it is possible; and what then?—does it show that families are more numerous in England than in France, or that there is less natural affection? But the second instance ought to have led M. d’Haussez to a quite different conclusion; for the cause of the young lady’s not knowing her brother was, that the ties of natural affection extended *so far* as to induce an uncle to adopt and educate her. But the best of all is, that, in a subsequent chapter, M. d’Haussez turns *right-about*, and asserts that children are ‘*less strangers*’ to their families in England than in France. In talking of English education, to which he is inclined to give (perhaps justly, but we think for some very bad reasons) the superiority, he says, ‘the minds of the English are formed much more by the knowledge which they acquire in the bosom of their families, to which they are never strangers, than in the methodical education of colleges. Their education is favoured and promoted by those vacations which enable them to spend five months out of twelve under the *parental roof*: while in France, on the other hand, education has a tendency to *wean* a young man from the *beings he should cherish and respect*, and to *detach* him from *that society* in which he is destined to take a part’ (pp. 150, 154).

We must leave M. d’Haussez to reconcile these contradictions; for our own parts, we suppose that there is pretty much the same degree of natural affection in the two countries; but there is rather more family connexion in England, both because our limits are narrower and our communications easier, and because the law of primogeniture

primogeniture has a tendency to make brothers and sisters more dependent on each other. Indeed, instead of *two* such anecdotes as those quoted by M. d'Haussez, the *Causes Célèbres*, and even the modern trials, of France, afford an infinite number of instances of the strange way in which individuals become accidentally scattered through that vast country, and practically lost to their more immediate connexions.

But there is one considerable difference between the two countries—at least if M. d'Haussez is to be taken as a representative of France—to which we wish he had paid as much attention as we think it deserves. It would not be, in *England*, considered well-bred or gentleman-like to expose to the public, in an *unfavourable* light, a young lady, whose only offence should be that she had danced with her detractor; nor to cite publicly, as an example of *unamiably* estrangement, a family that affords one hospitality; nor, if invited to a ball, to make it the occasion of sarcastic, and *indecent*, and *false* remarks on the ladies into whose society he was thus admitted: these are things which no English gentleman, and no French gentleman of the *old school*, would have done—'*mais nous avons changé tout cela.*' M. d'Haussez perhaps may comfort himself by saying that he mentions no *names*; but if the statement be true, the fact of his presence and other circumstances alluded to must, in their own circles at least, reveal the parties as plainly as if he had named them. If they be, as we believe, false, or so exaggerated as not to be recognized—well and good; in that case M. d'Haussez would only remind us of a pleasant story told of one of his own countrywomen, who, though married, happened to have a lover whom she pressed to give her his portrait—'But if your husband,' said the more prudent *cicisbéo*, 'should see it, and so discover me?' 'Oh! I have thought of that,' replied the ingenious inamorata; 'and to avoid that inconvenience, *the picture need not be like.*' M. d'Haussez is in a dilemma; either the stories are not true, or he has been very indelicate in divulging them.

But what shall we say of him when he does make free with a name—and such a name too—Sir Walter Scott?

Being informed of the anxious desire M. d'Haussez had often expressed to make his acquaintance, Sir Walter (with a misplaced confidence) invited the author and another Frenchman* to pay him a visit at Abbotsford, and received them with great complaisance and hospitality, but

* M. d'Haussez does not give his friend's name, but he was, we understand, M. de Bourmont, who made a favourable impression at Abbotsford, while, unluckily, M. d'Haussez made no impression at all: *hinc*—

in French, which he understood, but could not speak; our *superficial knowledge* of English made us regret exceedingly this circumstance, which in a measure prevented us from judging as we ought a mind which we came purposely to study.'—vol. ii. p. 159.

We admire M. d'Haussez' palliative expression of '*superficial knowledge of English*.' We have reason to know that as far as regards him, '*complete ignorance*' would have been the true term; but although he sees well enough that he is in no condition to judge of Sir Walter's mind, he does, nevertheless, proceed to judge it, and very coarsely too. On their arrival, they are introduced to Miss Scott, and some other ladies and gentlemen—

'At this interview, Miss Scott, who, although her mother was a French woman, does not speak our language, evinced no inclination to contribute, even in her own, to a conversation which her father strove to keep up by commonplace remarks.'—p. 159.

Now M. d'Haussez was, we think, somewhat unreasonable in expecting that Miss Scott should have struck up conversation with him and his friend, without having even the advantage of a common language. We doubt whether the most forward nymph of the Seine, or even of the Garonne, could have accomplished such a feat. But did it not occur to M. d'Haussez that there might also be *another reason* why a very young unmarried lady should have been a little reserved the first moment of her meeting two men, personally strangers, foreigners too, and the manners of one of whom—judging by what he expected in return—we suspect to have been somewhat free and easy? After this interview was over, the parties retired to dress for dinner, and

'on entering the drawing-room, I found Miss Scott in a very elegant dress, which appeared to have exercised a very favourable influence on her manners towards the company. From *that* moment her deportment was gracious in the highest degree. She is remarkably handsome, though she had not made that impression on us in the morning, owing to the pelisse in which she was wrapped up, and the large straw bonnet which concealed her well-formed features and animated eyes.'—p. 160.

We should have thought that this second interview might have spared M. d'Haussez the trouble of mentioning his first erroneous impression: the effect, too, he attributes to the lady's dress is another instance of his superficiality. We believe that any young lady, whether French or English, would, even without any assistance from the toilette, naturally exhibit more of ease and familiarity when appearing in the character of mistress of the house, after the ice of introduction had been broken, and when she had become a little acquainted with the names and quality of her guests. M. d'Haussez, who never observes anything which does not *saute aux yeux*,

yeux, did not think of the change in the position of the parties, and only saw the change of the dress. But he now produces matter more serious. He is very much disappointed with the conversation of Sir Walter himself. M. d'Haussez, to be sure, had hit upon a truly French expedient to draw Sir Walter out. They were no sooner seated in the drawing-room than

'we broke ground on a subject *which we conceived most likely to be agreeable to our host*, by rendering the *homage of praise* to his various works, and by leading the conversation to those particular productions of his pen which are connected with the *history and romance of the middle ages* (!)—our efforts were vain. The remarks we made could not animate our host, and the brevity of Sir Walter's replies caused the conversation to flag.'—p. 160.

Any Englishman of common sense or delicacy comprehends how agreeable this *well-timed and 'delicate homage'* was likely to have been to their host, and its effect upon one of the simplest and most modest men in the world; and will appreciate the good sense of asking—the moment he had alighted from his post-chaise,—not for a glass of wine, or to be shown to his dressing-room,—or the names of the last village he had passed, or of the hills or rivers visible from the windows,—but for a *lecture on the literary history of the middle ages*! This trait alone would have settled our opinion of M. d'Haussez' *taste*, judgment, and good manners, if we had no other evidence. Next morning, however, Sir Walter accompanies his guest through his grounds, and 'gives him, with the utmost complaisance, *all the explanations* which he desired.' 'It was in this conversation that M. d'Haussez was enabled to judge of the character of his mind, and satisfy himself' that it was a very ordinary intellect, 'sparing of observation, and slowly doling out his words in a homely fashion.'—'He wanted the extensive views which M. d'Haussez had supposed him to possess.'—'He had exhausted all his thoughts in his works.'—'He was indifferent to upholding in conversation the reputation his works had given him,' and 'a spirit of minute detail, which detracts so much from the merit of his works, was visible in all he did or said.' Now, is it not really amazing that M. d'Haussez should not see that a conversation between an Englishman who speaks French imperfectly, and a Frenchman who speaks no English at all, must necessarily be dry and sparing,—that the person who unfortunately had to support the whole of such a *unilateral* conversation would of necessity select rather the topics which he could make his guest understand, than those which he himself would, under other circumstances of communication, have chosen? M. d'Haussez complains of the *detail* in which Sir Walter showed him his library and

and his collection of curiosities. His vanity prevents his seeing that when Sir Walter found no access to his *ears*, he was obliged to appeal to his *eyes*, and thought that the exhibition of a rare book,—a fine picture,—a valuable coin, or a curious relic, was the best expedient to amuse a man to whom he could not talk. But what renders more absurd all this criticism on the style of a conversation which he did not comprehend, is the fact, which M. d'Haussez rather betrays than confesses, that, such as it was, it was *all supplied by Sir W. Scott*,—indifferent as his French may have appeared to M. d'Haussez, it was the only medium of communication; and if we, in our turn, were disposed to be critical on such points, we should wonder that a man should have been selected to be *Minister of Marine* of France, who did not understand the language of that great maritime power into so many relations with which his daily duties must have brought him,—that such a man should have been months and years in England without being able to obtain even a smattering of our language,—and that nevertheless his ignorance should not prevent his criticising the conversation of one of the greatest geniuses in the world—nor his writing and publishing two volumes, all on matters which he so little understands, that even his eyes deceive him, and he thinks London consists of houses two stories high! But, finally, after all these *dénigrantes* observations on Sir W. Scott, M. d'Haussez adds—

'It must be said that he was suffering *at this time* the first attack of a disease which, eighteen months afterwards, terminated in his dissolution.'—vol. ii. p. 163.

Yet even this fact does not open M. d'Haussez' eyes; a stroke of palsy, under which he was still *suffering*, and which was followed a very few days after M. d'Haussez' visit by another, does not account to his considerate mind for the imperfect pronunciation of a foreign language—for sparing conversation,—for words slowly doled out,—for the absence of wit and vivacity. Oh, no! but after the slight allusion to palsy which we have just extracted, he makes no further allowance for disease, and a d'Haussez pronounces sentence of mental inferiority on the author of *Marmion* and *Waverley*! We beg pardon as to *Marmion*;—M. d'Haussez does not, we believe, any where disclose that he suspected Sir Walter had ever written a poem. We have dwelt a little too much, we fear, on this point, but besides our desire to do *justice to Sir Walter Scott's* memory, we could not have selected a more appropriate occasion for doing *justice on M. d'Haussez' presumption and ignorance*.

In talking of female education, he observes that the governess
who,

who, in England, teaches French is generally a *Swiss*. He, who never looks below the surface, does not see that the reason of this preference is, that these Swiss governesses are Protestants, and that English parents are wisely averse to subjecting their children to the influence and proselytizing zeal of a Roman Catholic instructress.

M. d'Haussez is amazed at finding that the English, when he saw them more nearly, did not exactly correspond with his preconceived ideas; and to reconcile himself with himself, he has recourse to a theory:—

‘There is a great difference between an Englishman on the Continent and an Englishman in London. Hence originates the erroneous opinion of the English on the other side of the Straits—an opinion founded on the defects as well as the virtues of their character. *The fault of this error lies not in the judges, but in the judged*: the former pronounce an opinion on what they see; the latter exhibit themselves in an assumed character, and this fictitious character is not so estimable as their natural one.

‘An Englishman abroad advertises, in a manner, his desire to preserve the customs of his country; he even exaggerates these, lest any of the details should escape: he pushes his prejudices even to this extent, that he wishes to bend the customs of every country he visits to those of England; he evinces susceptibility, disdain, pride; he requires attention without making any effort to deserve it, and is everywhere at his ease. Does he enter a *salon*, he hardly bows to you—awaits an introduction (a usage foreign to every country except England) before he commences a conversation, and is offended at the least neglect of those observances of which he fancies he should be the object. The crowd should, in his idea, pack itself tighter in order to give a free passage to himself, his wife, and three or four daughters, who hang upon him, and would not for the world be separated. He is inexorable on the point of conceding the smallest English custom, lest it should tend to impeach that nationality of which he is so proud.

‘An Englishman at home is quite a different being: prejudiced in favour of strangers, he lays himself out to please them by adopting their manners and their language, and exaggerating the advantages of both. On these occasions he divests himself altogether of his national habits, to sympathise more fully with strangers, and exhibits a politeness, a courtesy, and a readiness to oblige, which the person who had seen him out of his own country could form no idea of.’—pp. 60-62.

For these statements there is some colour; and the English, no doubt, appear to foreigners more amiable,—more intelligible,—at home than abroad; but we believe that M. d'Haussez' theory of their manners being *intentionally* different is a short-sighted mistake. Though the English are infinitely better acquainted with France—her language, her manners, and her society,—than the French with England,

England, yet very few—hardly one—can be perfectly at home there : the majority must speak the language painfully, and understand it imperfectly when hastily spoken. It must also be very rare that an Englishman should be so domiciled in French society as to be *au fait* of all their little habits, and he, therefore, must necessarily bring into their company his own original manners, and all he says and all he does must have his national mark upon it. Thus it is necessity and ignorance, and often diffidence—not, as M. d'Haussez imagines, 'disdain and pride'—which give to the Englishman *abroad* the *raidure*, the awkwardness, the apparent want of sociability, of which his critic complains. *At home* he is in his own element, and restored to his natural ease, good manners, and good humour : if he receives French visitors, he speaks French more fluently, because with a confidence that he speaks it better than his guest can English. As to manners and habits, he is no longer a puzzled observer and awkward imitator ; he is himself the judge and model ; and the same man charms M. d'Haussez in England who displeased him in France, only because M. d'Haussez did not comprehend, and of course does not make allowance for the real cause of the difference. '*The fault is in the judge, and not the judged.*'

Some of M. d'Haussez's mistakes are more grave. Witness his chapter on hospitals :—

—'They [hospitals] have commonly a special destination, either as respects the class of poor admitted within their walls, or the class of complaints to the cure of which they are devoted. Philanthropy in England is ever on the watch that compassion be not extended beyond proper limits. Hence each hospital has its rules and registers. It is, therefore, with extreme difficulty that an unfortunate stranger, overtaken by illness, at a distance from his native land, or the victim of a sudden accident happening to him out of his parish—it is with difficulty, I say, that such an unfortunate being finds in these asylums, reserved to the mitigation of certain specified evils, the kind of help which his peculiar case demands. Carried from hospital to hospital, the patient, if he obtain admission at any, owes his good fortune to the kind offices of some one affected by his misfortune.'—vol. ii. pp. 1, 2.

Now, all this is absolutely untrue. There are no doubt a few hospitals appropriated to those particular diseases in which separation from other patients is desirable,—such as fever hospitals, small-pox hospitals, Lock hospitals, and lying-in hospitals ; or where a peculiar branch of medical science is specially concerned—as rupture hospitals, or infirmaries for diseases of the eye or the ear ; and this classification of relief (if we may use the expression) seems to us likely to be beneficial to the patient and advantageous to science : but the great majority of hospitals make no such distinction ; and we will venture to say, that no such case as that

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stated by M. d'Haussez ever occurred, of an accident happening to a man out of his own parish, and his being carried from hospital to hospital, seeking in vain for admittance. But the most curious part of the case is, the malignant bigotry with which M. d'Haussez follows up his misstatement of the fact:—

‘*Protestant benevolence* does not, like *Catholic charity*, keep an open table; she does not, like the latter, throw open the doors of her charitable establishments to all maladies alike, without inquiring what they are, or whence they originated. No—she proceeds with order, with caution, without being carried away by indiscreet pity. So much the worse for sufferers who are not ill according to these combinations; for if they present themselves at one establishment of this nature to get cured, they are told that such diseases are not treated here, and that they must go to another!’—pp. 2, 3.

Who but M. d'Haussez ever found out a system of theology in the hospital regulations of either England or France? But, as is usual with this gentleman, and with every man who talks or writes about what he does not understand, he soon falls into inconsistencies and contradictions; for instance, he says that ‘English hospitals are managed by a *system of philanthropy*, and the French by the routine of *charity*.’ (vol. ii. p. 3.) The distinction is not very palpable; but we gather from the context, that he means that the English hospitals are regulated by a *system of general philanthropy*, and those of France by the *impulses of individual charity*; and yet he soon after tells us that the French hospitals are *public establishments*, and that one of the defects of the English is, that they have been founded and are directed by *private charity*. Again—

‘I am far from blaming the whole system of English hospitals, or refusing praise to what I have observed deserving of it. The attentions bestowed on the sick are unremitting; there is great attention paid to cleanliness; the regimen is good; but there prevails, nevertheless, a coldness, a methodical *system*, a repulsiveness, a want of consolation, which are truly afflicting to the beholder.’—pp. 3, 4.

And, yet, he subsequently observes:—

‘Notwithstanding the great inferiority of the English hospitals to the French in *point of organization*, one cannot be unmindful of the immense advantages they procure for suffering humanity.’—p. 10.

Now, certainly, from all his preceding observations, one would not have foreseen that it was in *organization* that our *too systematical* and *over-methodical* hospitals would be inferior to those of France. He blows hot and cold from the same mouth. If M. d'Haussez had confined himself to an eulogy on those admirable women—the *sœurs de la charité*, who devote their saint-like lives to affording medical attendance and religious consolation in the

French hospitals, and to the French poor in general, we should have cordially agreed with him; and we are as much disposed as he can be to lament that religious comfort is so scantily administered in our medical institutions; but we could not permit his charges against the medical and administrative departments of our hospitals to pass undenied.

Indeed, on medical subjects M. d'Haussez seems to be more than ordinarily ignorant, and of course more than ordinarily dogmatical.

'The incredulous,' he says, 'in the abilities of physicians will find, in a comparison of the science as practised in England and in other countries, powerful arguments in favour of their scepticism. In France, for instance, physicians are men of profound attainments in everything that relates directly or indirectly to their art.'—p. 240.

On the contrary—

'In England, opportunities of study are rare, precarious, and costly. There are no other schools than hospitals, no other mode of teaching than the *unreasoning observation of practice*.'—p. 241.

On this the translator rather sharply remarks—

'It is for this very reason that English physicians are the first in the world. Were they to pursue the French system, they might attain "the bad pre-eminence" of French physicians, who are among the worst of the tribe.'—*Ibid*.

We will not pronounce, with the translator, 'French physicians the worst of the tribe,' because we, fortunately, have had but a slender acquaintance with them, but we apprehend that their character will not be much elevated when the panegyric comes from the same pen which indites the following tissue of ignorance and falsehood—we are sorry that we cannot use milder terms—

'If the state of medicine should exhibit a sinister influence as relates to the prolongation of human life, most assuredly it would do so in England. The different causes just indicated are all attended with their effects. The absence of long and continuous study limits medical knowledge to vague and very superficial speculations. Violent remedies derived at random from the pharmacy, and empiricism, are the means resorted to.'

What follows shows that M. d'Haussez studied *England* in *Edinburgh*. He confounds the Scotch method of practice with the English, which is quite a different thing, and he contrives to misrepresent grossly the very little that he had really observed of the northern system.

'There exists, under the name of surgeons, a class of men exercising the healing art, or at least that of having patients under cure. In England, remedies are ordered and sold as candles, sugar, or cloth. *Surgeons* differ from physicians in this, that they cannot receive fees.

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They remunerate themselves by a profit on their drugs. Five or six vials dearly charged for, and filled with remedies of all colours, boxes of pills, ointments, &c., pass from the shop of the apothecary into the chamber, sometimes into the stomach, but oftener out of the window, of the patient. This is a matter of small moment, provided the apothecary receives the remuneration for his visit and medical advice.

‘Energetic remedies form the substratum of the prescriptions of English practitioners. Alcohol enters into the greater part of the preparations and always in the least rational manner. I have seen it administered in large doses to a patient hastening to the tomb through a confirmed consumption. It is a part of the treatment prescribed when the patient is convalescent. The abuse of this drug is carried to inconceivable lengths. I know a lady who drinks a pint of brandy a day by the advice of her physician; and wonderful to tell, this regimen has already lasted for six years. Nowhere is the healing art exercised with a more sovereign contempt of the most common rules, with a more absolute disregard of reasoning and common sense, than in England.’—p. 242-244.

We will not waste time in detailed refutation of such scandalous ignorance;—it is enough to quote it. The English physician is undoubtedly, in general, thoroughly learned in his profession, elegantly accomplished out of it, in manners a gentleman, the most valued friend of the families to whom he ministers, and the unwearied benefactor of the poor. If more can be said for his French brethren, ’tis well. Just as correct is the Baron’s description of the English clergy—

‘The reply to the question—What is a clergyman in England?—would be as follows. An English clergyman is a man of distinguished birth, surrounded by a numerous family, provided with a rich benefice, living in luxury, participating in every pleasure, in all the enjoyments of the world, playing, hunting, dancing, attending the theatres—neither grave nor serious, unless nature has made him so: he is one who hoards his emoluments in order to settle his children; who spends his fortune in wagering, in horses, in dogs, sometimes (when he is thoughtless and devoid of foresight) with a mistress; in any event, giving little to the poor, and leaving their case, and the fulfilment of duties which he disdains, to some unfortunate curate, who for a miserable stipend is obliged to exhibit the virtues and to fulfil the duties which the incumbent despises and neglects. This portrait of the English clergy is *perfectly true*.’—pp. 246, 247.

We, on the contrary, assert that it is *perfectly false*.

But his picture even of the unfortunate curate is equally unfavourable:—

‘There are very few of them who know the number, the names, or the wants of the poor of the parish. They are not seen leaving their dwellings to sit by the bed of the sick, or to carry to the chamber of death the consolations of religion. These charitable offices might

render them subject to the attacks of some contagious disorder.'—p. 252.

We have already seen how superficial and ignorant M. d'Haussez is ; but we really did not think it possible that any man, not absolutely blind and deaf, could have, after a year's residence amongst us, written anything so notoriously false, as these and most of his other observations on our clergy,—as false, as a general description, as if some English bigot were to say that all the French parochial clergy lead a life of dissolute concubinage, because some of them have *nieces* and even *grand-nieces* living in their parsonages. In truth, we believe the clergy of the two countries—differing in some essential points of doctrine, but agreeing in the practical creed of Christianity, and rivalling each other in charity and conduct—are the two most exemplary classes of their respective nations. M. d'Haussez has evidently had his information from two sources—the bigotry of *our* obscure Catholic priests, and the calumnies of our radical dissenters—classes that, we know, lie in wait for foreigners, and, with every plausible art and every malignant artifice, endeavour to create an unfavourable impression of the established church.

On almost every other subject he is equally ignorant, although not so offensive. Can one believe it possible that a person, once a cabinet minister of a country so near us as France, could give such an account as the following of our poor-laws?—

'In many of the parishes, the poor are the objects of a singular speculation. For the receipt of a much larger sum than would suffice for an intelligent and well-directed charity, a sort of *contractor* or overseer undertakes, if not to provide for the wants, at least to *stop the complaints of the indigent*. It is of little moment whether they are properly relieved, provided they are kept from complaining ; and the poor are obliged to submit to this discipline, lest they should find a redoubled severity and harshness on the part of the speculator, into whose hands the relief of their condition has fallen by contract, with little hope of adequate redress from the neighbouring magistrate, to whom they might prefer their complaints. In those parts of England where the poor-rates are administered without the aid of a contractor, they are very much diminished in amount, as well as in efficacy, by the deductions in the form of salaries to parish officers, as well as by the inherent vice of their distribution. Idleness is relieved in as great a degree as industry, and simple distress in the same manner as complete destitution. An inquiry is made as to how many individuals compose the family, and the money is thrown to them, without ascertaining whether there is one of the number who can contribute to his own subsistence and to that of his parents.'—pp. 271, 272.

Every one in England knows that this is false from beginning to end. Articles are generally, and ought always to be, supplied to
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the parish workhouses by *contract*; and this we suppose M. d'Haussez mistakes for *farming out to speculators the maintenance of the English poor*—and 'the poor are plundered and oppressed with impunity by this contractor or overseer' (M. d'Haussez imagines them to be the same person), 'because the neighbouring magistrate will afford no redress:' now it is one of the greatest grievances alleged against the present administration of the poor-laws, that the magistrates are too much disposed to side with the poor complainant against the overseer. But where the poor are not thus farmed out, 'the amount of relief is much diminished' by deductions in form of salaries to the parish officers—no salary being paid to any parish officer in England, and no deduction for any purpose whatsoever being made from the sum required for the actual relief of the poor! Is it worth while to proceed to expose such a writer? If he were not an ex-minister, and one who has some small reputation for civil administration and statistical information in his own country, we should long since have shut up the most paltry book—except perhaps *one*—it has ever been our lot to open on the subject of 'England and the English.'

M. d'Haussez must be a man of very light and shallow mind—grave and really important subjects he hurries over with equal haste and inaccuracy—but trivial topics he labours, if not with more accuracy, at least with more pains. He was minister of the *Marine*, and his account of the *British Navy* is comprised in less than four pages, with as much information as might fill half-a-page; but *en revanche*—a *ball* occupies six pages—a *radical procession* eight—*cockfighting* nine—*horse-racing*, with a *steeple-chase*, nineteen, and so on—and he dwells on these *cock-fights* and *steeple-chases*, as if they were matters of daily occurrence and general interest.

Then he gives a most elaborate description of the English mail and stage coaches, which he says are very elegant carriages; he is enraptured with the fleetness of the horses, the brightness of the harness, and, above all, the excellence of the roads: yet he adds—

'It has been remarked that the horses used for the stage coaches in England go more quickly than those devoted to the same service in France, and that, nevertheless, our carriages *take no more time in performing a given distance*. This anomaly is explained by the difference in the respective arrangements. In England, whether it be to satisfy the taste for frequent meals, or to favour the longing of coachmen and guards for beer and strong liquors, the *relays are more frequent*.'—vol. ii., p. 73.

Even in these small matters, which require no judgment, M. d'Haussez shows that he is very ill informed, not only as to England,

land, but as to France. He asserts that the *relays*—changes of horses—are more frequent here than there, and adds to his statement of the fact his own explanatory reason. Now, in the first place, relays or changes of horses are *not* more frequent in England than in France. They are here generally about ten miles—which M. d'Haussez equals to four leagues. (vol. ii., p. 71.) Now we believe that this will be found not more—and, on the contrary, rather less—frequent, on the average, than the changes in France. In both countries, generally speaking, the mails and best stage coaches change at the ordinary *posting* stages. Now, for instance, Calais is, by Beauvais, sixty-five leagues from Paris, about one hundred and sixty miles: there are *twenty-two* relays on that line. Shrewsbury is about one hundred and sixty miles from London, and there are only *fourteen* relays on the road. If on some roads in England the stages driven by the public carriages are shorter, it is not for the superficial cause assigned by the author, of 'favouring eating and drinking,' but because the horses being slight and going a great pace, it has been found advantageous to shorten the stage; and as to the loitering for the sake of 'beer and strong liquors,' it is notorious that there is at least *twice* as much time expended in *stoppages* in France as in England. But then, it may be asked, if the speed be greater, as M. d'Haussez admits, and the stoppages shorter, as we assert—how is M. d'Haussez' *fact* of the journeys being accomplished in equal times to be dealt with? Why simply by utterly denying his fact, and proving its falsity.

Let us take a few examples from the greatest travelling lines in the two countries. Dijon is seventy-eight leagues, or, according to M. d'Haussez' calculation, one hundred and ninety miles, from Paris; the best diligences perform the journey in about forty-two hours, considerably under five miles an hour. Lyons is one hundred and nineteen leagues, or two hundred and ninety miles, from Paris; the Diligence takes, we are informed, three days and three nights, or seventy-two hours, to perform this journey, about four miles an hour. And these are journeys made under the most favourable circumstances, and in the allotted time; but you are fairly told at the Diligence office when you undertake a long journey, that the exact time of arrival depends on the state of the roads, and we see by the foregoing statement, that as the journey lengthens, so the rate of progress diminishes.

Now the English stage-coaches reach Bath, one hundred and nine miles, in eleven hours and a half—Shrewsbury, one hundred and sixty miles, in less than seventeen hours—Liverpool, two hundred and two miles, in twenty-one hours—all between nine and ten miles an hour—including (as on the other side) stoppages,

pages, about *double* the French rate! What then becomes of M. d'Haussez's accuracy (we are unwilling to say veracity) in cases in which arithmetical certainty is within every man's reach? But M. d'Haussez is not content with one general statement of this enormous error; he produces it a second time, and adduces an individual instance to prove it—

'All doubt would cease on this head, if people considered that the *malle-poste* from Paris to Bordeaux takes no longer to perform the journey than the English mail to travel from London to Edinburgh, (the distance between these four points is the same,) and that the French horses have, nevertheless, to surmount greater difficulties, owing to the bad state of the roads, the shape and weight of the carriages, and the mode of harnessing.'—pp. 88, 89.

M. d'Haussez avoids stating the exact *distances* and *times*; we shall endeavour to supply that omission as well as we can. Bordeaux is one hundred and fifty-four leagues, or three hundred and eighty miles from Paris, and M. d'Haussez is for once right in saying it is about the same distance as Edinburgh from London: but he is right no further—nay, he is grossly, and we fear purposely, deceptive. We are not able, indeed, to state from our own information the exact time of the *malle-poste* from Paris to *Bordeaux*, but we can adduce some examples of the general rates of the *malle-poste*, from other lines of road with which we happen to be acquainted—for instance, we know that to *Brest*, which is one hundred and fifty leagues, (ten miles less than *Bordeaux*,) it takes at the least sixty hours, being at the rate of a little more than six miles an hour. To *Lyons*, the rate is a fraction over, and to *Dijon* a fraction under six miles, an hour; while the London mail reaches Edinburgh in forty-two hours, being above nine miles an hour; and the Liverpool, Manchester, Carlisle, and Devonport mails go still faster. We should suppose that the mail to *Calais* is likely to be as well served as any. By the mail-road the distance is one hundred and seventy miles—this is done from Paris to Calais in twenty-eight hours, something above six miles the hour; but the return time from Calais to Paris is no less than thirty-two hours, considerably *under* six miles per hour. This difference between what we should call the *up* and the *down* mails exists on every road that we know in France, and is sometimes very great; and as we have only calculated the *shortest* times, this circumstance aggravates very seriously M. d'Haussez' misstatement.

Now in M. d'Haussez' mistakes about *England* we were willing to suppose ignorance; but when he makes such a downright misrepresentation about his own country on a subject which, if he knows anything, he must have known—the time in which the daily despatches from the various sea-ports reached his *bureau*; and when

when we find him deliberately and reiteratedly *falsifying* so plain a fact, for the paltry and idle object of giving France a superiority over England in a point of very secondary importance, and which no one ever before dreamt of claiming for her, we are disgusted at the meanness of both the falsehood and its purpose; and we begin to doubt whether we have not been too charitable in attributing to *ignorance* only all his other misrepresentations. We shall, therefore, not waste our time in exposing him further; although every page of his work would afford subject for censure.

If it should occur to our readers that the points to which we have adverted are trifling, and that perhaps in more important subjects he is better worth attention, we beg leave to assure them it is not so;—that, as in his hands trifles become important matters, so the most important matters become trifles. He never looks beyond the surface; and most certainly knows as little of England as his *Ordonnances* of July show that he did of France. Indeed, it seems to us somewhat presumptuous, and certainly not in very good taste, that a person just expelled from his own country for knowing *nothing about it*—for having mistaken her laws, her wants, her wishes, and her temper—should—*pour passer le tems*—erect himself into the judge of the temper, wants, wishes, and laws of another people, to whose shores he escaped as a fugitive—with no one individual of whom he had any previous acquaintance—one word of whose language he does not understand—whose manners he has not learned—and whose merits and whose errors he is, and ever will be, equally incapable of appreciating.

We fancy we see poor Gulliver, escaped from his shipwreck, reading political lectures to the people of Brobdignag. If the worthy gentleman has—as we a little suspect—published all this trash, derogatory (under a very flimsy veil) of the country which has afforded him refuge and hospitality, in the hope of propitiating the *Men of July*, and facilitating his return to France, we wish him success; and it is very probable he may succeed! The *anti-English* tone of his book will recommend him to the great body of his countrymen; and the want of observation, of argument, of talent, and of every thing statesmanlike which it exhibits, will wonderfully soften his political adversaries. M. Dupin or M. Guizot will not fear the opposition of the Baron d'Haussez; and, for ourselves, if it be in the book of fate that France and England should be again at war, we shall heartily wish to see him in his old office of Minister of Marine.

ART. VII.—*Grimm's Deutsche Grammatik*. Gottingen. 1822-1831. 3 vols. pp. 2840.

SUCH is the dry and naked title of one of the most interesting and instructive works that ever issued from the German press. Unappalled either by the inconceivable labour of the task, or by the fear of being thought tedious, but working steadily forwards from the very letters, the illustrious scholar, Grimm, has here given us, under the modest title of a *German grammar*, a thorough history not only of his own language, but of that of every descendant of the Gothic stock throughout Europe, tracing, at the same time, every inflection in every dialect through every intermediate stage up to the earliest period of which any literary monuments remain! We have thus the ready means of comparing on any point the Gothic, the German of the ninth and of the thirteenth centuries as well as of the present time, the old Saxon, Anglo-Saxon and English, the old and modern Dutch, the ancient Scandinavian, and modern Danish and Swedish languages; and the whole is enriched throughout with the relations that exist between these and the more remotely connected languages,—the Sanscrit, Greek, Latin,—even the Celtic,—and the Sclavonic,—which are made out in a manner that does the highest credit to Grimm's acuteness and sound judgment; those between the Gothic and Latin being particularly worthy of attention.

It is in works of this nature that Germany is pre-eminent among the European nations; and it is long since those who are interested in philological researches have made a more valuable acquisition, or one more fit to wipe out from their favourite study the reproach which has been somewhat speciously cast on it, that it is a science 'où la voyelle ne fait rien, et la consonne fort peu de chose.' Even where Grimm does not himself propose any suggestion as to the origin of words, he does what is frequently a greater benefit to science, in placing clearly before us all the facts that bear upon the point, and thus enabling us to form our own judgment. It is not our intention to enter into a detailed examination of the work; we would merely point out one or two of the topics which appeared to us most remarkable, or deserving of further notice than has been given to them by our author. The first six hundred pages of the book are taken up with a minute examination of the letters in each of the dialects which come under consideration—and here we must commend the example Grimm has shown in abolishing the use of the Gothic characters; there is no more reason for our employing them, than for our using the Roman capitals in printing Latin; the common type was equally unknown to both nations, and the use of the uncouth Gothic letters both increases the difficulty to the reader, and adds to the expense of printing, without affording any counter-
tervailing

terrailing advantage. Indeed, the example might be extended even to the oriental languages with very great benefit; if, for instance, the Sanscrit were printed in European characters, we are convinced that a large class of persons would acquire at least its rudiments, who are now deterred from similar studies by the formidable difficulty of a new character looking them in the face at the very outset.

The general examination of the various alphabets closes with a valuable chapter containing a summary view of the relations that exist between the corresponding letters of each alphabet, from which our author concludes—

‘That although the vowels are apt to waver, and admit of various influences, there is nothing capricious in their variations, which take place according to deeply seated, though hitherto undiscovered rules. The vowels may be considered as the necessary colouring or spirit of all words, the breath without which they cannot exist. It is the vowel that individualizes the word; its form, its species, so to say, rests on the consonants. With these the relations are much surer and more lasting: dialects, whose vowels for the most part differ, frequently retain the same consonants. Accordingly, we find that in Greek and Latin, as well as in the Teutonic languages, the liquids—*l, m, n, r*—remain essentially unaltered in corresponding words. Their fluent nature enables them to sink into their places after every convulsion. The same is, in general, true of the breathings—*h, s, v*—whose connexion with each other is shown partly by their effecting the same changes upon the preceding vowels—partly by the interchange between *h* and *v*; and *w, h*, and *s*; and the contact of the assibilation with the aspiration (*th, ts, z*). *H* and *v*, the softest of all consonants, occasionally drop off entirely, especially before liquids.’—vol. i. p. 586.

The other consonants, comprising the labials *p, b, f*, linguals *t, d, th*, and gutturals *k, g, ch*, follow a different rule. They are divided into the above three classes, according to the organ that is employed to pronounce them, and in passing from one dialect to another we frequently find that they vary, but in such a manner that, in corresponding situations, the organic nature of the sound remains constant. Thus, if we have a labial at the beginning of a Latin word *frater*, we shall still have a labial at the beginning of the English *brother*; but in Latin it is the aspirate *f*, in English the medial *b*. So with the linguals, the Latin tenuis *t* in *tres* answers to the English aspirate *th* in *three*, and to the German medial *d* in *drei*; in each case, however, the organic nature of the initial consonant remains unvaried, it is always a lingual that precedes the *r*. The result of Grimm’s observations upon this subject has been the discovery of a very remarkable law, according to which these changes of letter, seemingly so capricious, take place.

If we suppose these classes of consonants to have a natural tendency to change their aspirates into medials, medials into tenuous, and

and tenues into aspirates, in passing from an older to a newer dialect, the old High German will be one step farther advanced than the Gothic in the order of these changes, and the Gothic one step farther than the Latin, Greek, and Sanscrit ; the latter languages thus bearing exactly the same relation to the Gothic that the Gothic bears to the old High German.

The consequence of these variations will be seen more clearly from the following table of the corresponding letters in the languages above-mentioned, which is applicable alike to labials, linguals, and gutturals—

Old High German.	Gothic.	Greek and Latin.
Tenuis	Medial	Aspirate
Medial	Aspirate	Tenuis
Aspirate	Tenuis	Medial

In applying this rule, we should observe, that in the labial class P, B, F, in old High German the medial B has been supplanted by V (= B H), which in other languages is frequently confounded with it. In the same dialect we find an instance of the H passing into S, and the aspirate of the lingual rank is represented by Z (= T S). Amongst the gutturals the Latin and Gothic have no aspirate CH, and its place is supplied in Latin by H, and in Gothic sometimes by G and sometimes by H. Here, too, the old high German medial G sometimes passes into an H.

Bearing these observations in mind, we may develop the preceding table in the following manner, the letters in the same horizontal line answering to each other :—

	Old High German.	Gothic.	Greek and Latin.
Labials	P	B	F
	V	F	P
	F	P	B
Linguals	T	D	T H
	D	T H	T
	Z (= T S)	T	D
	K	G	CH, H
Gutturals	G, H	G, H	K
	CH	K	G

Thus we have—

Greek or Latin.	Gothic.	Old High German.
πες	fotjus	vuoz
piscis	fisks	visc
frater	brôther	pruoder
treis	threis	dri
ετερος	anthar	andar
οδης plu. οδοντες	tunthus	zand
γενος	kuni	chunni
χοπος hortus	gards	karto

where

where we shall find that the changes of consonants are the same with those laid down in the table. It is easy to perceive of what importance this rule is to etymology, as a test of the truth of any supposed deviation. Thus—

* Words in which two changes of consonant agree with the rule (*τρεχειν*, *thragjan*—*ποδες*, *fojtus*) are doubly certain; those in which one consonant agrees and the other varies are suspicious; still more suspicious are those in which the consonants remain unaltered in the three languages. In this case either all relationship fails—as (Anglo-Saxon) *pāds*, *paduas*, *παθος*, *dolor*: or else one language has borrowed from the other; thus *scriban* is *scribere* itself, *frucht* is *fructus*. Hence we see that, in examining derivations of words, we have less to inquire into the resemblance of the consonants than into the order of their descent in the above series, an order which allows neither of inversion nor of alteration. Thus, if in an old High German word we find a *p*, and in the same position in the corresponding Gothic word a *b*, and in the Latin an *f*, we may conclude that the three words descend from a common stock, of which each language possesses its peculiar derivative unborrowed from either of the others. If, on the contrary, we find an *f* in High German answering to a *b* in Gothic, and *p* in Latin, the order in which these letters appear is contrary to that pointed out by the table, although, abstractedly considered, they are truly related. The Greek *τ* requires a Gothic *th*, but the Gothic *t*, instead of a Greek *θ*, requires a *δ*; and thus the identity of the words depends upon their outward *unlikeness*.

This rule is, of course, obscured by partial exceptions, amongst which we may mention the constant tendency of the three tenues—*p*, *t*, *k*—to supplant each other: as *ταως*, *pavo*—*πεντε*, *quinque*—*pedder* (Welsh), *τετταρα*, *quatuor*—*ππος*, *equis*.

We must now pass over a mass of important matter to arrive at the pronouns, the origin of many of the most interesting objects of research in all languages. In the ancient Teutonic dialects the formations from this source are peculiarly abundant, though most of them have fallen out of use in modern speech. Nothing can be more complete than the account given by Grimm of these derivative particles, their origin and employments. But the stocks themselves from which they are derived, namely, the interrogative or relative and demonstrative pronouns, seem deserving of further attention than he has bestowed upon them. We are left entirely in the dark as to the nature of that meaning which is common to each of these classes; of that mode of signification which decides whether a given word is a relative or a demonstrative.

We perceive at once, on hearing any of the words *who*, *which*, *where*, *when*, that there is something in their meaning that is common to all of them; something which gives them what we call

call their relative or interrogative sense. What is this common something? What is it that distinguishes the relative *who* from the personal pronoun *he*? A little consideration will be sufficient to convince us that there is nothing, strictly speaking, more essentially *relative* in the former than in the latter of these words: both of them equally refer to some person previously mentioned or understood; both of them are equally incomplete when standing by themselves as one of the terms of a proposition. It is as necessary, in order to complete the sense, to supply the name of some person if we say 'He was a great man,' as if it had been 'Who was a great man?' It is obvious, then, that the distinctive name of *relative* is an ill-chosen one, nor would it ever have been given to this pronoun if grammarians had understood its true nature. We shall, in the first place, examine into the different modes of relation effected by these two pronouns, and we shall then endeavour to arrive at an exact notion of their meaning, not, as is usually done, by merely explaining the occasions on which it will be proper to use each, but by laying down expressions which may actually be substituted for the pronouns in discourse without altering the sense, at the same time taking care that neither of the words sought to be explained shall occur in its own explanation. It is in this precaution that the great difficulty consists; it is, however, absolutely necessary, in order to avoid being entangled in a vicious circle.

The connexion in meaning between *he* and *who* is so close, that it can hardly escape the attention of any inquirer; but we are not aware that the exact difference between the two has been hitherto pointed out. Harris, and other writers on grammar after him, have asserted that the relative may always be resolved into the personal pronoun and a conjunction. Thus, in the example given in the *Hermes*,

'Light is a body, which moves rapidly,'
which is resolved into *and it*, and the passage becomes

'Light is a body, and it moves rapidly.'

It is obvious that the conjunction *and* is here entirely redundant: it adds nothing to the meaning; the sense of the original sentence would be as exactly rendered by simply substituting *it* for *which*—

Light is a body, it moves rapidly.

In fact, the last version approaches rather nearer to the original than that in which the *and* is inserted; the mind treats the two propositions of which it consists more as a whole when not connected by a conjunction; the moment an *and* is introduced the sense is interrupted, and the propositions become entirely distinct. The assertion of Harris then leads to the unavoidable conclusion
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that we may always substitute the personal for the relative, a conclusion so obviously false, that it should be enough to convince us that he has not hit on the true solution of the question. We grant that either of the latter versions conveys, upon the whole, the same information with the original passage, but it is a great oversight to suppose that every corresponding term employed must necessarily be identical in meaning. The office of the relative in the original, though of similar nature, is perfectly distinct from that of the personal pronoun by which it is replaced in the other versions: *which* refers to *body*; *it* to *light*—

Light is a body, which *body* moves rapidly.

Light is a body, and it (*light*) moves rapidly.

We should also observe that the personal pronoun *it* actually represents its antecedent *light*, it stands in its place; and the sense would be the same whether we use the word *it* or *light*—‘*it moves rapidly*,’ or ‘*light moves rapidly*.’ The relative *which*, on the contrary, has not simply the same meaning with its antecedent; it cannot be replaced by the word *body*, to which it refers: we cannot say

‘Light is a body—a body moves rapidly:’

for the second proposition is not true of all bodies, and we only intend to assert that the particular body called *light* moves rapidly—*i. e.* the body mentioned in the antecedent proposition, or that portion of the predicated genus *body* which agrees with the subject of the proposition, *light*.

Hence we may form this distinction between the personal and the relative pronoun, that the former actually represents or stands in the place of one term of an antecedent proposition—the latter represents such portion of it only, as agrees with the remaining term of the same proposition.

We now come to the consideration of the actual meaning of the personal and relative pronouns; and as it is obvious that the personal is the simpler of the two, we shall, in the first place, examine the pronoun *he*, *she*, *it*. It is frequently said that these words have no meaning of their own, but that they take in each particular case the meaning of the nouns to which they refer, or in whose place they stand. But this is an error; whether, with some grammarians, we consider the personal pronoun as a word used to stand in the place of the noun, the subject of discourse, in order to prevent the too frequent repetition of it in the same sentence; or, with others, as used to distinguish the person spoken of from the person speaking, and the person spoken to: the meaning of the pronoun *he*, *she*, *it*, will in all cases be the same—the person or thing spoken of.

Thus the sentence ‘Isaac bade Esau procure him venison’ is equivalent

equivalent to 'Isaac bade Esau procure the man mentioned venison.' If we prolong the sentence a little, and add, 'and promised that when he had brought it he would give him his blessing,' the passage becomes, 'Isaac bade Esau procure the man mentioned venison, and promised that when the man mentioned had brought the thing mentioned, the man mentioned would give the man mentioned the blessing of the man mentioned.' Here we are involved in hopeless confusion from there being two men mentioned, and nothing to point out which of them is intended every time '*the man mentioned*' occurs.

Let us now substitute *he* and *it* for *the man* and *the thing mentioned*, and the sense becomes clear at once. We should observe, however, that the advantage gained by the substitution is purely mechanical: in point of grammatical construction, the ambiguity still remains, and the pronoun, equally with the expression of *the man mentioned*, may apply indifferently either to Isaac or Esau; but the sentence is so much shortened by the substitution that the mind is now enabled to retain the whole of it with all the circumstances of the case at once within its view, and thus no difficulty occurs in referring each *he* and *him* to its proper antecedent. The pronoun being thus an abbreviated form of a longer sentence, we may conclude that there was a period in the history of mankind before that abbreviation took place, though so convenient a contrivance would in all probability have been very early introduced as one of the first steps in what we may call the civilization of language. This being the case, it is very unlikely that men should have invented arbitrary sounds to express these relations, which were already capable of being sufficiently represented by the periphrasis given above. It is more probable that, like the organic remains of the material world, these particles were formed of the most striking portions of the sentences which they represent, whilst the more perishable parts have mouldered away. In some respects the fossil remains have met with a more fortunate destiny than these relics of the immaterial world, for, whilst the former have for the most part been preserved by the protecting soil in which they were embedded, so that a skilful anatomist has little difficulty in deciding to what portion of the skeleton of living animals they correspond, the latter, from their everyday and universal use, have been worn, until, like pebbles on the beach, they have lost every corner and distinctive mark, and hardly a vestige remains to indicate their original form. Yet even here we are not left entirely without traces which may enable us to form some conjecture of the origin of one or two of these pronouns. We have seen that *he* and *it* represent sentences meaning *the man*, and *the thing mentioned*. Now the most striking parts—the bones, as
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it were, of these sentences, and therefore the parts most likely to remain as symbols of the whole, are the nouns *man* and *thing*. Accordingly, we find that *he* is in German *er*, and this is not unlikely to have arisen from the primitive word, from which comes *vir* (Latin) and *wer* (Anglo Saxon). If this be true, the Latin *is*, he, would stand for *ir*, like *honos* for *honor*, and other instances of the same change of letter. This conjecture would, at first sight, seem to be much strengthened by the word for *he* in the northern Gothic languages, namely *hann*—a word which would appear naturally to point to the word *man* as its origin, but we are led by the analogy of the Swedish *annan* where the Germans have *ander*, as well as by other circumstances, to doubt whether *hann* and *er* may not be radically the same. In the *Bas Breton* the pronoun is *hen*, whilst *man* is *den*. Again: the word *it* might easily arise out of the Gothic *vaihts*—Anglo Saxon *wiht*—a *thing*; from whence our word *nought*, *no-it*, or *nothing*. Horne Tooke sought for the origin of *it* in the other member of the same sentence with ourselves, deriving it from the participle of *haitan*, to name, in old English *hight*, in the sense of ‘the said.’ But this does not appear tenable ground for several reasons, amongst others because *hight* means *named*, *called*, and not *mentioned* or *spoken of*. Besides, this derivation would make *it* apply equally well to the masculine as to the neuter gender: *it* might represent ‘the said *man*’ as well as the ‘said *thing*.’ We are not aware that any derivation has been suggested for *she*, but there is little doubt that it must be from some word signifying *a woman*; and no German scholar will be a loss for a plausible *guess*.

We shall derive some assistance in the analysis of the relative from the following table of the personal, relative, and demonstrative pronouns in a few of the principal languages of the Indo-European stock—

Languages.	Personal.	Interrogative or Relative.	Demonstrative.
German	{ er sie es	wer was	der die das
Latin	{ is ea id	quis or qui quæ quid or quod	is-te
Gothic	{ is si ita	hvas hvô hva	sa sô thata
Anglo Saxon	{ he hëo hit	hva hvæt	se seo thät
			English

Languages.	Personal.	Interrogative or Relative.	Demonstrative.
English	he	who	the
Lettish and Lithuanian		kas	tas
Sanscrit		kas	{ sa sa tat
Breton		pwy	
Gaelic		co	
Greek		τις	{ ὁ ἡ το

It is impossible to look at this table without perceiving that there is a certain relation between the three classes of pronouns; and a little attention will suffice to convince us, notwithstanding slight variations from the rule, that in general the relative and demonstrative are *derived from* the personal pronoun by the addition of certain prefixes, which vary in the different tongues according to the peculiar tendency of each to prefer certain sounds. Thus in Sanscrit, Slavonic, Irish, and Ionic Greek, the relative prefix is a *k*, in ordinary Greek, Welch, and Breton, a *p*,—in Scotch and Latin, *qu*,—in Gothic and Anglo Saxon, *hv*,—in German, *w*,—and English, *wh*. The identity of the plan on which the relative is formed in almost all these languages, as well as the nature of the letters employed as prefix, shows that this prefix is of common origin. It is probable that the original sound was nearly that of the Scotch *qu*, *viz.* a strongly aspirated sound between a *w* and a *k*, from which, by gradually softening down the aspirate, the transition was easy through the sound of the English *wh* in *what*, to the *a* in the German *was* on the one side, and through the Latin *qu* to the simple *k* of the Sanscrit, Slavonic, and Gaelic, on the other side. In other words the simple aspirate has remained, while the *w* has been lost, as in *who*, where the *w* is not pronounced, and where unquestionably, if this change had taken place at an earlier period in the history of the language—when spelling was more unsettled—the *w* would have been omitted in writing as it is now in speaking. The greatest change appears to be that from *k* to the *p* in Greek and Welch, and to our ears there seems certainly to be little resemblance between these two letters. When, however, we see that in dialects so nearly allied, as Welch and Gaelic—and Ionic, and common Greek—they correspond to each other, we cannot doubt that there is an organic connexion between the two sounds. If we take the following series, of which *p* and *k* form the two extremities, *p, b, v, w, gw, g, k*, we shall see that there are no two of the consecutive sounds that are not constantly interchanged, and hence it is natural that the

extreme sounds themselves should sometimes supplant each other. There can be no doubt that the numerals are essentially the same in all these languages, yet we see the π in $\pi\epsilon\upsilon\tau\epsilon$, and in the Welch *pedder*, corresponds to the *qu* in *quinque* and *quatuor*.

Grimm observes, on the origin of the relative and demonstrative pronouns,—

‘that the first peculiarity that strikes us in considering the pronouns is, that the initial consonant seems to distinguish certain classes of them, classes which must have had their origin in the older languages, where the rule is much more clearly displayed than in the Teutonic dialects. This rule is, that the interrogative pronouns begin with *k*, the tenuis of the guttural class, and the demonstrative with *t*, the tenuis of the linguals, a rule which seems to be founded in the nature of the words themselves. Amongst all the sounds of the human voice, none is so capable of expressing the essence of *interrogation*, which requires to be felt at the very beginning of the word, as *k*, the fullest consonant that the throat can utter. A bare vowel would sound too indistinct, and the labials cannot be compared to the gutturals in point of strength. It is true that *t* can be uttered with equal vigour, but it has something more staid about it, and has, therefore, been appropriated to the quiet, sedate answer, which has already the questioner’s attention drawn to it: *k* demands, interrogates, cries out; *t* points out and answers. The history of language, however, teaches us that this appropriation of the two letters is not a rule of such strict necessity as never to be broken in upon. For instance, we see the *k* sometimes supplanted by the labial tenuis *p*, and what is more striking, sometimes even by *t*, the distinctive initial of the opposite class of pronouns.’—vol. iii. p. 1.

There is much that is both fanciful and unsatisfactory in this theory; but the principal objection is, that it supposes the interrogative pronoun to be a primitive word, and yet gives no explanation of its close likeness in some languages to the relative pronoun,—its positive identity with it in others. It is evident from these that there is a certain connexion between the two—a fact which grammarians* have contented themselves with observing, without investigating the cause of the resemblance—and it will not be difficult to show, that there was originally but one word for both, of which the *interrogative* is a secondary employment, derived by a natural ellipse from its primary relative sense. It is consequently in its aptitude for the latter purpose that we ought to seek for the origin of the proper prefix—and as the relative can never occur at the beginning of a sentence, its guttural initial can be of no use in calling the hearer’s attention in the manner that Grimm supposes.

Every question in itself implies a command to answer it; and if it begins with an interrogative, the kind of information

* Encycl. Metrop. Grammar, p. 43.

required is shown by the nature of the particle employed. If the question begins with *when*, we know that it is the time indicated by the speaker that we are required to specify; if with *where*, the place; if with *who*, we must state either the name or some other circumstances which may serve to distinguish the person intended. Thus in the question, 'Who was Xantippe?' there is an implied command to mention the circumstances by which Xantippe was known, and the full meaning is, 'Tell me the circumstances which distinguished the woman who was (named) Xantippe,' where *who* is used in its *ordinary relative sense*. The original form of the question was evidently the unabbreviated one, but the eagerness of inquiry would not long allow of any circumlocution that could possibly be avoided. The demand of an answer, which was common to all similar questions, was then omitted, being sufficiently expressed by the tone of voice, and all that remained to ask the question, was the clause originally used to define the person inquired after, 'Who was named Xantippe?' or 'Who was Xantippe?' The pronoun *who*, now receiving a more marked accentuation, becomes an interrogative, and conveys not only its proper relative meaning, but also an intimation that the speaker requires a knowledge of the person to whom it refers. In course of time slight differences arose between the relative and interrogative forms of the pronoun, as is often the case with words originally the same, but employed for a long period in different senses. So the Latins used *quis* and *quid* for interrogatives, *qui* and *quod* for relatives; in Sanscrit the interrogatives begin with a *k*, the relatives with a *y*. There is another form of question which is only marked as such by the disposition of the words without the aid of any interrogative particle. Of this form, 'Do ye then seek gold on trees?' is an example; but in all such instances, the interrogation in fact depends upon an ellipse of the dual pronoun *whether*, *which of the two*, viz. of the affirmative or the negative of the proposition contained in the question. In Anglo-Saxon, this pronoun is actually expressed, the example we have given being in that language: 'Hwæther ge nūn secath gold on treowum?' the construction of which is, 'Ye seek gold on trees or ye do not; tell me whether, or tell me the case which is the true one of the two:'—so that in no shape is the interrogative a primitive mode of speech.

The next question that demands our attention is whether the initial *k* or *w*, which, as we have seen, transforms the personal into the relative pronoun, can be supposed to be an unmeaning particle, used merely for the purpose of distinction, or whether it must not rather be the vestige of some significant word, which, when joined to the personal pronoun, forms a truly compound word

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partaking of the meaning of both its component parts. Grimm, as we have seen, adopts the former opinion: he informs us that the Indian grammarians derive their interrogative prefix *k* from *kai*, to *sound*,—at the same time intimating that they are wrong in so doing, or in attempting to find *any root* for these pronouns. The supposition that *k* was chosen as interrogative prefix from an imagined fitness of the sound to express inquiry, appears to arise from an unphilosophical view of the formation of language, which is not only the means of giving utterance to our thoughts, but also the very form in which they exist in our minds, and therefore, however rude we may suppose its first beginnings to have been, it could never have been inadequate to communicate the ideas of mankind. We may, indeed, without the gift of speech, be conscious of feeling all the different desires, appetites, and passions; the images of sensible objects may occur to our minds, and may recall others with which they have been associated, and the effect of this association is so strong even with animals, as sometimes to give them the appearance of reasoning; the dog, for instance, who sees his master put on his hat, knows as certainly that he is going out of doors as if he had been told so in words; not that the dog puts his ideas into the form of a syllogism: ‘Whenever my master puts on his hat, he goes out immediately afterwards, and therefore he must now be going out of doors;’ but the two actions have been so constantly associated, that he cannot see one without the idea of the other recurring to his mind. But no connected reasoning, nothing that can be called thought, can take place in our minds that we do not clothe in words, or, consequently, which is incapable of being expressed in the language we are acquainted with. Hence, no one could ever have felt the want of new modes of expression in order to give utterance to his ideas. Yet how strongly must this want have been felt, before it could have driven any one to invent a word of so complex and abstract a meaning as the relative pronoun!

Even granting that some metaphysical genius might have perceived the convenience of such an invention, and have imagined the idea of forming it from the personal pronoun by the addition of an arbitrary prefix, how was he to introduce its use amongst his fellow-men? Whom would we find among the hunters and shepherds of the times in which language was moulded into its grammatical forms, to listen to his speculations, or to understand the convenience of his new invention? The idea would, we fear, have remained a barren speculation in the mind of the inventor, unless, indeed, we may suppose the Wittenagemot of some Hercynian wilderness to have taken cognizance of the improvement of language, for without a positive enactment, the meaning of a word could never have been

altered

altered by the addition of an unmeaning particle. A more natural way of accounting for the origin of these words is to suppose that their meaning was formerly expressed by a periphrasis, which, from its nature, would be of constant recurrence in every discourse, and, from the universal tendency of language to abbreviations of all kinds, would gradually become shortened. Some advantage with regard to clearness and convenience would be gained at each step of the abbreviating process, the benefits of which being thus learnt by experience, it would continue, until the former periphrasis was reduced to a monosyllable, which would now put on the form of the relative pronoun. Now, whatever changes may take place in the form of the expression, it is clear, that as no new sound can be introduced in the course of abbreviation, each component part of the relative *who* must trace its origin from some member of the sentence which formerly served to convey the meaning of this pronoun, and it thus appears, that even the prefix *w* (by the addition of which to *he*, the relative is formed) must be the vestige of some significant word. This view is corroborated by the fact, that some words of a relative form, which in Latin have the regular initial *qu*, are expressed in English by two words, one of them being an ordinary adjective, to which the other adds a relative sense. Thus, *quot*, *quantus*, are in English, *how many*, *how great*, where *how* seems to take the place of the initial *qu*. In fact, by the addition of *how* to almost any adjective, we can form as true a relative, as *quantus*, *quot*, or *qualis*. Thus, in the sentence, 'He warned me how wicked a man I had to deal with'—'how wicked' is a compound expression, agreeing exactly in construction with any of the Latin words above-mentioned. We should observe, too, that in Anglo-Saxon, the relative prefix *hu*, is the exact syllable which was also used by itself in the sense of our word *how*. It is very improbable that the *hu* which is written separately in *hu micel* (*quantus*), should have a different origin from the *hu* in *hua*, *huat* (*qui*, *quod*). We may fairly conclude from these considerations, that the English relative prefix (*wh*) is the vestige of the word *how*, and accordingly it will only be necessary to come to a clear understanding of the meaning of the latter word, in order to explain that of *who*, which, as we have seen, is equivalent to *how*, *he*.

However various the meanings of this particle appear at first sight, we shall find, on consideration, that they may all be included under the general idea of the *manner* of anything,—meaning thereby the assemblage of circumstances that distinguish the being or action spoken of from others of a like nature. Thus, to ask a man 'how he does,' is to ask him what circumstances distinguish his present from his ordinary state of health; to tell *how* magnificent

cent such a place is, is to describe the particulars of that magnificence. In comparing abstract magnitudes, it is obvious that the only way in which they can differ is in the more or less; and hence, when used with adjectives of size or quantity, *how* seems to take the meaning of degree simply. It is thus the sign of all that individualizes; it signifies the particulars of anything; and may be translated by *individual* or *particular*. If we were to hazard a conjecture as to the etymology of *how*, we should be inclined to derive it from *way* (which comes very near *wie*, Germ., in sound), and which is also used in the metaphorical sense of mode or manner. We say indifferently *the way* to do anything, or *how* to do it; so we talk of a person's way of life, meaning their mode of life. The writer of the English Lexicon in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana derives it from *heow*, *hiwe*, the substantive of *hiwan*, to fashion. Let us now substitute the meanings which we have ascertained for *how* and *he* in the relative *who*, and examine whether the result will throw any light upon the mode in which it performs what we have already ascertained to be its peculiar office,—the selecting and representing so much of its antecedent as is indicated by the nature of the proposition in which the latter occurs. Take, for instance, the following examples:—
 'There are some men who do not fear death.' Substituting its value for w - - - ho

|
 how . . . he
 |

There are some men, the particular men spoken of do not fear death. 'Who goes there?' This is, as we have seen, an elliptical expression, for 'Tell me the name of the man who goes there!'—putting its value for *who*. 'Tell me the name of the man—the particular man spoken of goes there.' And in like manner may every other sentence be explained in which the relative *who* occurs.

It should be observed that, in the explanation above given of the word *how*, we have made no reference to the *relative* meaning which it usually bears. 'Tell me *how* did you come here,' means 'Tell me the manner in which you came here.' Thus, if the derivation of this particle be such as we have suggested, the expression *in which* must usually be understood after it; but if *how* should be, as Grimm supposes, merely a case of the pronoun *who*, its meaning (which must still be *the manner in which*) would depend upon some such noun as *manner* or *way* understood before it, and the relative prefix would be the vestige of this understood noun, instead of the particle *how* itself. It is necessary to bear this in mind, or we might be thought, by those who adopt

adopt Grimm's view of the nature of the particle *how*, to be reasoning in a circle, in deriving the relative prefix *iv* from a case of the very word *who*, which it is our object to explain.

The Abbé Sicard, in his 'Elémens de Grammaire Générale,' appears to have come nearer these views than any other author we have seen. He was placed in circumstances peculiarly favourable to such researches, by the office of Director of the Schools for the Deaf and Dumb, which he filled with so much distinction, and where, in order to teach language to those who could have no conception of its meaning, it was obviously of the utmost importance to reduce all the principles of grammar to their primitive elements, wherever that could be done, but always to the most simple and intelligible possible. All elliptical and abbreviated modes of expression would require to be filled out, and expressed in terms of their component ideas, before he could hope to make them understood by the scholars, with whose minds he had such inadequate means of communicating; and he had thus, in the comparative facility or difficulty of effecting this purpose, a touchstone, as it were, on which to try the truth of his analysis. In speaking of the relatives, the Abbé says,—'These words, *qui* and *que*, are elliptic expressions which answer, in their first part, to the letter *x* in algebra, the unknown quantity which replaces the preceding term, or points out that which follows, whether this term is a noun or an entire proposition; and which are, in their second part, either the pronoun *il* in *qui*, or the verb *est* in *que*.' If it had not been for the unlucky explanation of the *e* in *que*, it might be said that he had here touched upon the very verge of the true meaning of these words; but it only requires to cast our eye over his illustration to be convinced of the worthlessness, in grammatical studies, of any but the most well-defined and exact notions. The following is the example given by M. Sicard of the use of the relatives, together with his mode of decomposition:—

'L'astre *que* nous admirons le plus est aussi celui *qui* nous est le plus utile.

'Nous admirons le plus *qu*;
Est cet astre est *qu*;
 Il nous est le plus utile.'

In this decomposition it is easy to see which are the words replaced by the two *qu*'s. We also see the *e* of *que* represented by *est*, and the *i* of *qui* by *il*.

The remaining words, of a relative nature, that we possess in English will give little trouble, as they are all immediately derived from the pronoun *who*, of which, indeed, the adverbs *when*, *where*, and *why*, seem to be simply cases. It will perhaps illustrate this

view

view of their nature and derivation, if we give the declensions of the relative and demonstrative pronouns in Anglo-Saxon:—

	RELATIVE.		DEMONSTRATIVE.		
	Neuter.	Masc.	Neuter.	Masc.	Fem.
Nom.	hwæt	hwa	thæt	se	seo
Acc.	hwæt	hwone	thæt	thone	tha
Abl.	hwi	hwi	thi	thi	thære
Dat.	hwam	hwam	tham	tham	thære
Gen.	hwæs	hwæs	thæs	thæs.	thære

It will readily be seen from this table how *near then* and *when* (in Anglo-Saxon, *thone*, *hwone*) come to the accusative masculine of the relative and demonstrative pronouns respectively. *There* seems to be the genitive feminine, *thære*—in analogy with the Greek *σου*, which is also of a genitive form, although it is in the masculine gender. The relative pronoun has no feminine in Anglo-Saxon; but as it is formed in all existing inflections in exact accordance with the demonstrative, the genitive feminine, if there was one, would be *whære*, and it is probably from this source that our *where* is derived. *Why* is the ablative essentially unaltered; corresponding to which we had formerly a *thi*; *forthi* being of constant recurrence in old English in the sense of *on that account*. There was thus originally nothing in the word *when* which conveyed the idea of time, nor in *where* of place; but these being the cases of the relative pronoun by which reference was made to the time *when*, or place *where*, any action occurred, the usual tendency of language to abbreviation showed itself in the omission of the nouns *of time and place*. The pronouns *when* and *where* would then seem to contain in themselves the meaning of the nouns respectively understood before them, and would thus put on their present adverbial appearance. In the very expression we have just used, of ‘the time *when* any action occurred,’ the meaning of *when* is even at this day simply pronominal, and we might with equal propriety have said, ‘the time *at which* any action occurred;’ and the pronominal nature of these adverbs is still more apparent from the use of *where* in composition,—*whereby* and *wherefore* meaning *by what* and *for what*, without even a reference to the idea of place. *Which*, in old English *whilk*, was originally *who like*, and was identical with the Latin *qualis* (Gothic, *hueleiks*), although it has in modern English, in certain cases, usurped the place of the simple pronoun *what*. On exactly the same plan are formed the Scotch *ilk*, *the same*, from *it-like*, and *such*—Anglo-Saxon, *swilk*—Gothic, *swa-leiks*—from *so-like*.

The demonstrative prefix is in general *t*, *d*, or *th*, and thus are formed, in German, *der*, *das*, from *er*, *es*; in English, *that* from *it*:—but sometimes the demonstrative pronoun has an initial *s*, as in
the

the Gothic,—*sa, so, thata*, Anglo-Saxon, *se, seo, thæt*. The proper use of the demonstrative pronoun *that* seems to be to single out some object in the presence of the speaker which he wishes to make the subject of discourse, and to distinguish it from others of a like nature. The simplest mode of doing this would be by actually pointing it out, at the same time making use of some expression in order to call the hearer's attention to the action of pointing; and this expression, whatever it might be, would correspond in construction to the demonstrative pronoun. It will be evident that such is the office of this pronoun from considering the case where there is no accompanying action. If there are several books on a table, and I desire some one to 'bring me *that* book,' without making use of any action, it will be impossible for him to know which book I want, or to attribute any meaning to the word *that*. It is thus by the action alone that we are directed to the object intended; and the use of the demonstrative can only be to call the hearer's attention to that action. Now we have seen that *that* is composed of a particle *t* or *th* prefixed to the personal pronoun *it*; and the latter word, meaning simply *thing*, the demand of the hearer's attention must be made by the prefix *t*, which would thus be the vestige of some such imperative as *look* or *see*. The latter would agree very well with the Anglo-Saxon *se*; and it is probable that the initial *t* in *the, that*, has the same origin, since *s* and *t* are interchanged in innumerable instances, as in *das* and *that*, *τὸσαυτά* and *τῆταυτά*, *eu* and *tu*, &c. &c.

In his account of the demonstratives, Grimm says that this prefix in Latin exists only in *tam, tantus, tot*, and *talis*: he seems to have overlooked *is-te*, a peculiarly instructive word; as we see here that the force of the demonstrative particle *te* resides in its very form, and that it is not necessary to its effect that it should be placed at the beginning of a word. From being used to point out some object actually present, it was an easy step to employ the demonstrative pronoun for the purpose of defining and individualizing any object to which, though absent, it was wished to call the attention of the person spoken to. In this case it is obvious that, as there can be no action by which the individual intended can be designated, some distinguishing circumstances must be mentioned by word of mouth, and then the office of the pronoun (which will now assume the form of the definite article) will be to call the hearer's attention to these circumstances, the mention of which corresponds to the actual pointing out of a present object. Thus, if I say, 'Bring me that book out of the library,' I must add some circumstances to distinguish the book I want from the rest. I may thus say, 'Bring me that book in scarlet binding,' or 'Bring me the book that is lying on its side,'
where

where the mention of the distinguishing circumstances corresponds to the action of pointing; and the use of the words *that* and *the* is merely to draw the hearer's attention to these circumstances. It is true that in English we have different words—*that* and *the*—for what we have called the original use of the demonstrative pronoun, and for the definite article, but it is clear that this is a modern refinement, as the same word was used by the Anglo-Saxons, and still is by the Germans in both senses, and our demonstrative *that* is merely the neuter of the Anglo-Saxon article *se*. In many cases in English, and much more so in German, this pronoun has usurped the place of the relative. Thus, instead of

‘Light is a body *which* moves rapidly,’

we might with equal propriety say,

‘Light is a body *that* moves rapidly.’

The first of these examples is, as we have seen, an elliptic expression for

‘Light is a body, the particular body spoken of moves rapidly.’

But we render this more emphatically—

‘Light is a body, and that [body] “(pointing it out, as it were, with the finger from among all other bodies)” moves rapidly;’

or elliptically—

‘Light is a body *that* moves rapidly.’

And thus it is that the demonstrative is so frequently used in a relative sense.

The adverbs *then* and *there* answer so exactly to their correlatives *when*, *where*, that it would be useless to say anything of them here. The particle *than*, however, has in English no corresponding relative, and it appears at first sight to partake so strongly of a comparative sense, that we have some difficulty in believing it to be merely a case of the demonstrative pronoun *the*. Grimm says—

‘The accusative nature of the Gothic particle *than* is clearly shown by the Latin *tum* (as *eum*, *illum*) and *tunc* (for *tum-c*—Gothic *thanuh*). The particle *than* is, indeed, not confounded with the accusative of the pronoun *thana* (*eum*), although even here the *a* is omitted in one passage (Mark. 15, 44). On the other hand, the *a* has been preserved to the adverb in composition in *thana-mais*, *thana-seiths*, and I think it is clear that *than* arises out of *thana*. The Gothic *than* signifies *rore*, *then*—sometimes it has the abstract sense of *ovv*, *igitur*, of *γὰρ*, still more commonly of *ὅτε*, *vero*. The suffix *uh* (corresponding to the Latin *c*) does not alter these meanings: *thanuh* and *than*, as *tum* and *tunc*, being of like import, except that *thanuh* generally occurs at the beginning, *than* in the middle, of a sentence. In old high German the corresponding particle *danne*, besides these meanings, also expresses *quam* after a comparative. In Anglo-Saxon the accusative

sative is *thone*, the particle *thon* or *thonne*: *thon* corresponding to the Gothic *than*, *thon-ne* to *than-uh*, *thon* and *thonne* signify *tum*, *tunc*,—seldom *dum*, *quando*,—but *thonne* alone is used to express *quam* after a comparative.' (III. 165.)

Thus, in any comparison, such as 'Richard is wiser than John,' we are compelled, by the derivation of the word *than*, to attribute to it the meaning of *that* only; and the sentence might as well be expressed (as it is in French) 'Richard is wiser *that* John.' The parts of grammar are so closely interwoven together, that it is impossible to explain the force of the word *than* in this situation, without some previous examination of the nature of the comparative degree in adjectives. In this pursuit we may derive a useful hint from the Chinese, a language so rude that it has not arrived at the use of a single inflection; but wherein all the modifications which are in other languages effected by this means, take place by means of separate words—so that even the plural number in nouns is formed by adding the word *men* to the singular. This is probably the state in which all languages originally were, and all inflections must have taken their rise from some such auxiliary words. Now as the fundamental idea represented by the original form of a word is always present in each of its inflected forms, it is clear that what we have called the *modification* caused by any inflexion must in reality be the addition of a new idea, the exact nature of which it is often extremely difficult to discover; and in this investigation it will obviously be of the greatest service to us, if we can find a language where a corresponding effect is produced by an auxiliary word, as we shall then have two distinct ideas into which the modified idea represented by the inflected word may be divided. Now in Chinese, we are told that the character *ko* or *kwo*, *to pass beyond*, is generally used to express the comparative degree in adjectives.

Thus, *Hou yoong kwo gno* is, in that language, 'He is more vehement than I,' literally, 'He is vehement beyond me.' On comparing this mode of expressing the comparative degree with our own, we shall find that the syllable *er*, *ter*, or *ther*, by the addition of which to the simple adjective we form our comparative, conveys the idea of excess, and thus the word *wiser* represents two ideas, that of *wisdom*, and that of *excess*. Now, every comparison of two things necessarily includes the supposition, that they both possess in some degree the quality with respect to which they are compared, and a judgment is then pronounced, that the degree in which one of the objects compared possesses it, exceeds that of the other. Thus, in the example above given—'Richard is wiser than John'—we may supply the assertion that John is wise to a certain

certain degree, and the full meaning of the passage will be—‘John is wise to a certain degree: Richard is wise beyond *that* degree’—or, perhaps—‘John is wise: Richard is wise beyond *that man*.’—It is probable that this is nearly the form in which the comparison was originally expressed; subsequently the adjective coalesced with the word corresponding to *beyond*, by which the idea of excess was conveyed, the noun *man* was omitted as unnecessary; and in process of time, as the force of the comparative particle *er* became gradually obscure, the pronoun *than* would put on an adverbial appearance, and would thus retain its accusative form after this inflection was lost from the living pronoun. In common speech we still see the traces of the ellipse above supplied. Speaking familiarly, we say ‘Richard is wiser *than John is*,’ meaning ‘*than John is wise*.’

The only other instance in which we use the word *than* is after *other*, and this seems to corroborate Grimm’s assertion (III. 635), that this latter word is of the comparative form. The original meaning of the word *other* is *second*, which it still retains in the expression ‘*every other*,’ ‘*every other day*’ meaning every second day. Grimm says, ‘it is evident that the *thar*, *dar*, *ther*, (Gothic) *anthar*, (old high German) *andar*, (Anglo-Saxon) *other*, is comparative, and identical with the *tar* of the older tongues;’—but he gives very vague hints of the mode in which the meaning of these words can be reconciled to a comparative form. However, if we suppose the root of the word *anthar*, *other*, to be (as appears really the case) the cardinal number *one*—and attribute to the syllable *ther*, the meaning we have above shown to belong, in general, to the comparative *er* or *ther*—the result will represent, with equal truth, the ordinal *second*, or the common meaning of the word *other*. According to this view, a second man, or an other man is *one-beyond*, or *one-besides* the man first-mentioned, or besides those mentioned. We should, therefore, analyze the following sentence in this manner:—

¹ No ² other ³ than Achilles would have behaved with such cruelty.

Achilles behaved with cruelty; no ¹ one ² besides ³ that (man) would have behaved with such.

The whole of the chapter on Comparison is a very remarkable one, and well worthy of attention; but the remainder does not fall within the immediate scope of these observations, which we cannot conclude better than in the words of our author’s preface:—

‘It is not to be supposed that all our views will prove correct, but in the very means taken to prove their errors, new paths will be discovered to the truth, the only aim of upright labours, and the only result which will long stand the test of criticism. What was most difficult to

us will appear child's play to our posterity, who will then apply themselves to new modes of analysis of which we have no idea, and will meet with difficulties where we thought all smoothed down.'

ART. VIII.—*The Duchess of Berri in La Vendee; comprising a Narrative of her Adventures, with her Private Papers and Secret Correspondence.* By General Dermoncourt, who arrested her Royal Highness at Nantes. London. 8vo. 1833.

'**L**A VENDÉE ET MADAME,' of which this is the version, appears to us a very amusing, and, in some respects, a curious publication. The account of the Duchess of Berri's mad crusade in France is here related by one of her enemies—by the very officer who arrested her, and who was moreover remarkable for the activity and severity with which he crushed the insurrection of her followers; yet the narrative is, on the whole, so favourable to the Duchess, that one loses sight of the degrading catastrophe in which the affair ended; and the frailty of the mere woman is forgotten in the indefatigable constancy, the spritely courage, the generous fidelity to her friends, and the noble self-devotion of this—as in this work she appears—extraordinary heroine. The adventures of Charles II., or of Charles Edward, are not so romantic; nor were either of them called upon for so much personal exertion of body or mind as the Duchess. There are scenes in this strange drama as romantic and as heart-stirring as any in *Waverley*, and they are sketched with a simplicity and force which occasionally remind us of—because they are evidently copied from—the author of *Waverley* himself. We know not whether the General has employed the help of another pen—we have been told that he has only furnished his notes to a more experienced writer. Very likely. Who ever disputed the authenticity of Captain Crichton's *Memoirs* because it is known that Swift held the pen? How many people can tell a story vividly and powerfully, for one that can write it down without getting chilled and cramped! The old Captain could talk at his ease to the Dean across his own fireside; but had he undertaken to *write* himself, we should probably have had a dry skeleton before us, in place of the vigorous barbarian that Swift's masterly little tract exhibits. We can easily suppose that the present work may have been got up much in the same style. The account General Dermoncourt gives of himself would not lead one to suspect him of being of a literary turn, and certainly the literary portion of the work is very well done—too well, we think, to be altogether the production of a *vieille moustache de la Revolution*. But the facts are universally admitted

to

to be correct; and the sentiments, whether traced in all their detail by his own hand or not, are at least adopted by him, and they do honour both to his heart and his head. General Dermoncourt exhibits, in this work, at least, a rare instance of the union of ultra-radical principles with a kind disposition—of a certain ferocity in the contest with an indulgent and gallant good-nature after it. We presume his book must be essentially true, because its tendency is certainly favourable to his opponents, and we very much doubt whether M. de Chateaubriand's elegant pen could have produced anything so likely to re-elevate the character of the Duchess of Berri in France, or even in Europe, as this unpretending, but forcible panegyric, from the lips of her captor! His description of himself will not prepare the reader to expect any partiality in favour of the Duchess or her cause.

'I was appointed to the command of the military sub-division at Nantes. At my time of life, when a man may speak of himself with the same freedom he would use in speaking of another, I may be allowed to say, that my appointment was a proof that ministers would no longer trifle with the insurgents of La Vendée. Forty-four years' service in Europe, in Asia, in America, and in Africa—the giant battles in which I have shared, and compared with which our battles of the present day are mere skirmishes, have made me careless of life, and the sword fit lightly to my hand. Moreover, my disgrace under the Restoration, during the existence of which I would not re-enter the service—the active part I took in the conspiracy of Belfort, in which I was near losing my head—and the promptitude with which I offered my services to the provisional government of July 1830, constituted a sure moral pledge to the government of the zeal with which *I would smite the Chouans*. I accordingly took my departure for Nantes.'—pp. 18, 19.

We shall not follow him through the able and interesting account which he gives of the Vendean war in general, and of the particular measures with which he endeavoured at first to repress, and, when it had broken out, to crush the insurrection. Our limits will only permit us to give a hasty sketch of the Duchess's personal adventures; but we must make one exception for a description of the Vendean mode of warfare—not merely on account of the merit of the description, though that is considerable, but as a proof that nature is nature in the *Bocage* as in the *Highlands*. We believe the following description to be perfectly accurate, as regards La Vendée; but there is in the style of the narrative something that persuades us that the person who wrote it was familiar with the two celebrated ambush scenes in the *Lady of the Lake* and *Waverley*:—

'As for the army which you expect every instant to encounter, it vanishes like smoke, for in truth it has no existence.

' When

‘ When a day is fixed on to strike a blow—at daybreak or even during the night, the tocsin is sounded in the village designated as the point of union. The neighbouring villages reply in the same manner, and the villagers quit their cottages if it be in the night, or their ploughs if in the day, throwing upon their shoulder the gun which they scarcely ever quit. Having stuffed their belt with cartridges, they tie their handkerchief round a broad-brimmed hat which shades their sun-burnt countenance; stop at their church to utter a short prayer; then, inspired with a two-fold faith, in God and in the justice of their cause, they wend their way from all parts of the country to the common centre. Their chiefs soon arrive, who acquaint them with the cause of their being assembled; and if the object be to attack some patriot column, these chiefs state the road which the column will pursue, and the hour it will pass. Then, when this information is well understood by all, the chief in command gives them the plan of the battle in the following words:—“ *Eparpillez vous, mes gars!*” (“ Scatter yourselves, my boys!”) Immediately each breaks, not from the ranks, but from the group, marches off his own way, proceeds onward with precaution and in silence, and in a short time every tree, every bush, every tuft of furze bordering either side of the high road, conceals a peasant with a gun in one hand and supporting himself with the other, crouched like a wild beast, without motion and scarcely breathing.

‘ Meanwhile, the patriot column, uneasy at the thought of some unknown danger, advances towards the defile, preceded by scouts, who pass without seeing, touch without feeling, and are allowed to go by scathless. But the moment the detachment is in the middle of the pass, jammed in between two sloping banks, as if it were in an immense rut, and unable to deploy either to the right or to the left, a cry—sometimes an imitation of that of an owl—issues from one extremity, and is repeated along the whole line of ambuscade. This indicates that each is at his post. A human cry succeeds, one of war and of death. In an instant each bush, each tuft of furze, glares with a sudden flash, and a shower of balls strike whole files of soldiers to the earth, without their being able to perceive the enemies who slaughter them. The dead and wounded lie piled upon each other on the road; and if the column is not thrown into disorder, and the voices of the officers are heard above the firing—if, in short, the troops attempt to grapple body to body with their assailants, who strike without showing themselves—if they climb the slope like a glacis, and scale the hedge like a wall, the peasants have already had time to retire behind a second inclosure, whence the invisible firing recommences as murderous as before. Should this second hedge be stormed in the same manner, ten, twenty, nay a hundred similar intrenchments offer successive shelters to this destructive retreat: for the country is thus divided for the security of the children of the soil, which seems to show a maternal solicitude for their preservation, by offering them a shelter everywhere, and their enemies everywhere a grave.—p. 29-33.

But

But we must return to the Duchess. On the 29th May, 1832, she arrived, in the Carlo Alberto steamer, off Marseilles. It had been previously arranged that on that night an insurrectionary movement was to be made in that city. It blew hard—the sea was high—an attempt to land on the coast would expose the vessel to great danger. The captain nevertheless offered to run the risk; but this the Duchess would by no means hear of—she would risk as little as possible *any one but herself*—and insisted that a boat might be lowered down, in which she alone would attempt a landing. For a considerable time the captain refused to comply—he remonstrated on the great personal danger—‘but it is,’ says General Dermoncourt, ‘a peculiarity in the Duchess’s character to adhere more strongly to her resolutions when any opposition is offered to them.’ She moreover gave reasons for her determination, which she considered as ‘*sacred*.’ She had herself fixed the hour for the insurrection, and she would not be deterred, by any personal danger, from being at the appointed place and hour to share that of the friends and followers of her son. The captain was forced to submit—the boat was lowered—the Duchess, with M. de Ménars and General de Bourmont, entered it.

‘It was by a miracle that so slight a vessel was able, during three hours, to resist so heavy a sea. The Duchess, on this occasion, was what she always is in real danger—calm, and almost gay. She is one of those frail, delicate beings whom a breath would be supposed to have power to bend, and yet who only enjoy existence with a tempest either over their head or in their bosom.’—pp. 68, 69.

At length the three adventurous passengers landed on the coast as evening had set in. Not daring to enter any house, they resolved to pass the night where they were. The Duchess, having wrapped herself in a cloak, lay down under the shelter of a rock, and fell asleep, while M. de Ménars and General Bourmont kept watch over her till daylight.

The first glance which the twilight had allowed them to cast upon the city, satisfied the Duchess of Berri that her instructions had been followed. The white flag had replaced the tricolor upon the church of St. Laurent, and the alarm-bell, whose deep tones escaped from the old church, vibrated through the air. At eight o’clock they heard the drums beating to arms in every part of the city. This continued till eleven, without any report of fire-arms being mingled with it; then all was again silent: but the ill-omened tricolored flag had already resumed its place on the tower of St. Laurent. It required almost the exertion of the manual strength of the two gentlemen to prevent the Duchess from entering Marseilles. They, however, succeeded in prevailing upon her to wait

wait some short time longer, and to take shelter in a charcoal-burner's hut, while Bourmont should go to the town for intelligence: that intelligence was disastrous—the insurrection had been entirely and completely suppressed—the steamer had been driven from the neighbourhood by a tricolor frigate. The Duchess had then a choice of only two alternatives—either to escape towards the Alps and into Piedmont; or, turning westward, to cross the whole breadth of France, and take shelter in La Vendée. This latter plan, though the most dangerous in its execution, had, at least, a chance of success in its result, and was, therefore, chosen by the Duchess. She declared, that since she had entered France, she would not leave it; and, with the rapidity always attendant upon her resolves, gave orders for immediate departure.

This statement a little diminishes the appearance of rashness and folly which the attempt in La Vendée has hitherto worn. It seems that it was not premeditated, and that the Duchess was driven thither from what she thought *necessity*, and not from choice.

Having formed this resolution, she was desirous of taking advantage of the darkness of the night to make the first stage as long as possible. They had neither horse, nor mule, nor carriage; but the Duchess declared that she was a very good walker; and the owner of the hut having offered his services as a guide, the little party left the sea-shore. The night was dark, and they could distinguish Marseilles at the other extremity of the bay, only by its numerous lights, which twinkled like stars. Now and then a murmur arose from the agitated town, and the Duchess would turn round, cast another parting glance towards the city of her lost hopes, and again resume her journey with a sigh. These symptoms of regret did not, however, last long; and no sooner had she lost sight of Marseilles than she seemed to have forgotten her disappointment, and to think of nothing but making her way, the difficulties and ruggedness of which increased with every step of her progress. The night was so dark, that the travellers could with difficulty see where they placed their feet; and in this way they walked on during five consecutive hours. The guide then stopped, and at length confessed that he had lost his way. The Duchess, on the other hand, was so tired that she could walk no farther. The preceding night had, however, seasoned her to the life of *bixouac* she was about to pursue; she wrapped herself in her warm cloak, laid her head upon a portinanteau for a pillow, and was soon as fast asleep as if she had been in her bed at the Tuileries. Her companions again kept watch over her.

Now occurred an incident which is, in all its circumstances, much more like romance than real life in the nineteenth century.

† At dawn of day the Duchess awoke, and, perceiving a country-seat at a little distance, asked to whom it belonged. "To a furious republican," the guide answered; "and, what is more, he is Mayor of the commune of C * * *." "Very well," replied the princess, "conduct me thither." Her companions looked at her with astonishment. "Gentlemen," she said, (turning towards them, and without giving them time to speak,) in the tone of voice which she always assumes when her determination is irrevocable, "the moment is come when we must part. There is less danger for us separately than if we remained together. Monsieur de Bourmont, *you* shall receive my orders at Nantes; proceed thither, and wait there for me. Monsieur de Ménars, do *you* reach Montpellier; there I will let you know where I am. Adieu, gentlemen; I wish you a safe journey, and may God be with you!" So saying, she gave them her hand to kiss, and took leave of them. They both withdrew, well knowing that remonstrance would be vain. The Duchess, on finding herself alone, repeated her order to the guide to conduct her to the house of the mayor. In a quarter of an hour they were in the mayor's drawing-room, and notice was given to the master of the house that a lady wanted to speak to him in private. He made his appearance in about ten minutes, and the Duchess advanced to meet him. "Sir," said she, "you are a republican, I know; but no political opinions can be applied to a proscribed fugitive. I am the Duchess of Berri,—and I am come to ask you for an asylum." "My house is at your service, Madam."—"Your office enables you to provide me with a passport, and I have depended on your getting one for me."—"I will procure you one." "I must to-morrow proceed to the neighbourhood of Montpellier; will you afford me the means of doing so?"—"I will myself conduct you thither."—"Now, Sir," continued the Duchess, holding out her hand to him, "order a bed to be got ready for me, and you shall see that the Duchess of Berri can sleep soundly, even under the roof of a republican." Next evening the Duchess was at Montpellier; she had travelled thither in the mayor's char-à-banc, seated by his side.—p. 80-83.

This bold step, on the part of the Duchess, was not a thoughtless and desperate audacity. It appears to us to show a considerable degree of judgment and presence of mind. She no doubt dismissed her attendants, because, although she might hope that the mayor's gallantry would not refuse protection to a *solitary and fugitive female*, the case would become very different when combined with that of the *two men*. We notice this, because it is a proof (nor is it a solitary one) of a considerate and calculating mind, which other circumstances of her conduct would not have led us to expect.

At Montpellier she was rejoined by M. de Ménars, with whom and a Marquis de L——, she travelled with passports under fictitious names, to La Vendée, which she reached on the 18th May. There she determined, in spite of remonstrances from
the

the Vendean leaders, as well as her own privy-council, to raise the country. This wild project was communicated to the royalist party in Paris, who immediately despatched M. Berryer, the celebrated advocate and deputy, to dissuade her from so desperate an attempt. MM. de Chateaubriand and Fitzjames were too much watched to be able to attempt a mission, which M. Berryer undertook, on the pretence of having a cause to plead at the assizes of Nantes. The account of M. Berryer's journey from Nantes to the Duchess's hiding-place is really like a chapter of Rob Roy, but it is too long to extract. He succeeded in persuading the Duchess to recall the order she had given for the insurrection, and to consent to leave France; but, unhappily, he had scarcely parted from her, when her bold and impatient disposition resumed the mastery, and she repeated the fatal order, and it was obeyed. And here we must pause a moment to admire the fidelity, and to blame the imprudence, of these noble Vendéans—noble in all ranks, from the *chaumière* to the *château*. They all, even to the rudest peasant, saw the folly—the utter hopelessness—of such an attempt; yet they felt the *point of honour* so strongly, that they obeyed. The gentlemen, indeed, in general, mixed consideration and humanity towards others with their own self-devotion; and while they were ready to risk their own persons, they were not anxious to bring their poor peasants into so serious and so useless a danger—they exposed themselves, but they repressed the general insurrection. But we really think these gentlemen pushed their principle of fidelity too far. They should not have obeyed the summons to so important an undertaking of a single woman—young, giddy, ignorant—without responsible advisers—disapproved by every cooler judgment, and having no kind of authority for the government which she affected to exercise. Such mistimed courage—such extravagant self-devotion—such a prostration of common sense and judgment before a vague and irregular impulse of feeling, may be amiable, may be admirable in the individuals, but it is fatal to a cause and ruinous to a country; and we confess that our personal admiration of those gallant men is painfully impaired by the recollection of all the blood and all the misery that their blind obedience to an insane summons has cost their unhappy country. Let us select one scene of the contest which followed the Duchess's signal:—

‘A meeting of Chouans had been appointed for the 6th, at the chateau of La Penissière de la Cour, situated a league and a half from Clisson. At nine o'clock in the morning, forty-five Chouans were assembled at the place appointed. They were all young men of family, and were commanded by two brothers, ex-officers in the royal guard. They had with them two peasants, who, having learnt at Nantes to

play upon the light-infantry bugle, constituted their band of military music. The commander of the 29th regiment being informed of this meeting, put himself at the head of forty-five voltigeurs and two gendarmes, and proceeded to the chateau of La Penissière. On reaching it, he found that his detachment was not sufficiently numerous to invest the habitation, which was defended by a wall forming the enclosure of a park. A gendarme was therefore despatched for reinforcements, and ninety men arrived, who were soon after followed by forty more, under the command of Lieutenant Saneo. He now ordered an attack to be made. After a short defence the external wall was abandoned, and the Chouans retreated into the house, where they barricaded all the doors. They then stationed their forces in the ground-floor and the first-floor, placing on either floor a peasant with his bugle, who did not cease playing during the whole action; and from the windows they opened a fire, which was well sustained and very ably directed. Twice did the soldiers advance within twenty yards of the house, and as often were they repulsed.

The commander ordered a third attack; and whilst preparations were making for it, four soldiers, aided by a mason, advanced towards the gable-end, which had no opening into the garden, and the approach to which could not, therefore, be defended. Having placed a ladder against it, these assailants ascended to the roof of the house, made an opening, threw lighted combustibles into the garrets, and then withdrew. In an instant a column of smoke burst from the roof, through which the fire soon made its way. The soldiers now uttered loud shouts of triumph, and again marched towards the little citadel, which seemed to have a standard of flame planted upon its summit. The besieged had perceived the fire, but had not time to extinguish it; and, as fire has always a tendency to ascend, they hoped that when the roof was destroyed, it would naturally be extinguished for want of something to feed it. They therefore replied to the shouts of our soldiers with a volley of musketry, as well sustained as the former; and, during the whole time it lasted, the bugles continued playing warlike flourishes.

At this juncture, the chef-de-bataillon of the 29th arrived with a few more men. (*They were already four times the number of the besieged.*) He immediately ordered the charge to be beat, and the men, in emulation of each other, rushed towards the chateau. This time they reached the doors of the building, and the sappers and miners prepared to break them open. The officers commanding the Chouans directed those stationed on the ground-floor to ascend to the story above it. This order was immediately obeyed; and, whilst the sappers were breaking open the doors, half of the besieged continued to fire at their assailants, whilst the other half occupied themselves in making holes through the floor, so that the moment the soldiers entered they were received with a volley muzzle-to, fired through the intervals between the beams and rafters. The assailants were forced to retreat, and the Chouans hailed this event with their screeching bugles and loud cries of "*Vive Henri V.*"

The

‘The chef-de-bataillon now directed that the ground-floor should be set on fire in the same manner as the garrets had been. Accordingly the men advanced with lighted torches and dry wood, all of which they threw into the house through the windows, and in ten minutes the Chouans had fire at their feet as well as over their heads. It seemed therefore impossible for them to escape death; and the firing which they kept up, and which had not intermitted for a single moment, appeared to be the last act of vengeance of resolute men driven to desperation. And in truth their situation was dreadful. The fire soon reached the beams, and the rooms were filled with smoke, which escaped through the windows. The garrison had therefore nothing left but the choice of three modes of quitting life: to be burned to death, suffocated by smoke, or massacred by our soldiers.

‘The commanders of the rebels adopted a desperate course: they resolved to make a sortie. But, to give it the least chance of success, it was necessary that it should be protected by a fire of musketry which would occupy the attention of our soldiers; they therefore asked who among them would volunteer to *sacrifice themselves* for the safety of their comrades. *Eight offered their services.* The little band was therefore divided into two platoons. Thirty-five men and one bugle-player were to make an attempt to reach the other extremity of the park, enclosed only with a hedge; and the eight others, with the remaining bugle-player, were to protect the attempt. The two brothers (the officers of the late guard) embraced each other, for they were to separate; one had volunteered to command the garrison that remained, the other led the sortie.

‘In consequence of these arrangements, and whilst those who remained continued, by running from window to window, to keep up a tolerably brisk fire, the others made a hole in the wall opposite to the side attacked; and on a passage sufficiently large being opened they came forth in good order, the bugle at their head, marching in double quick time towards the extremity of the park which was bounded by a hedge. Their retreat brought upon them a discharge of musketry which killed two: A third, being mortally wounded, expired near the hedge. The bugle-player at the head of the little band received *three balls in his body, and still continued to play.* It is a pity that I dare not publish the names of such men.

‘Meanwhile, the situation of the eight volunteers who remained in the house had become more and more dangerous. The burning rafters cracked and seemed no longer able to bear their weight; they therefore retired into a species of recess formed by the wall, resolved to defend themselves there to the last extremity; and they had scarcely reached it when the floor fell in with a dreadful crash. The soldiers again uttered shouts of joy at this event; for the musketry ceased to annoy them at the same instant, and they thought the garrison had been crushed in the ruins. This error saved the lives of the eight heroic Vendéans. When the Chouans, from their recess, perceived that the besiegers were convinced they had fallen into the
immense

immense furnace which blazed fearfully below them, they remained silent and motionless. Our soldiers, on the other hand, with a horror quite natural in such a case, speedily quitted a burning building whose flames devoured at the same time both friends and enemies, whether alive or dead. Meanwhile, night soon came, and amid its darkness the eight men supposed to have been either crushed to death or burned alive, glided like wandering spectres along the heated walls, and reached in safety the hedge through which their companions had escaped; so that there remained nothing upon the field of battle except the red and smoking house, and around it a few corpses rendered visible by the last flashes of the expiring flame.'—p. 204—214.

We know not that we ever read a more heroic story,—and it is told with a generosity of sentiment highly creditable to General Dermoncourt.

But we must turn to other scenes;—the Chouans were everywhere defeated. In vain did the courage of the Duchess increase, if it was possible, theirs. In vain did she share the dangers of the field and the painful labours of the hospitals:—

'My moveable columns continued their movements on the other side of the Loire, and hunted down the Chouans wherever they appeared. The Duchess of Berri, who would not leave the kingdom, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties made to induce her to do so, had always some one or other of my detachments at her heels. Being thus pursued, the Duchess had never an entire night of sleep; and, when day-light came, danger and fatigue awoke with her.'—pp. 244, 245.

At last it was resolved to play a bold and desperate game. The Duchess was to enter Nantes,—her partisans were to follow on a market-day, disguised as peasants,—to seize the castle by a *coup-de-main*—proclaim Nantes the provisional capital of the kingdom—erect her Royal Highness's standard, and proclaim her government. 'In these plans,' says General Dermoncourt, 'the chiefs calculated on the presence of mind and courage of the Duchess, and in this they were right,—for it was La Vendée which failed the Duchess, and not the Duchess who failed La Vendée.'—(p. 246.) The honest old General has, we think, grown so enamoured of his heroine, that he is here a little unjust to La Vendée;—it did *not fail* her—it did more than could have been expected or supposed under such circumstances,—more than it ought; but the plan, though General Dermoncourt thinks it was not deficient in ability, was so absolutely impracticable, that we suspect that it was only proposed for the purpose of inducing the Duchess, who could not otherwise be persuaded to quit the field, to take shelter in Nantes, till an opportunity should occur of getting her out of France. Of this plan, therefore, all that was (or, as we believe, ever intended to be) executed, was the entrance of the Duchess into Nantes. Though the extract be somewhat long, we cannot resist giving the writer's graphic description of this incident:—

They

‘ They deliberated some time on the safest mode of entering Nantes. The Duchess closed the debate by stating, that she would enter it on foot, in the dress of a peasant girl, accompanied only by Mademoiselle Eulalie de Kersabiec and M. de Ménars. Mademoiselle de Kersabiec was also dressed as a peasant, and M. de Ménars as a farmer. They had five leagues (twelve miles) to journey on foot. This was on the 16th June. After travelling half an hour in this trim, the thick nailed shoes and worsted stockings, to which the Duchess was not accustomed, hurt her feet. Still she attempted to walk; but, judging that if she continued to wear these shoes and stockings, she should soon be unable to proceed, she seated herself upon the bank of a ditch, took them off, thrust them into her large pockets, and continued her journey *barefoot*. A moment after, having remarked the peasant-girls who passed her on the road, she perceived that the fineness of her skin, and the aristocratic whiteness of her legs, were likely to betray her; she therefore went to the road-side, took some dark-coloured earth, and after rubbing her legs with it, resumed her walk. She had still four leagues to travel before she reached the place of her destination.

‘ This sight, it must be confessed, was an admirable theme to draw philosophical reflections from those who accompanied her. They beheld a woman who, two years before, had her place of Queen-Mother at the Tuileries, and possessed Chambord and Bagatelle; rode out in a carriage drawn by six horses, with escorts of body-guards resplendent with gold and silver—who went to the representation of theatrical pieces acted expressly for her, preceded by runners shaking their torches—who filled the theatre with her sole presence, and on her return to her palace, reached her splendid bed-chamber, walking upon double cushions from Persia and Turkey, lest the floor should gall her delicate little feet:—this woman, the only one of her family, perhaps, who had done nothing to deserve her misfortunes, they now saw, still covered with the smoke of the action at Vieilleveigne, beset with danger, proscribed, a price set upon her head, and whose only escort and court consisted of an old man and a young girl,—going to seek an asylum from which she might perhaps be shut out, clad in the garments of a peasant, walking barefoot upon the angular sand and sharp pebbles of the road. And it was not she who suffered, but her companions; *they had tears* in their eyes, *she, laughter, jests, and consolation* in her mouth. Meanwhile the Duchess had become accustomed to her attire, and the country people on the road did not seem to perceive that the little peasant-woman who tripped lightly by them was any other than her dress indicated. It was already a great point gained to deceive the instinct of penetration peculiar to the inhabitants of this country, and who are rivalled, if not surpassed, in this quality, only by soldiers inured to warfare.

‘ At length Nantes appeared in sight, and the Duchess put on her shoes and stockings to enter the town. On reaching the Pont Pyrmié, she found herself in the midst of a detachment commanded by an officer

officer formerly in the royal guard, and whom she recognised from having often seen him on duty at her palace. Opposite to the Bouffai somebody tapped the Duchess on the shoulder; she started and turned round. The person guilty of this familiarity was an old apple-woman, who had placed her basket of fruit on the ground, and was unable herself to replace it upon her head. "My good girls," she said, addressing the Duchess and Mademoiselle de Kersabiec, "help me, pray, to take up my basket, and I will give each of you an apple." The Duchess of Berri immediately seized a handle of the basket, made a sign to her companion to take the other, and the load was quickly placed in equilibrium upon the head of the old woman, who was going away without giving the promised reward, when the Duchess seized her by the arm, and said, "Stop, mother, where's my apple?" The old woman having given it to her, she was eating it with an appetite sharpened by a walk of five leagues, when, raising her eyes, they fell upon a placard headed by these three words, in very large letters—

STATE OF SIEGE.

'This was the ministerial decree which outlawed four departments of La Vendée, and set a price upon the Duchess's head. She approached the placard and calmly read it through, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Mademoiselle de Kersabiec, who pressed her to hasten to the house where she was expected. But the Duchess replied that the placard concerned herself too nearly for her not to make herself acquainted with its contents. The alarm of her two companions, whilst she was reading it, may easily be imagined.

'At length she resumed her walk, and in a few minutes reached the house at which she was expected. There she took off her clothes covered with dirt, which are now preserved there as relics. She soon afterwards proceeded to the residence of Mesdemoiselles Deguigny, Rue Haute-du-Chateau, No. 3, where an apartment was prepared for her, and, within this apartment, a place of concealment. The apartment was nothing but a *mansarde* (or garret) on the third floor, consisting of two small rooms; and the place of concealment was a recess within an angle closed by the chimney of the innermost room. The iron plate forming the back of the grate was the entrance to the hiding-place, and was opened by a spring.

'From a life of the greatest agitation, the Duchess suddenly passed to a state of the most complete inactivity. Her correspondence, which she always wrote herself, served to kill a few hours during the day, but the others seemed to her of dreadful length. She employed them in manual labour very foreign to her habits, and to the habits of those whom she made to share it with her. For instance, with the assistance of M. de Ménars, she entirely pasted on the grey paper which covered the walls of her *mansarde*. Her most habitual occupation, however, was painting flowers and tapestry, in which she excels. On the least subject of alarm, a bell was rung, which reached from the ground-floor to her bed-chamber, and gave the signal for concealment within the recess.'—p. 244—255.

Here

Here the Duchess was concealed till she was betrayed by an apostate Jew of the name of Deutz,—on the introduction of whose name the General indignantly expresses the repugnance he feels at even mentioning so execrable a wretch—

‘Whom I should never pass in the street without bestowing a horsewhipping upon him, did I not think my horse would be degraded by being afterwards flogged with the same whip.’—pp. 257, 258.

It has been said that this wretch was in a kind of familiarity with the Duchess. General Dermoncourt negatives that calumny completely—Deutz was recommended to her Royal Highness by the Pope as a person whom she might safely employ, and he had several audiences of her at Massa, in the year 1830, but she never appears to have seen him again till he most perfidiously found his way to her concealment at Nantes, in order to betray her—and this interview was on Wednesday the 31st of October. We mention these dates to repel a calumny with which it has been endeavoured to blacken still deeper that unhappy frailty, which, since reading this volume, we more than ever regret and deplore. We shall not follow the General through the successive details of this wretch’s perfidy; we will only say that we quite agree with him that the employment of such means, and *such a man*, does little honour to the characters of MM. de Montalivet and Thiers—their ignoble names, if they should reach posterity, will do so in vile association with that of Deutz. We say nothing of their Royal Master—though he has taken, in his time, among other oaths, that of the Chevalier of the *Saint Esprit*. We now approach the last scene.

General Dermoncourt was ordered to surround the house which Deutz had designated. He did this so suddenly that the fugitives had barely time to get into the hiding-place already described. MM. de Ménars and Guibourg, and Mademoiselle de Kersabiec, entered first; the Duchess, last, observing with a smile, when the others offered her precedence, that ‘in a retreat the general always goes last.’ She was in the act of closing the aperture when the soldiers entered the room.

We must here suspend the narrative for a moment to state that on the table which the Duchess had hastily left, a *letter* from Paris was found, on which there is subjoined the following extraordinary note :—

‘The following is a note by General Dermoncourt: “The Duchess of Berri had agents at Paris among the individuals whom King Louis-Philippe considers the most devoted to him; and these persons gave her information of everything that passed in the offices of the Ministers, and at the Tuileries. It would, indeed, astonish the public, were I to name the party from whom she received the information alluded to; but my doing so would be a denunciation.”’

To this the English editor adds—

‘The General, who is the most amiable of men, can with difficulty make up his mind to give pain even to unworthy individuals. Being acquainted with every circumstance connected with the present work, I feel no hesitation in satisfying the curiosity of the English reader by filling up the hiatus left by the General. The writer of the letter informing the Duchess of Berri that she was betrayed and would be arrested if she did not immediately leave Nantes, was *M. d’Argout*, then *Minister of Commerce*, who had long made a practice of giving her secret information, and acquainting her with all the secrets of the cabinet of Louis-Philippe.

‘In the correspondence seized by General Dermoncourt, there were letters implicating several members of the French cabinet, more especially *Marshal Soult*, the War Minister,—a brave and skilful soldier under Napoleon, a fawning hypocrite under the Restoration, and, it seems, a base and perjured traitor under Louis-Philippe. Of course these letters, after their seizure, were forwarded to the *proper authority*, which happened to be precisely one of the parties implicated.

‘Among the letters written to the Duchess of Berri, was one from Marshal Soult, stating that he would be “entirely hers” (*tout à elle*) on condition that she would re-establish, in his favour, the office of Constable of France. Her reply was very characteristic; it was as follows:—

“Monsieur le Maréchal,—The sword of Constable of France is to be won only in the field of battle; I await your presence there.”

‘The reader may depend upon the accuracy of these details.’—*TR.*
—pp. 291, 292.

There is nothing new under the sun. This story will remind a well-informed reader of the correspondence of the Whig ministers of King William and Queen Anne, with James II. and his son. Whigs of all nations and all ages will ever be the same. We have little doubt that *Deutz* is a most zealous *liberal*.

We need not detail all the protracted and painful search that was made for the Duchess—it was all in vain—the hiding-place (notwithstanding the treachery of the double apostate) baffled soldiers, generals, police, prefect, masons, architects—and at last was only betrayed by the consequences of a most unexpected accident.

‘After a useless search, which lasted the greater part of the night, the police officers began to despair of success. The prefect, therefore, made the signal of retreat, taking the precaution, however, to leave a sufficient number of men to occupy every room in the suspected house. From the manner in which the sentries were distributed throughout the house, it happened that two gendarmes were stationed in the very room containing the secret recess.

‘The poor prisoners were therefore obliged to remain very still; though their situation must have been dreadfully painful, in a small closet, only three feet and a half long, and eighteen inches wide at one extremity,

extremity, but diminishing gradually to eight or ten inches at the other. The men, in particular, must have suffered great inconvenience, because they had scarcely room to stand upright, even by placing their heads between the rafters. Moreover, the night was damp, and the cold humid air, penetrating through the slates of the roof, fell upon the party, and chilled them almost to death. But no one ventured to complain, *as the Duchess did not!*

‘The cold was so piercing, that the gendarmes stationed in the room could bear it no longer. One of them, therefore, went down stairs, returned with some dried turf, and in ten minutes a beautiful fire was burning in the chimney, behind which the Duchess and her friends were concealed.

‘This fire, which was lighted for the benefit of only two individuals, gave out its warmth to six; and, frozen as the prisoners then were, they considered this change of temperature a great blessing. But the good that this fire did them at first was soon converted into a most painful sensation. The chimney-plate and the wall being acted upon by the fire, threw out, in a short time, a frightful degree of heat which continued gradually to increase. The wall at length became so hot, that neither of them could bear to touch it, and the cast-iron plate was nearly red-hot. Almost at the same time, and although the dawn had not yet appeared, the labours of the persons in search of the Duchess recommenced. Iron bars and beams were struck with redoubled force against the wall of the recess, and shook it fearfully. It seemed to the prisoners as if the workmen were pulling down the house, and those adjoining. The Duchess therefore expected, even if she escaped from the flames, to be crushed to death by the falling ruins. Nevertheless, during these trying moments, neither her courage nor her gaiety forsook her; and several times, as she afterwards informed me, she could not help laughing at the conversation and guard-house wit of the two gendarmes on duty in the room. But their talk being at length all spent, one of them went to sleep, and slept soundly too, notwithstanding the horrible din close to his ears, proceeding from the neighbouring houses; for all the efforts of the searchers were now for the twentieth time concentrated round the recess. His companion, being sufficiently warm, had ceased to keep up the fire; the plate and the wall therefore gradually cooled. Meantime, M. de Ménars had succeeded in pushing aside some of the slates, so as to make two or three little openings, through which the fresh air from without renewed that in the recess. Now, all the fears of the little party turned towards the workmen, who were sounding with heavy blows the very wall that protected them, and the plate of a chimney close to them, but belonging to another house. Each blow detached the plaster, which fell upon them in powder. The prisoners could perceive, through the cracks which this violence was every moment making in the wall, almost all the persons in search of them. They at length gave themselves up for lost, when, to their great relief, the workmen suddenly abandoned that part of the house which, from an instinct I cannot explain, they had so minutely

nately explored. The poor fugitives now drew their breath freely, and the Duchess thought herself safe; but this hope did not last long.

'The gendarme who had kept watch, anxious to take advantage of the silence which had succeeded the noise made by the workmen, under whose efforts the whole house had tottered, now awoke his companion in order to have a nap in his turn. The other had become chilled during his sleep, and felt almost frozen when he awoke. No sooner were his eyes open than he thought of warming himself. He therefore relit the fire, and as the turf did not burn fast enough, he threw into it a great number of bundles of newspapers ("the *Quotidienne*"), which happened to be in the room. They soon caught, and the fire again blazed up in the chimney.

'The paper produced a denser smoke and a greater heat than the fuel which had been used the first time. The prisoners were now in imminent danger of suffocation. The smoke passed through the cracks made by the hammering of the workmen against the wall, and the plate, which was not yet cold, soon became heated to a terrific degree. The air of the recess became every instant less fit for respiration: the persons it contained were obliged to place their mouths against the slates in order to exchange their burning breath for fresh air. The Duchess was the greatest sufferer, for, having entered the last, she was close to the plate. Each of her companions offered several times to change places with her, but she always refused.

'At length, to the danger of being suffocated was added another: that of being burned alive. The plate had become red-hot, and the lower part of the clothes of the four prisoners seemed likely to catch fire. The dress of the duchess had already caught twice, and she had extinguished it with her naked hands, at the expense of two burns, of which she long after bore the marks. Each moment rarefied the air in the recess still more, whilst the external air did not enter in sufficient quantity to enable the poor sufferers to breathe freely. Their lungs became dreadfully oppressed; and to remain ten minutes longer in such a furnace would be to endanger the life of her Royal Highness. Each of her companions entreated her to go out: but she positively refused. Big tears of rage rolled from her eyes, and the burning air immediately dried them upon her cheeks. Her dress again caught fire, and again she extinguished it; but the movement she made in doing so, pushed back the spring which closed the door of the recess, and the plate of the chimney opened a little. Mademoiselle de Kersabiec immediately put forward her hand to close it, and burned herself dreadfully.

'The motion of the plate having made the turf placed against it roll back, this excited the attention of the gendarme, who was trying to kill the time by reading some numbers of the "*Quotidienne*," and who thought he had built his pyrotechnic edifice with greater solidity than it seemed to possess. The noise made by Mademoiselle de Kersabiec inspired him with a curious idea: fancying that there were rats in the wall of the chimney, and that the heat would force them to come out, he awoke his companion, and they placed themselves, sword
in

in hand, one on each side of the chimney, ready to cut in twain the first rat that should appear.

‘They were in this ridiculous attitude, when the Duchess, who must have possessed an extraordinary degree of courage to have supported so long as she had done the agony she endured, declared she could hold out no longer. At the same instant M. de Ménars, who had long before pressed her to give herself up, kicked open the plate. The gendarmes started back in astonishment, calling out, “Who’s there?” “I,” replied the Duchess. “I am the Duchess of Berri; do not hurt me.” The gendarmes immediately rushed to the fire-place, and kicked the blazing fuel out of the chimney. The Duchess came forth the first, and as she passed was obliged to place her hands and feet upon the burning hearth; her companions followed. It was now half-past nine o’clock in the morning, and the party had been shut up in this recess for sixteen hours, without food. The first words of the Duchess were to ask for me. One of the gendarmes came to fetch me from the ground-floor, which I had chosen not to quit.’*—pp. 296-307.

The Duchess seems to have placed great reliance in the honour of General Dermoncourt, and to have applied to him for protection from the brutalities of some other functionaries, particularly of a M. Maurice Duval, the prefect who was sent to Nantes at the same time with Deutz, and who was honoured with the high trust of co-operating with that Judas. It would seem as if the old General had been in some degree conciliated by this confidence on the part of the Duchess; he afforded her all the respectful protection consistent with his public duty, and in his work has certainly not depreciated her character. The General, at her entreaty, had also shown some kindness to her fellow-prisoner M. de Ménars, upon which the Duchess said—

‘“I thank you for your kindness to Ménars. He is well worthy of it, for he was no advocate for my silly enterprise. He urged every thing he could to dissuade me from it; but when he saw that I was fully bent upon it, he said to me, ‘Madam, I have now been with you sixteen years, and it is my duty to follow you; but in so doing, it is without approving of your projects, which may produce the most unhappy results both for yourself and France.’” The Duchess stopped for an instant, and then added with a sigh, “Poor Ménars was perhaps right.”’—pp. 328, 329.

Long as our extracts have been, we must find room for the character of the Duchess, with which the General concludes his work—

‘Marie Caroline, like all young Neapolitan girls, of whatever rank or station, has received scarcely any education. With her, all is nature and instinct. She is a creature of impulse; the exigencies of

* We think it right to say that we have, on various occasions, compared this translation with the text of ‘*La Vendée et Madame*,’ and that we consider the writer of the version much superior to those commonly employed in these days on this kind of task.

etiquette are insupportable to her, and she is ignorant of the very forms of the world. She allows her feelings to carry her away, without attempting to restrain them; and when any one has inspired her with confidence, she yields to it without restriction. She is capable of supporting the greatest fatigue, and encountering the most appalling danger, with the patience and courage of a soldier. The least contradiction exasperates her—then her naturally pale cheeks become flushed; she screams, and jumps about, and threatens, and weeps by turns, like a spoiled child; and then again, like a child, the moment you give way to her, and appear to do what she desires, she smiles, is instantly appeased, and offers you her hand. Contrary to the general nature of princes, she feels gratitude, and is never ashamed to own it. Moreover, hatred is foreign to her nature; no gall ever tinged her heart, even against those who have done her the most injury. Whoever sees her for an hour becomes well acquainted with her character; whoever sees her for a whole day, becomes acquainted with all the qualities of her heart.'—p. 334-336.

He adds—

'I have not seen the Duchess of Berri since, and I have nothing more to say about her. Let another now undertake the task of relating the third act of the drama, which began à *la Marie-Thérèse*, and has ended à *la Marie-Louise*.'—pp. 350, 351.

Some readers may perhaps think that the work would have ended in better taste without this last pleasantry, which involves Napoleon's widow, *Marie-Louise*, in the same censure to which the Duchess of Berri has unfortunately exposed herself: frailty is certainly no excuse for frailty; and the cases are not parallel: for *Marie-Louise* never volunteered to make her private conduct a national concern; but General Dermoncourt was probably, and certainly not unreasonably, indignant at the hypocrisy of a party in France which censured so severely—so brutally—in *Marie-Caroline*, a *mèsalliance* which they forgave and even applauded in *Marie-Louise*. For us, we are not liable to such a reproach, and we accept no such consolation! We feel, as we have already said, from this narrative additional reasons for deploring the scandal and the guilt, the *publication* of which—thanks to the chivalry of a kinsman-king!—has so wofully tarnished the catastrophe of so noble and so interesting a drama.*

ART.

* Our conjectures concerning the getting-up of this book are confirmed by a letter from a friend in Paris, which reached us after the first pages of our article had gone to press. M. Dumas, the author of '*La Duchesse de Guise ou Henri III.*,' and other successful dramas, is a great friend of M. Dermoncourt, who was in early life aide-du-camp to his father, the late General Dumas, well known in the army of Egypt as 'the Mulatto General.' Young Dumas entertained Dermoncourt at breakfast the morning after he returned to Paris from *La Vendée*; and was so much struck with the stories he told of the expedition, that the idea of a book immediately suggested itself

ART. IX.—*Bergami et la Reine d'Angleterre*, en cinq actes.

Par MM. Fontan, Dupeuty, et Maurice Alhoy. Paris. 1833.

THE extraordinary success with which this play has been produced on the Parisian stage, even more than the high English interest of the subject of the piece, must serve as our apology for proceeding at once *in medias res*—without enlightening our readers with any preliminary reflections either on the present condition of the French theatre in general; or on the flattering progress which the romantic drama of England has made in revolutionizing the taste of our neighbours; or on that still more flattering testimony to the European importance of our country, her history, her character, and her institutions, which the labours of so many recent French writers, besides Messrs. Fontan, Dupeuty, and Alhoy, must be allowed to present.

We confess that it was impossible for us to cast an eye over the table of *dramatis personæ* without feeling our personal interest and curiosity exceedingly moved. A number of them, once familiar to us, have already passed from this visible diurnal sphere—and others, certainly, we never before heard of;—but there remain to excite and reward our attention the originals, as well as the dramatic images, of ‘Lord Ashley,’ ‘Sir Brougham (*prononcez* Broumm),’—‘Le Président de la Chambre des Lords, Eldon,’—‘Le docteur Holland,’—and a *huissier* of the name of ‘Sir Robert Inglis’—to say nothing of ‘M. le Comte Bergami,’ who we at least believe is still *inter vivos*. But, indeed, personages so recently lost to us as ‘Georges IV.,’ ‘Sir Wood (*prononcez* Oudd),’—‘Lord Liverpool’—‘Augustin’ (*i. e.* Master Austin),—and ‘Lord Castlereagh,’ can scarcely be named on such a page as this without stirring us almost as vividly. It has often been said, how extraordinary was the audacity of Shakspeare in bringing Henry VIII. and all his court on the stage during the

itself to him. The General said he could no more write a book than dance on a tight-rope, but if his friend chose to write as he spoke, he was welcome. Dumas took him at his word; and they breakfasted together every morning till the book was done.

The ‘Mulatto General’ was, we are told, in bed ill of the plague when the revolt of Cairo broke out. Though he was supposed to be dying fast, he jumped out of bed, mounted his horse in his shirt and nightcap, rode into the *mêlée*, slew a dozen at least of the insurgent Arabs with his own hand, and was cured of his disease by the exercise. Such is our friend’s story.

His son, the dramatist, was employed by the Government of Louis Philippe to inspect La Vendée in 1830, with a view to the establishment of a National Guard *there*; and this circumstance sufficiently explains the happy descriptions of Vendean scenery in the book we have been reviewing. We ought, perhaps, to add to this gossiping note, that General Dermoncourt was superseded by General Solignac, much to his dissatisfaction, soon after the capture of Madame, in consequence, some say, of a want of ‘dignity’ in his manners; according to others, of a love affair between the *vieux caporal* and one of her Royal Highness’s *dames*.

reign

reign of that monarch's daughter. We presume, unless Mr. Colman flings his wand into the balance, the chances are much in favour of our seeing the boldness of that example considerably surpassed, in the course of another month or two, to the extraordinary refreshment of those dignified *majors*, who, like the two Irish captains in the farce, that had but one shirt between them, have agreed to see company on the alternate days of the week.

The first scene of Act I. presents us with the court-yard of a post-house on the road between Florence and Genoa. Several postilions are engaged in a dispute about whose turn it is to have his boots and whip in readiness. Lord Ashley has arrived as the *avant-courier* of 'Caroline de Brunswic.' His lordship, the waiters, and the postboys, occupy four scenes—in the fifth we are at length introduced to 'Caroline,' 'Jenny,' and 'Bergami *en postillon*.' Her Royal Highness has been enchanted with the behaviour of this interesting young man:—

'Caroline.—Jenny, as-tu songé à récompenser dignement le jeune conducteur dont les récits nous ont si vivement intéressées? "Au pas, au pas," lui disais-je; et il s'arrêta plus d'une fois pour nous laisser admirer ces belles scènes où l'art n'a rien à prétendre; puis il nous contait les récits et les traditions de ce sol poétique—qu'il semble savoir beaucoup mieux que nos baronnets ne connaissent l'histoire de notre monarchie ou les chroniques de leurs biens seigneuriaux.—Mais, Jenny, récompense donc ce jeune homme.

(*Jenny s'approche de Bergami et lui donne une pièce d'argent.*)

'Bergami.—Je vous remercie, milady, mais je ne puis accepter—Si vous payez quelques paroles à ce prix, vous courez risque d'être étourdie tout le reste du voyage par mes camarades.

'Ashley.—Ce garçon est original.

'Caroline.—Il est fier, mais sans affectation.

'Bergami.—Permettez, milady, que je vous rende cette pièce; je serai mieux récompensé que si j'acceptais.

'Caroline.—Allons, Jenny, ne le contrarions pas. (*Jenny reprend la pièce*) (à Ashley) Avez-vous remarqué, milord, comme il s'exprime avec facilité?

'Ashley.—Oh! tous ces Italiens sont improvisateurs.'—p. 7.

Notwithstanding the sneer of this reply of Lord Ashley's, Caroline continues to think with some interest of the stories and the unmercenary conduct of her postilion. She resolves to spend an hour or two at this post—orders dinner—dines, and after coffee, and we presume *chasse-caffé*, descends into the garden to enjoy the beauties of the sunset-hour:—

'Bergami (*assis et sans la voir*).—Voilà une véritable soirée d'Italie! C'est l'heure où de doux regards s'échangent du balcon à la rue, ou se donnent à demi-voix des rendez-vous pour la nuit—Ah! belle Italie! pays d'amour et de volupté!

'Caroline.—

‘ *Caroline.*—En vérité ce n'est pas là un Italien ordinaire ; il y a dans ses traits je ne sais quelle noblesse, dans sa voix un charme enivrant—J'ai bien envie de satisfaire ma curiosité.

‘ *Bergami (se levant).*—Allons nous reposer. Je ne me remettrai en route que demain matin, et que Saint Bartholoméo, patron des postillons, me traite cette fois comme il m'a traité hier ! Cette dame que j'ai conduite ici est si bonne ! Il y a du plaisir à fouetter ses chevaux pour de semblables voyageurs—Si Julio voulait, je prendrais sa place quand cette dame va repartir.

‘ *Caroline (d'une voix douce).*—Je vous remercie, mon ami.

‘ *Bergami.*—Ah ! madame, pardon ; je croyais que vous vous étiez retirée—je ne me serais pas permis—(*Il va pour sortir.*)

‘ *Caroline.*—Eh bien ! vous vous en allez—Mais restez, restez donc—Pendant notre voyage j'ai été surprise, je dois vous l'avouer ; une riche poésie animait quelquefois vos descriptions—Vous êtes Italien ?

‘ *Bergami.*—Italien de Lodi.

‘ *Caroline.*—Vous vous nommez ?

‘ *Bergami.*—Bartholoméo Bergami.

‘ *Caroline.*—N'avez-vous jamais exercé d'autre état que celui de postillon ?—pp, 12, 13.

Bergami, Italien de Lodi, proceeds to inform the unknown lady, that he had been in former days a ‘ brave de Napoléon ; ’ that when the liberty of Italy was crushed by the fall of that constitutional prince, he disdained to wear the uniform of any legitimate despot—took to the hills, in short, as a bandit—but, the patriotic troop to which he had attached himself being now dispersed, he had been compelled to stoop to the humble vocation in which she had discovered him. The conversation then passes to the affairs of ‘ Caroline ’ herself—which affairs were undoubtedly making a good deal of noise in Italy about this period—and the fair incognita is astonished with the accuracy of the postilion's information ‘ *sur son sujet.* ’

‘ *Caroline.*—Oui, on dit qu'elle a beaucoup souffert. Je croyais pourtant qu'elle avait assez bien caché ses peines pour que personne n'eût le droit de les lui rappeler.

‘ *Bergami.*—Oh ! mais moi je sais mot pour mot cette curieuse histoire.

‘ *Caroline (avec un sourire triste).*—Voyons, Bergami, je vous écoute.

‘ *Bergami.*—Caroline de Brunswic est de la famille impériale d'Allemagne, fille et sœur d'archiduc—Elle est belle et bonne—et ce fut un deuil public en Allemagne quand la jeune princesse en partit pour Londres, où elle allait épouser Georges, prince de Galles et héritier présomptif de la couronne d'Angleterre.

‘ *Caroline (à part).*—Georges !—Georges !—(*haut.*) Continuez, mon ami.

‘ *Bergami.*—Ce prince de Galles était un de ces jeunes fils de roi qui

font au milieu d'une orgie l'apprentissage de leur métier de royauté. Quand les créanciers deviennent pressans, ils font alors ce qu'a fait Georges, prince de Galles : ils cherchent une riche héritière, ils l'épousent, et ils paient leurs dettes avec sa dot.

' *Caroline.*—Ah ! Caroline de Brunswic n'aurait pas regretté toute sa fortune si elle avait conservé le cœur de son époux.

' *Bergami.*—Mais l'eut-elle jamais, madame ? Cela se vit bien le lendemain de son mariage. Il reprit sa vie de désordre, courut à ses maîtresses qu'il avait oubliées un jour ; et comme il avait fait des guinées d'Angleterre, il leur jeta les florins d'Allemagne que lui avait apportés sa fiancée.

' *Caroline (avec émotion).*—C'est vrai, oh ! c'est bien vrai. On eût dit qu'il se plaisait à jeter le désespoir dans ce cœur qui était tout à lui.

' *Bergami (la regardant).*—Quelle vive émotion !—Elle pleure, je crois.

' *Caroline.*—Calomnies secrètes, insultes publiques, rien ne lui fut épargné par son royal époux. Ah ! Georges ! Georges ! vous m'avez fait bien souffrir, et pourtant je vous aime encore !

' *Bergami.*—Qu'entends-je !—Vous seriez—(*se jetant à ses genoux.*) Oh ! madame, pardon !—En réveillant dans votre ame de si pénibles souvenirs, je vous ai arraché un secret dont vous ne vouliez pas me rendre dépositaire.

' *Caroline.*—Je vous pardonne.—(*Bergami fait un mouvement pour sortir.*)—Avant de partir, j'aurais du plaisir à vous voir sous vos habits de montagnard.—(*Mouvement d'étonnement de Bergami.*)—Le voulez-vous ?

' *Bergami.*—Oui, madame.

' *Caroline.*—Je vous attendrai ici.

' *Bergami.*—Je vais revenir.

[*Il sort.*]

' SCENE X.

' *CAROLINE, seule.*

' Oh ! voici depuis longues années le seul moment de bonheur qui soit venu consoler mon ame. Oui, oui, je ne méritais pas de souffrir comme j'ai souffert.—Il me fallait, pour répandre un charme consolateur sur ma vie, quelqu'un qui m'aimât d'un amour égal au mien.—

Thus ends Act I. scene X. It will surprise no one that Scene XII. should end as follows :—The horses are ready—the Princess is to sleep a stage farther on :—

' *BERGAMI, (entrant en habit de montagnard.)*—Madame, me voici à vos ordres.

' *Caroline.*—Monsieur Bergami, voulez-vous être mon écuyer ?

' *Bergami.*—Moi, madame !

' *Caroline.*—Vous regrettez peut-être votre indépendance.

' *Bergami.*—Mon bonheur sera de vous obéir toute ma vie !

' *Ashley (à part).*—C'est un échec, mais je saurai le réparer.

' *Caroline.*—

‘ *Caroline.*—Mylord, acceptez une place ; Bergami, vous occuperez celle qui est en face de la mienne.—Partons.

‘ *Bergami.*—Sois tranquille. [*Une voiture attelée paraît au fond.*

‘ *Caroline (dans la voiture).*—Adieu, mes amis.—Priez tous pour Caroline de Brunswic, princesse de Galles !

‘ [*La voiture se met en mouvement ; la toile tombe.*—pp. 20, 21.

This is Act the First. In the first scene of Act II., which opens at Genoa, we are sorry to find Lord Ashley engaged in the unworthy attempt to enlist Bergami in the conspiracy of which his lordship was so pertinaciously the organ. The Princess herself, who well understands his lordship's unworthy connexion with her enemies in Pall-Mall, accounts for his having condescended to play the part of a spy on her movements, in consequence of his extreme ambition to have a seat in the House of Peers, which, considering that he was not then old enough to sit even in the House of Commons, appears to us a problematical solution. However, Bergami resists all the cunning and coaxing of this degraded nobleman—and, turning a few pages, we find the ex-‘ brave de Napoleon ’ holding this colloquy with his persecuted mistress :—

‘ *Bergami.*—C'est un pari.

‘ *Caroline.*—Un pari—entre des Anglais ?—et à propos de moi peut-être ?

‘ *Bergami.*—Entre des Anglais, et à propos de vous, madame.

‘ *Caroline.*—Et quels sont ces jeunes fous ?—et quel est le pari ?

‘ *Bergami.*—Voici le pari.—A la taverne de Londres, deux hommes, restés seuls après une orgie, les coudes appuyés sur la table, parlaient de Caroline de Brunswic. Sans doute leur bouche mensongère répétait les lâches calomnies dont on abreuve la pauvre exilée : sans doute, à leur avis, chacune des insultes qu'on lui prodigue était méritée : l'un des deux proposa à son ami le pari suivant : “ Je gage cent mille livres sterling que, si tu le veux, tu remplaceras le prince de Galles dans le cœur de Caroline, et que tu apporteras au palais de Saint-James la preuve de son infidélité. Dans le cas où tu gagnerais, ajouta-t-il en souriant, je doublerai la somme.”

‘ *Caroline.*—C'est une plaisanterie.

‘ *Bergami.*—Non, c'est sérieux, madame ; ce pari, moyen adroit de ménager l'amour-propre de celui qui l'acceptait, signifiait ceci au fond ; du moins c'est ainsi que je l'explique : “ Le prince de Galles paiera deux cent mille livres sterling à qui lui donnera le moyen de prouver que Caroline de Brunswic a manqué à ses sermens.”—(*Après une pause*)—Celui qui a tenu le pari se nomme Lord Ashley—

‘ *Caroline (vivement).*—Et celui qui l'a proposé se nomme le régent d'Angleterre—n'est-ce pas ?—(*avec indignation, et bas.*)—Est-ce assez d'affronts, ô mon Dieu !—Mais dites-moi, Bergami, ne vous a-t-on pas abusé par un rapport trompeur ?—Je ne puis croire qu'il ait poussé jusque là la folie ou l'insolence !

‘ *Bergami.*—Oh ! croyez-le, madame, car c’est la vérité pure—je vous le jure par le dévouement que j’ai pour vous.

‘ *Caroline.*—En vérité, Bergami, le premier sentiment que votre récit a excité en moi a été de l’amertume et du chagrin—le second est bien différent, je vous assure—j’ai presque envie de rire du choix bizarre du prince de Galles, et de l’étrange présomption de Lord Ashley.—Voyez donc le beau séducteur qu’ils sont allés me prendre là ! Puis Lord Ashley a une femme charmante, une femme qui ne mérite pas qu’on la dédaigne—qu’on demande plutôt au prince de Galles !* N’importe, à la place de mon royal époux, si j’avais eu si peu de confiance en Caroline, je l’aurais jugée du moins femme de meilleur goût, et j’aurais choisi mieux que Lord Ashley.’

Bergami proceeds to inform her Royal Highness that Lord Ashley was himself aware that his personal appearance had not found favour in her eyes—and in short that he had tampered with Bergami ‘ *pour gagner son pari !!* ’ Caroline shudders at this revelation of human baseness. Bergami, equally horrified, perceives that it is his duty no longer to remain in the service of his royal mistress.

‘ *Caroline.*—Enfin, quel est votre projet, monsieur Bergami ? Vous hésitez ? vos yeux se remplissent de larmes—expliquez-vous.

‘ *Bergami.*—Oh ! pardon, pardon, madame—mais ces paroles que j’étais décidé à prononcer en venant ici. . . .

‘ *Caroline.*—Parlez !—mais parlez donc !—

‘ *Bergami (après une pause.)*—Je viens vous prier madame, de permettre que je quitte votre service.

‘ *Caroline (vivement.)*—Vous voulez partir ?

‘ *Bergami.*—Aujourd’hui même.

‘ *Caroline.*—Quoi donc ? parce qu’un sot a jeté entre nous je ne sais quel rêve de son esprit malade, je me séparerais, moi, d’un ami fidèle et sûr, que personne ne remplacerait dans ma confiance ; vous abandonneriez, vous, une femme qui vous doit peut-être, je ne crains pas de l’avouer, Bergami, les seuls jours sans chagrin qu’elle ait passés depuis long-temps ! Que vous fait, à vous, qu’on dise que je vous préfère à mes autres serviteurs ? Que me fait, à moi, qu’on dise que vous m’aimez d’amour—si cela n’est pas ?—

‘ *Bergami.*—Et si cela est ?—

‘ *Caroline.*—Bergami !

‘ *Bergami.*—Cela est, madame—Oh ! vous ne l’auriez jamais su, jamais !—Et cependant cet amour-là est devenu bien ardent et bien profond.

‘ *Caroline.*—Taisez-vous, Bergami ; taisez-vous, au nom du ciel !’
—pp. 37, 38.

Her Royal Highness accompanies these words with a gesture

* The present Lady Ashley, having only been born in the year 1810, and remained Lady Emily Cowper until July 1830, can be in nowise implicated in these vile transactions of 1819 and 1820.

which compels Bergami to quit her presence. In the antechamber he encounters Ashley—a duel ensues on the instant. Caroline hears the clash of *swords*, screams ‘Oh ! le malheureux !—c’est pour moi,’ and rushes out to separate the combatants. She has hardly succeeded in persuading them to sheath their rapiers, when a shout of *Vive la Reine* is heard below. A courier rushes in with a letter of George IV. announcing the death of his father, and requesting her to send to the parliament an ‘acte de renonciation au titre et au rang de reine d’Angleterre’—

‘*Caroline.*—Quelle insolence !—Messieurs, je proteste en votre présence, comme je le ferai aux yeux de toute l’Europe, contre la violence dont on veut me rendre la victime. Mes droits sont sacrés, je saurai les maintenir. Il n’y a plus ici de Princesse de Galles. Inclinez-vous, messieurs, je suis Reine d’Angleterre !

‘*Tous.*—Vive la Reine d’Angleterre !

‘*Caroline.*—Dès ce moment je fais acte de souveraineté, et je nomme ma maison. Tous nos serviteurs fidèles conserveront auprès de la reine les emplois qu’ils remplissaient auprès de la proscrite ; Miss Jenny Donald, vous êtes élevée au rang de première dame d’honneur ; Monsieur Bergami, nous vous faisons comte et chambellan. Lord Ashley, désormais je vous défends de vous montrer à mes yeux.’—(*La reine s’arrête, et jette un regard de mépris sur Ashley.*)
—p. 40.

We had not been aware until now that M. Bergami was elevated by this *Sovereign* to an earldom. Orders are given immediately to get on board a packet in the roads. Bergami and Miss Jenny pack up—the wind is favourable—the packet sails for England : here ends act the second.

At the opening of act the fourth, we find her Majesty safely established ‘chez Sir Wood.’ Scene the seventh has been, we are told, more applauded at Paris than even that in which Bergami first declares his love. We give it entire.

‘SCENE VII.

‘*Sir Wood.*—Madame, les différentes corporations de Londres vous demandent par mon organe l’honneur de vous présenter leurs respectueux hommages. Elles sont rangées en silence et bannières déployées devant la porte de ma demeure, et attendent que Votre Majesté veuille bien les recevoir.

‘*Caroline.*—Qu’elles viennent ! Qu’elles viennent, monsieur Wood, tout de suite !

‘*Wood (bas).*—C’est que j’ai une autre audience à solliciter de Votre Majesté.

‘*Caroline.*—Et pour qui ?

‘*Wood.*—Pour Sa Majesté Georges IV.

‘*Caroline.*—Le roi !

‘*Wood.*—Oui, madame. Un de ses aides-de-camp vient de me prier de sa part de demander l’heure de Votre Majesté. C’est un
entretien

entretien important et confidentiel. J'ai pensé que vous recevriez le roi avant les corporations.

'*Caroline.*—Vous vous êtes trompé, Monsieur Wood; le PEUPLE d'abord—le roi ensuite!!'—p. 51.

We pass over her Majesty's interview with the Lord Mayor and the city deputations. She is, at length, at leisure to admit the King, who has been for some time waiting in Sir Wood's snug little parlour on the ground floor; and the worthy and elegant Alderman ushers 'Georges IV.' into the presence. We can, however, only afford room for the close of his Majesty's conversation with his injured consort.

'*Le Roi.*—J'attends votre réponse. Partirez-vous ?

'*Caroline (avec dignité).*—Sire, vous me demandez ma honte, car je m'avouerais coupable en fuyant. Je refuse.

'*Le Roi.*—Eh bien donc ! puisque vous le voulez, que la lutte s'engage entre nous, lutte acharnée et éternelle. Il faut que Georges IV., roi d'Angleterre, reste seul assis au trône, et que Caroline de Brunswic sorte de Londres. A vous, pour triompher, madame, les clameurs d'une populace en délire, les intrigues, les complots peut-être de quelques seigneurs factieux ! A moi, la force des lois et mon énergie, à moi l'appui des fidèles sujets de ma couronne. Mais songez-y, c'est la dernière fois que je vous ai parlé de pardon.

'*Caroline.*—J'accepte vos conditions, sire, et je me confie en mon bon droit et en la justice de Dieu.

'*Le Roi.*—Jusqu'ici j'avais hésité à signer l'ordonnance que Sir Ashley m'a apportée du conseil et qui vous nomme des juges. Donnez, mylord. (*On entend au dehors des cris confus.*)

'*Caroline.*—Ecoutez, sire, écoutez !

'*Sir Wood.*—Madame, les ouvriers de Londres, qui ont appris la réception gracieuse de leurs députés, s'arrêtent en foule devant ma demeure, et demandent que vous paraissiez à ce balcon.

'*Caroline.*—Je vais me rendre à leurs vœux. Réconduisez sa majesté le roi jusqu'au bas de l'escalier.

'*Georges (avec colère, signe un papier que Lord Ashley lui remet).*—Caroline Amélie de Brunswic, votre époux outragé vous cite devant la chambre des lords pour crime d'adultère !

'*Caroline (près du balcon, se tournant vers le roi).*—Georges IV., la reine d'Angleterre vous cite devant le peuple anglais !

'*Voir au dehors.*—Caroline ! Caroline ! au balcon ! au balcon !

'(*Le roi sort avec Ashley ! les acclamations redoublent ; la toile baisse.*)'—pp. 62, 63.

The melancholy events which principally occupy act the fifth are still so fresh in public recollection, that we shall not tear open its wounds by the introduction in this place of copious extracts. Some minor incidents, however, are detailed, of which even the newspapers had never before dropt a hint ; for example, a shocking attempt on the part of the guilty and trembling Liverpool to have the

the high-souled Bergami assassinated on the streets of London during the trial of the innocent Queen. The wounded Earl has just staggered into her private chamber, when a gentleman-uscher advances to demand her Majesty's presence in the House of Lords—

‘ *Caroline.*—Ces momens si courts ont été bien doux ! (*Elle écoute.*) J’ai cru entendre monter l’escalier. (*Elle écoute encore.*) Non—rien—ce ne pourrait être que Bergami, et il ne se rendrait pas auprès de moi sans mon ordre. (*Après une pause.*) Il sait qu’une imprudence nous perdrait. (*Un nouveau bruit se fait entendre au dehors.*) Mais—je ne m’étais pas trompée—il y a quelqu’un là—(*Un gémissement étouffé se fait entendre.*) Des plaintes étouffées ! (*On frappe à la porte faiblement.*) Plus de doute—si c’était ! (*Elle se précipite vivement vers la petite porte, qui s’ouvre—Bergami est appuyé sur un des côtés du corridor ; Caroline le reçoit dans ses bras.*) Bergami ! Bergami ! (*Elle le soutient.*) Il ne répond pas !—Quelle pâleur ! (*Elle le place sur un canapé.*) Son cœur ne bat-il plus, mon Dieu ! (*Elle pose sa main sur son cœur et la retire avec un cri.*) Ah ! du sang ! (*Elle se lève épouvantée et reste devant lui avec désespoir.*) Ils l’ont assassiné !

‘ *Bergami (rouvre les yeux par degrés et passe la main sur son front.)*—J’ai cru que j’allais mourir—Où est-elle ?—La reine !—la reine !

‘ *Caroline.*—Bergami !

‘ *Jenny (entrant).*—Ah ! pardon, madame ; je croyais que Sa Majesté était seule.

‘ *Caroline.*—Que me voulez-vous, Jenny ?

‘ (*Bergami s’est assis sur la causeuse.*)

‘ *Jenny.*—Un messenger d’état, envoyé par la chambre des pairs, insiste pour être introduit sur-le-champ auprès de Sa Majesté.

‘ *Caroline.*—Faites entrer, et prévenez au plus tôt le docteur Holland que j’ai besoin de ses services. (*Jenny sort.*)

‘ *Le Messenger.*—La noble chambre demande à Sa Majesté s’il lui conviendrait de se rendre auprès d’elle, sans retard, ou si elle préfère que le solliciteur-général vienne l’interroger.

‘ *Caroline.*—Répondez à la noble chambre qu’au moment où vous lui avez apporté votre message, la reine d’Angleterre avait déjà pris la résolution de se rendre au palais des pairs.

(*Le Messenger salue et sort.*)

‘ *Bergami (se levant).*—Quoi ! madame, vous voulez—

‘ *Caroline.*—Oui, maintenant c’est un devoir. Je n’ai pas encore montré à l’Angleterre tout ce qu’il y a d’énergie et de puissance au fond de mon âme—Ces lords qui me jugent, ils ne m’ont pas encore vue à leur tribunal, ils me verront.—(*Mouvement de joie de Bergami.*) Je vais aller leur demander compte de votre sang qu’ils ont répandu.

‘ *Bergami.*—Ah ! madame, à la chambre des lords, oui, mais tous deux—Vous, qu’ils accusent à cause de moi—moi, leur découvrant ma poitrine saignante, et criant à haute voix à vos accusateurs : “ Vous qui calomniez la reine, vous avez menti.” Allons, allons, madame, j’ai encore assez de force pour vous servir une dernière fois.

‘ *Caroline.*—

'*Caroline.*—Malheureux ! ce serait vous perdre !—Restez—Bergami—Caroline vous l'ordonne.

‘ SCENE VIII.

‘ LES MEMES, JENNY, LE DOCTEUR HOLLAND.

'*Caroline (au docteur qui entre).*—Monsieur Holland, prodiguez vos soins au Comte Bergami, qu'ils ont tenté d'assassiner, et ne le quittez pas d'un instant jusqu'à mon retour.

'*(Le docteur Holland s'approche de Bergami; la reine se dispose à sortir.)*
—pp. 70, 71.

This is all that we have of Dr. Holland ; and how skilfully, by making him a *mute* of the drama, do the authors indicate to us the profound professional reserve, so honourable to the Doctor, which has for so many years kept the assassination of Earl Bergami a secret from the world ! We must give the heading of the next scene :—

‘ DEUXIEME TABLEAU.

'*L'intérieur de la Chambre des Lords à Londres.—Au changement à vue, le théâtre représente la copie exacte de la gravure de Georges Hayler, seulement le fauteuil que doit occuper la reine est encore vide.*

‘ SCENE IX.

‘ SIR BROUGHAM, AVOCAT DE LA REINE, LE PRESIDENT DE LA CHAMBRE, LORDS, HUISSIERS DE LA CHAMBRE, JOURNALISTES, ASHLEY.’—p. 72.

The type (which we have strictly copied) shows that, before the arrival of Caroline herself, the two principal personages were Brougham and Ashley ; the Lord Chancellor Eldon, the Reporters of the Times, the Ushers in Waiting, and the assembled Peers being all of minor, and apparently of about the same importance. The dialogue which ensues justifies this arrangement of the typographer. Lord Ashley conducts the case against her Majesty, bad as that case is, with a skill which, when we consider his lordship's total want of juridical education and forensic practice, we are bound, in spite of our abhorrence of such a misapplication of his abilities, to admire and acknowledge ; but even he appears second, *longo intervallo*, to ‘ Sir Brougham ’—whose searching observations on the absurdity of allowing the use of the King's name to influence votes on a ministerial question, or indeed of suffering the votes of place-holding or pensioned peers to be taken at all upon any question of national importance, are expressed with considerable *verve*, and reflect honour on the accuracy with which our dramatic trio have studied the recent history of England. Well may the grateful and prophetic ‘ Caroline ’ exclaim—‘ Ce digne avocat sera un jour l'honneur de l'Angleterre !! ’

terre!!' (p. 67.) We think it, however, not quite fair that the part of 'Sir Denman' should be omitted.

We forgot to notice that when the Queen appears at the door of the *Chambre*, the Chancellor '*agite sa sonnette!*' The French bell having once been so judiciously adopted among us, why has it dropped again into *desuetude*? Again, it would appear, from the passage about to be quoted, that the peers on this great occasion voted by ballot? Why, why, did they ever return to the old practice?—Lord Eldon says:—

'My lords, le bill des peines et amendes a déjà été lu deux fois et approuvé par vous—La chambre va voter sur la troisième et dernière lecture.

'*Cris en dehors.*—Voici la reine! à bas les dragons!

'*Eldon.*—Le scrutin est ouvert. (*Les lords se disposent à voter.*—*Il appelle à haute voix:*) Lord Ashley! (*Lord Ashley quitte sa place et va voter.*)

'*Cris en dehors.*—Aux pierres! aux pierres! démolissons ce mur!

'(*On entend des coups de feu, des charges de cavalerie, des cris.*)

'*Eldon (appellant).*—Lord Liverpool! (*Le duc se dirige vers l'urne; le bruit extérieur redouble encore; des pierres cassent les vitrages et viennent tomber presque sur les lords.*) Restez en place, my lords, le scrutin va continuer. (*Appellant.*) Lord Castlereagh!

'(*Ce lord va pour voter; il est frappé d'une pierre.*)'—pp. 80, 81.

It would be ridiculous to dwell gravely on minor errors in a foreigner dramatizing a scene so thoroughly English as this; but it is impossible not to observe, *en passant*, that Lord Ashley could hardly have been summoned to go to the *scrutin* between the Duke of Liverpool and so old a member of the upper house as 'Lord Castlereagh.'

We willingly drop the veil on the horrors of the concluding scenes. The brutality of the Tory party, (here represented by the outrageous *huissier*, Sir Robert Inglis,) in excluding Queen Caroline from the coronation ceremony in the Abbey—the success which nevertheless crowned her Majesty's heroic efforts to take a part in the ensuing banquet—the speech which she uttered when, after dinner, her health was proposed to the assembled peers and privy counsellors by the awe-struck King—the atrocious villany of Lord Ashley in administering to her the same evening a dose of mortal poison in the shape and similitude of a bottle of brandy—the death of Caroline de Brunswic—the despair of her '*Comte et Chambellan*,'—the remorse of George IV., and the funeral oration of 'Sir Brougham,'—they are all to be found in the fifth act of '*Bergami et la Reine d'Angleterre.*'

ART. X.—*The Reform Ministry and the Reformed Parliament.*
Second Edition. 8vo. pp. 108. London. 1833.

HIS Majesty's government have fitted out a vessel for a long and perilous voyage of discovery. Some experienced shipwrights and sailors, who witnessed her equipment, pronounced that she was unfit for such an arduous service—that she was ill-planned, ill-built, ill-formed, ill-stowed—and so crank and overmasted that, in anything like a stiff breeze, she would be found unable to carry her *royals*! Well; she leaves Deptford, and drops down the river—she is found not to answer her helm—twice she runs aground, and is backed off by main force, but, favoured by the weather, and *the tide*, she at last, after a greater expense of time and labour than was ever before known, is anchored at the Nore; and then her constructor turns round in triumph and asks, whether she has not disproved and refuted all the unfavourable prognostics which were made about her?—as if passing Gravesend were doubling Cape Horn—as if floating *one tide down the Thames* were a voyage round the world!

Such, but even still more absurd, is the fallacy which this pamphlet is written to maintain—a pamphlet to which it is, we understand, avowed that the several departments of government have been summoned to contribute their talents and (what was more reckoned upon) their ingenuity. It has been everywhere quoted as 'the Voice from Downing Street,' and has been dignified with the title of the *Ministerial Manifesto*. It is so unusual to meet with *any* publication in favour of the present ministry, that we should have been perhaps inclined to notice this for its singularity. Out of the circles of office-holders or expectants, we doubt that a pamphlet in defence of ministers or their measures could have been produced; and within them, it seems, no single head was able to undertake so arduous a task. The whole body, therefore, was put in requisition—one man contributed the copy of his printed speech—another cuts, with official scissors, his paragraph out of the newspaper—another was set to reckon the days that parliament sat—an indefatigable was charged with computing the hours—and some good-natured, indolent receiver of salary was appointed to the lighter duty of stating the result. The great head of the law, dissatisfied with the little notice that he had lately received, is understood to have done the chapter of *Legal Reform* with his own hand—or with one of the many hands which, by dint of patronage, he has made his own—and, indeed, it has been shrewdly suspected that the whole pamphlet was got up for the sake of this chapter, just as we remember to have heard that an ingenious gentleman published an entire Peerage for the sake of introducing his own claims to a dormant title. Be that as it may, this pamphlet is avowedly the

the *Smectymnuus* of the ministry; and although it is such as—to use Milton's expression in the *Smectymnuan* controversy—might have been written with any other man's 'left hand,' we firmly believe it exhibits all the skill and judgment which its synod of authors were able to command. We therefore think it, in all these views, worthy of a degree of notice to which certainly neither its political fallacies, miscalled facts, nor its literary pretensions, which may be justly termed bad language and worse logic, would have entitled it.

The first specimen of its logic is that on which we have observed at the outset, the grand assumption that—because there is *still* the *name* of a king and the *form* of a government in England after the *first* session of the reformed parliament, all the fears and prophecies of the opponents of the Reform Bill are disproved and dispelled; and that, because we have survived six months, we are certain of living a hundred years. We would gladly compound for a tithe—though tithes be somewhat out of fashion—of the period: but we fear this logic comes rather from the *town** than the *University* of Cambridge.

The pamphlet opens with this statement of the question—

“I should wish to ask the Noble Lord, (said the Duke of Wellington to Earl Grey, in a speech on the Reform Bill,) how any ministry will hereafter be able to conduct the king's government, with a parliament such as will be returned by this bill?” Well,—the experiment has been tried. The first session of the reformed parliament has closed.—p. 1.

And all the rest of the work is dedicated to prove, from the events of this *first* session, that the opinion of the Duke of Wellington was erroneous, and that neither the new constituency nor its representatives

'have deserved to rouse the suspicions expressed by the Duke of Wellington, or the terrors of Mr. Croker.'—p. 5.

Now certainly neither the Duke of Wellington, nor Mr. Croker, nor any other person that we ever heard of, prophesied that the first, or the second, or the third session of the reformed parliament must accomplish the entire overthrow of the existing constitution; but they all said (and we ourselves have on various occasions repeated the same opinion) that such a result—however it might be retarded or accelerated by unforeseen accidents—was inevitable, and that the *principles* on which the Reform Bill was framed would, sooner or later, bring about that frightful

* Need we remind our readers that Mr. Spring Rice—having been, by the operation of the Reform Bill, ousted from the representation of his native city of Limerick, which he had mainly, by his own exertions, enfranchised from nomination, and which he had served for many years with zeal and ability—has been driven for a seat to the *town of Cambridge*, to which he is an entire stranger?

consummation. The Duke of Wellington's words, even as quoted by the pamphlet, do not warrant the *narrow* meaning which it finds convenient to attribute to him, as if he had asserted that a government could not exist for *six months*. His Grace was thinking—not, as the ministers do, about getting over a month or a session—but of the larger interests and periods of a steady and *permanent system* of government. The allusion to Mr. Croker's anticipations is still more unfortunate, for if ever predictions were verified—it has happened in this case.

In Mr. Croker's first speech on the Reform question, (March 4, 1831,) we find this passage—

‘I do not assert that the Reform Bill is meant to be *revolutionary*, nor that in its present state it is so in a legal sense; but I assert and insist that it has a *revolutionary tendency*, and will, if carried, *at last* end inevitably in a *revolution*.’—*Speech*, p. 20.

This shows that he contemplated a gradual succession of events; and he specifies the *two first* events which he thinks likely to occur:—

‘The first *sensible* effect will *probably* be on that part of the prerogative which gives the crown the choice of its ministers.’—*Ibid*.

And, accordingly, the very first sensible operation on the government was the case of Sir John Hobhouse, whose acceptance of a high office, for which he was in every respect fit, so entirely obliterated all his former popularity that he was—(on an opportunity which he very unnecessarily, we think, afforded)—most uncere- moniously detruded from that reformed parliament which he had helped to call into existence; and the office vacated by him was filled by a person who (however otherwise fit or unfit) was notoriously selected because it happened that he *alone* of all the candidates was sure of his re-election; and, finally, the partisans of the ministry, with the avowed approbation of the ministers themselves, have declared that a law *must* be passed to restore to the crown that prerogative of which the three first months of the Reform Bill have shewn it to be actually deprived. Mr. Croker's next ‘terror’ was thus expressed:—

‘But next, and perhaps even more important, will be the operation of this house, when it shall be the *direct and immediate delegate* of the democracy, on the other branches of the legislature. By what new influence is the House of Lords to maintain its independent position in the state? Even constituted as we now are, the House of Commons has occasionally shown a disposition to encroach upon the other branch of the legislature. I will not allude to the bad times when the *peers of the realm were voted needless nuisances*, but to a more modern instance—in the year 1742, when a bill of indemnity for certain witnesses was sent to the Lords, which they, in their double and doubly-sacred character of legislators and judges, thought fit to reject
—at

—at that date a noble lord (the eldest son of the then *Earl of Derby*) was found in the House of Commons to propose a vote of censure upon the House of Lords, for exercising this its most indisputable right. The good sense of the house at that day rejected this factious and dangerous motion; but *such a state of things, I fear, will soon again occur*, if this measure receive the sanction of parliament.'—*Ib.* p. 20.

Was ever conjecture more strikingly realized? The case did very soon occur—the House of Lords voted an address to his Majesty on the Portuguese question; and—although this was a matter on which the House of Commons had never expressed the most distant opinion or wish—the opportunity was taken of bearing down the opinion of the Upper House by an adverse vote of the House of Commons; that vote passed by an immense majority—the *heir of the house of Derby* being again prominent in its favour—and the King was advised (as we stated in our last Number) to *reprimand* the House of Lords. Mr. Croker may have been right or wrong in considering these events as steps to Revolution, but no one can deny that *he foretold* them as likely to occur early in the reformed parliament, or that they did so occur, and even in the very order in which he had named them. It well becomes the ministerial partisans to make light of 'Mr. Croker's terrors!'

To tell us, therefore, that the ministers have weathered the first session of a reformed parliament, does not contradict any of the apprehensions which the Tories had expressed as to the *ultimate tendency* of the measure. But if we were even to admit, with the pamphleteers,* that the power 'of conducting the King's government' is to be judged of by the proceedings of the late session, there might still be asked two pithy questions:—*Has there been a Government*—in the old acceptation of the term, in which, of course, the Duke of Wellington used it? and *Has that Government been the KING's*? To the first question we could give but a very qualified assent—to the latter an absolute negative. *Government* there certainly has been; but administered *inversely*—on the King and his ministers, and not *by* them. To propound measures and abandon them—to pass votes and rescind them—to give pledges and forfeit them—to be never of the same mind two days running—to puzzle by blunders and inconsistency friends and enemies alike—to drag followers through the dirt, and then desert the measure for which it had begrimed them—to have no views but of the expedient of the night—no object but to get

* We employ this word in no disparaging sense—the noblemen and gentlemen to whom the composition is attributed, are entitled to all personal courtesy and respect. We only use the term to avoid circumlocution, for the authors of, or contributors to, the ministerial pamphlet.

through

through the debate—no prospect but that of closing the session—if all this be *governing*, we certainly have had a government; but it is a government which, having no internal force, only works by the tradition, as it were, of former authority, and can last no longer than that gradually decreasing impulse. By and bye a new power will possess itself of the torpid machine, and work it at a new rate and to a new purpose—and *that* will probably be the second stage of our Revolution.

The writers of the pamphlet, feeling sorely the real impotence of the ministry, endeavour to display its vast influence and activity, and expatiate with affected triumph on the great number of things it has meddled with. Can they dream that men are so silly as not to see, in this busy and feverish restlessness, the surest symptom of weakness and disorder? Like a spinning-top, if they stand still, they fall—like rope-dancers, unable to walk at a steady pace along the line chalked out before them, they can only keep their balance by jumps and capers, which to the vulgar eye look like confidence and vigour, while, in fact, they are only painful efforts to maintain a precarious position. Hear what was said by an old Whig,—the predecessor and relative of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, and one whose authority no one of that party will deny—Lord John Cavendish—upon the subject of ultra-activity in a government:—‘*When extraordinary remedies become the ordinary engines of government, you may rest assured that you have a weak ministry.*’—*Debates*, 18 Dec. 1772. ‘A spirit of *innovation*,’ said Mr. Burke, ‘is generally the result of a *selfish temper* and *confused views*.’ Look in common life at a weak man in perplexity, see how he tries all topics—multiplies projects and shifts—flies about to every expedient—puts, to use the common illustration, all his irons in the fire at once, without calculating how he is hereafter to find time or power to fashion them to any useful purpose. So far, then, from seeing, in the long list of measures of all kinds and classes which the ministers adduce as proofs of their wisdom and ability, any subject of praise to them or consolation to the country, we—too certainly—know that they are the *convulsions of weakness*,—the *St. Vitus’s dance* of limbs which are so busy only because they have neither health nor strength to be quiet.

This, we candidly admit, is *now* their misfortune rather than their fault. Their fault—their crime—was the selfish and corrupt party policy which led to the Reform Bill: *that* once passed—as the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and every one else foretold—the consequences became inevitable; and on the whole we, under existing circumstances, are much more inclined to pity than to censure them. But then, on the other hand, it is a little

too

too much to find them singing *Ib triumphe*—(*Te Deum* is out of their line)—for what they know to be defeat and misfortune, and claiming honours and ovations for having disorganized and endangered every institution of a once great and happy country.

Passing, however, from these general but important considerations, let us observe a little on the detail of the measures for which this pamphlet claims such extravagant approbation:—

‘Ireland.—When the present government took office, the *storm* which had been gathering for the previous half century had burst. The first remedies which they applied were such as, if they had been adopted by their predecessors, might have been sufficient. Measures were adopted for removing the collision between the tenantry and the clergy as to tithes, and for throwing the maintenance of the Establishment upon the landlord; * public education was made equally accessible to the Catholic and the Protestant; † agriculture ‡ and manufactures were encouraged; § a large fund was appropriated for the promotion of public works; the road to prosperity was opened, if the peaceful and industrious portion of the community could only obtain protection while treading it.’—pp. 5, 6.

¶ We will not now rip up old sores, nor stop to inquire *who were the men* who for half a century had been exciting—creating—the storm. We will abstain from that most tempting topic; but could we, at the very threshold, as it were, offer our readers a better proof of the *candour*, the *veracity*, of the pamphleteers than that, after talking about ‘the storm that had for *half a century* been gathering in Ireland,’ they do not make the slightest allusion to what the Whigs had always represented as the sole *cause* of the storm—Catholic Disabilities; nor to the measure which they had always vaunted and urged as the one, only, certain remedy—Catholic Emancipation?

Had Lord Brougham and Mr. Spring Rice, the two principal contributors, drank of Lethe in their transit to the Elysium of office, and lost all recollection of the whole course of their political life? Had they forgotten that, on every occasion on which former governments had been obliged to appeal to parliament for some legislative enactments against Irish turbulence, they and their friends sang one never-ceasing, never-varying chorus—‘The sole cause of disturbance in Ireland is the penal code—grant Catholic Emancipation, and none of these coercive and unconstitutional measures will be necessary?’ But now, this—‘the sovereign remedy for all the diseases of Ireland’—appears so absolutely worthless, that it does not claim even a parenthesis in the history of ‘the half cen-

* 2d and 3d Wm. IV. c. 119.

† An Act for improving certain Waste Lands in Ireland, 2 and 3 Wm. IV. c. 52.

‡ An Act for the better Regulation of the Linen Manufacture, 2 and 3 Wm. IV. c. 77.

tury,' of which, during the said half century, it appeared to be not merely the most prominent, but the only concern of our domestic life. Is this 'mere oblivion?' Oh, no! They remember it too well; but nothing could be more *inconvenient* to the ministry at this moment than to remind even the gentlest reader of the utter failure of that great Whig engine of government—*Concession!*—nothing more humiliating to the men themselves than to confess that their grand expedient, which was to render all disturbance impossible, and all coercion unnecessary, has been followed by disturbances as frightful as ever, and by coercion ten times more severe, and an hundred times more unconstitutional than ever was dreamed of before.

But, in the foregoing enumeration of the remedies by which their Coercion was accompanied, have they forgotten that there is not one single topic which had not engaged the attention of former governments—on which former parliaments had not legislated?—the Tithe Composition Bill—the many committees, votes, and measures relating to education—hundreds of acts and of grants for promoting agriculture, and manufactures—and large funds over and over again appropriated for the promotion of public works—measures directed to the self-same objects as those which are now cited as if they had never been thought of till the reform ministers had passed two or three '*chapters of the second and third of William IV.*:' and do they not know that when Sir Henry Hardinge left the Irish office in 1830 he had already prepared, or was preparing for immediate consideration, a greater number of *remedial* measures for Ireland than the present government—with its three Irish Secretaries within two years—have had time even to think of? The pamphlet also takes great credit for the Irish Church Reform Bill—the Irish Church Reform Bill! the act, of all others of their administration, which all men of every party, even of their own, concur in adducing as the chief proof of their ignorance, their vacillation, their temerity, their timidity! We well recollect in what various aspects this celebrated bill was presented both in public and in private. Now Lord Duncannon whispered to one party a confidential something about *confiscation of bishoprics*; Mr. Stanley plausibly harangued the other on the *increased stability* of the church: on one side, we heard of relief to a *burdened people*; on the other, of security to the *suffering clergy*. The bill has ended in doing almost nothing of what was promised by either class of its promoters; and its sole effect and merit is one that never was avowed,—it has *insulted* the Irish church. The union of twenty-two dioceses into twelve—(while the temporalities are all preserved to ecclesiastical purposes)—is of little importance, we hope, in a religious, and of less, we believe, in an administrative view

view of the subject. The *confiscation* clause was the marrow of the whole proceeding: when *that* had been *juggled out*, the bill passed with little comparative interest on the part of either the Catholics or the Protestants, except only that it was gratifying to the former and offensive to the latter, as an *insult* to the Established Church.*

But while their *great* bill does little more than *insult* the Irish church, all their minor measures, whether of legislation or administration, seem calculated to plunder and *destroy* it. The active conspiracy against tithes commenced on their accession to office—they took no measures to arrest or defeat it; nay, when the law, feeble as it was, had convicted and punished two of a higher class of offenders, the government interposed with a remission of the sentence. It is clearly one of the first duties of a government to afford protection to property—tithes were property; and not *church* property only—they constitute a large proportion of *lay* property in Ireland. Did, or does the government afford that species of property any protection? Has it not, on the contrary, in a hundred ways contributed to its destruction? Take one example. The Coercion Bill was introduced mainly to protect property;—and as tithe-property was the only class that was avowedly attacked, the letter and the spirit of the bill, as introduced, gave, and were confessedly intended to give, tithe the same protection as other property:—but the enemies of the church objected to this; and, although the ministerial majority in the house was such as to show that there was nothing to apprehend from the hostile party, the ministers, after hesitating a little between the shame of such an act of pusillanimity and injustice on the one hand, and their anxiety to conciliate the enemies of the church on the other—ended by *truckling* to the latter party, and by adding a proviso at the end of the bill to exclude *tithes* from the protection it afforded to other property.—And these Ministers call themselves a *Government*!

Their merit in passing the Coercion Bill would have been greater in our eyes, if we could forget the causes which rendered that bill necessary—if we could obliterate from the parliamentary debates, and from the memory of mankind, the opposition of the present ministers to even the gentlest remedies and the least offensive restrictions proposed by their predecessors—if we could forget that the very *leave to bring in* a bill for suppressing unlawful societies in

* The pamphlet says, 'Those who look forward with eagerness to Reform in the English Church hailed the measure, not only as an act of justice to Ireland, but as affording *some clue* to what may be the *feelings* and *conduct* of Ministers, when they shall redeem their promise by entering on the arduous task of Church Reform in England.'—p. 8.

Is it the measure, as originally proposed, which the eager lookers-forward are to *hail*, as affording *some clue*? But who can unravel the next difficulty—is the *clue* to apply to the '*feelings*' or to the '*conduct*'?

Ireland was, in the year 1825, combated with the greatest obstinacy by Mr. Rice and Mr. Brougham, Lord Althorp, Lord Duncannon, &c. in a debate which lasted four days, a length, then, we believe, unprecedented in such a stage, and in which the present Lord Chancellor, after having, as Mr. Canning stated it, '*gallantly identified himself with the Catholic Association*,' concluded by language so orderly, so tranquillizing, so likely to induce Ireland to respect the law, as the following—

'I, Sir, am the defender of the Catholic Association'—(every other speaker, almost, we believe, without exception, had censured that turbulent assembly)—'I, Sir, am the defender of the Catholic Association; I am the advocate of the *right of the Irish people to meet*, to consider, to plan, to petition, to remonstrate, to DEMAND!—and my frank opinion, which I trust will reach the *whole of Ireland* as well as England, is, that the more *energetic* their remonstrance,' &c. &c.—*Par. Deb., Feb. 15, 1825.*

The act passed, but it was a *brutum fulmen*—it was evaded and despised. Mr. Brougham's 'opinion' *did* reach the whole of Ireland, and was acted upon in various shapes and ways till the day when the same man, as Lord Chancellor of England, gave the royal assent to a bill, dispersing with an iron hand all 'meetings,' and stifling with a tighter than Turkish bowstring all 'demands' which it should please the Lord Lieutenant to proscribe: and the Lord Lieutenant, charged with the execution of this tremendous law, was the same man who had lately distinguished himself by preaching *agitation*, and giving all his countenance to similar associations—and they take praise for having tranquillized Ireland! Alas! they drove her mad, and then *tried* to quiet her with a strait waistcoat!

The Abolition of West India Slavery.—In the same spirit that confounds a trip to the Nore, with a voyage round the world—one session, with the whole futurity of the country—the pamphleteers congratulate themselves on having abolished West India slavery. 'It is to be extinguished on the 1st of August, 1834. Is not that *immediate* emancipation?'—p. 12. For our own parts we readily admit our apprehension that it may be so; but even if the slaves should, with their proverbial patience and good sense, await the day of freedom in all tranquillity, is the final success of the measure out of peril—has the Chancellor of the Exchequer the most remote idea where he is to obtain the twenty millions of compensation, or the taxes by which he is to meet the interest of a loan for such a sum—and has the Colonial Secretary any charm to ensure that the untried system of apprenticeship shall be popular with the negro and productive to the planter—has he provided for the care and support of sickness, old age, and infancy,

infancy,—or where, when apprenticeship expires, the emancipated negro is to find raiment, food, and a habitation ?

Don Quixote, in his mania for liberating captives, was not so mad as Mr. Stanley ; the *Don* had now and then a grain of common sense in his fancies : for instance, when he says—

‘ Some men turn their negro slaves, when they are old and past service, naked out of doors, *under pretence of freedom*, to become still *greater slaves* to cold and hunger ; a slavery from which nothing but death can set the wretches free.’—*Don Quixote*, p. ii. c. 24.

A hint which has escaped the pamphleteers increases our doubt and our anxiety on the whole of this matter. It is stated—

‘ The certain supply of labour which the apprenticeship provides, although insufficient for the production of the amount of produce now exported from the colonies, will *probably* be sufficient to prevent the necessity of resorting to the slave colonies of other nations for the supply of that produce.’—pp. 14, 15.

Or, in other words, it is *probable*—only *probable*—that our own sugar islands, though confessedly rendered less productive, may still produce enough of that article ; but if not, it will be NECESSARY, after having ruined our own colonies by the abolition of slavery, to seek for a supply from the *slave colonies* of other countries. Good God ! can any men be so blinded by vanity or by party, as to proclaim that a great question is finally and safely settled, while they confess that it is still liable to such a monstrous contingency ? What ! are we to give twenty millions of British money, and twenty times twenty millions in eventual sacrifice of colonial property, for the chance of opening our sugar market to the negro-drivers of France or Spain—of Louisiana or the Brazils ? The pamphleteers make very light of this to us most alarming admission, and console themselves by adding—

‘ The principal advantage of the apprenticeship, however, accrues to the negroes themselves. They are, in fact, placed in a condition of *greater comfort than that of the peasantry of any civilized nation*.’—p. 15.

This last stroke, we confess, confounds us. *Why* should negroes be placed in a ‘ condition of *greater comfort* than the peasantry of any civilized nation ;’ above all, why should we actually pay twenty millions, and risk, moreover, a whole colonial empire, to raise them *above our own* peasantry ? We wish the poor negroes all possible protection, and all suitable comfort, and we believe they now enjoy them ; but even if it were not so, a plan of emancipation which places an apprenticed negro on *half-work* in a scale of comfort *above* our own honest, hard-working, tax-paying English peasantry, is, we have no hesitation in saying, a monster in legislation, morals, and common sense.

One class of Englishmen—and not, perhaps, a very small one—will, however, benefit by this measure: we mean that most fortunate

‘body of gentlemen who are to be sent from this country, and dispersed throughout the islands, to act as special magistrates, unconnected with local prejudices, and independent of colonial influence.’—p. 17.

We have little doubt that the salaries of ‘this body of gentlemen dispersed throughout the islands’ will be large in proportion to the unhealthiness of the climate and the irksomeness of the office; and as all the necessary qualification mentioned is entire ignorance of the countries and people whom they are to govern, the scheme bids fair to be alike economical and satisfactory—satisfactory at least to those gentlemen *whose ignorance may be so great as to justify their appointment.*

Finance.—This head makes a great figure in the pamphlet; though in truth every one of their statements is, when well weighed, only a corroboration of the Duke of Wellington’s doubt—‘whether the *King’s government* is carried on.’ Their whole idea of *finance* seems to be contained in one word—*reduction*; and when they exhibit, in obedience to the popular cry, a *numerical* diminution of present expense, they fancy they have done all that a country can ask from enlightened financiers. We are not of that opinion: all the world agrees, that the business of the country, like the business of an individual, should be conducted in the *most economical* manner; but by *economy* we do not mean an apparent and temporary saving, but a well-understood system, which provides for future contingencies, for eventual wants—for solid, *permanent*, and *prospective* savings and security. It is no economy in an individual to reduce his servants in number and wages to a scale below the duties they may have to perform—to risk, for example, his valuable horses in economising a groom’s wages. It is no economy to save the expense of the steward, who *checks* the domestic expenditure and the tradesmen’s bills. It is no economy to suspend the insurance of one’s house, and stand the risk of total destruction in case of one unlucky accident. Such economy makes a present saving, but it is certain to produce ultimate loss, and perhaps *ruin*. We wish this may not turn out to be the kind of economy that our ministers have been practising. As far as we can understand the details of the late alterations and reductions in the public departments, they appear to have proceeded on an erroneous, or at least very doubtful *principle*.

When Mr. Pitt, about fifty years ago, undertook the financial administration of the country, he began a revision of the several departments of revenue and expenditure. He found that they were

were in general constituted on the simple plan of our ancestors, of a small number of officers, paid principally by fees, charged with various classes of duty, and subjected to a control very inadequate either as regarded the number or authority of the controlling officers. The vast increase of our trade, of our revenue, and our expenses, outgrew this narrow system of administration ; and, with the universal approbation of the country, a new principle was adopted. The duties of the several officers were classified and divided, separate individuals were appointed to each separate service, and all the officers were put beyond the temptation of connivance with the tax-payers, by the abolition of fees. But these steps, however judicious, had a counterbalancing disadvantage : when a man was paid by fees depending on the quantities of work performed, he endeavoured to do as much as he could, and to prevent the addition of any competitors ; but when fees were abolished, the case became different : to each man was assigned his own strict duty ; the hours of attendance were limited ; and the officers made no great haste to arrive before the appointed moment, and were tolerably alert in retiring at the legal hour of departure. These circumstances, in addition to the vast increase of business, occasioned a great addition to the *numbers* of the working officers in all the departments. Then, on the other hand, in order to prevent fraud and peculation in the infinitely increased number of traders and of officers, a most exact and cautious *system of checks* was established ; but this also caused a vast addition to the establishments, and a great *apparent* increase of expense in the shape of salaries—while, unfortunately, the savings operated by these checks were, from their nature, incapable of being presented on the other side of the account. It is obvious that the more perfectly any system of check performs its functions, the less—to the eyes of the thoughtless part of the public—will be its utility. If a system of police could be established so effective as wholly to prevent riots and robberies, the vulgar would soon exclaim against such an establishment as useless. The degree of purity which the system of checks has produced in our public offices is so satisfactory, that the present age has lost all remembrance of what was the great bugbear of former patriots—official peculation ; they see only the expense, and not the profit ; and are therefore anxious to save a large outgoing for which they do not see an adequate return. This is the fashion of the day—to a certain *degree* it is reasonable. The vast establishments required by the unparalleled extent of our exertions during the late war were obviously no longer necessary in time of peace ; and accordingly we saw that, in each succeeding year since 1815, the late administrations made very considerable

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considerable reductions. The Duke of Wellington, in particular, in the period of not quite three years that he was at the head of affairs, pushed this to a great—we almost believe to *too great* an extent. The pamphlet admits that—

‘The Duke of Wellington, during these three years, carried into effect many vigorous measures of economy. In this respect we are ready to admit the merit of his government, but on the same ground we claim still higher praise for those who followed.’—p. 21.

The latter part of this paragraph is certainly a *non sequitur* in *strict* logic, and a false conclusion in moral *inference*; for if the duke did so much, it would rather be a proof that, if more had been safely practicable, he would have done it. But we pass that, to return to the general principle. The great mass of the reduction made by the present ministers has been on offices created under the system which we have mentioned—of division of duties in the active departments, and of minute check in the offices of control. They are endeavouring to revert to the system which Mr. Pitt abrogated. It has one great advantage to them—it succeeds for the present; the saving is immediate and obvious—the loss more obscure and distant. The late system had (though we admit at a great expense) been so successful, that fraud and peculation were extirpated to as great a degree as the frailty of human nature could permit us to hope; the offices were all in the greatest regularity; the old officers are intelligent and experienced, in general incorruptible, and habituated to live on their legal emoluments; all, therefore, will probably go on as usual for a certain time, and particularly as the new heads of departments—new brooms—will be wonderfully industrious, to justify their own appointments and the general system of their patrons: how long these halcyon days may last, we cannot presume to conjecture; but unless the Reform Bill shall have *reformed the human heart*, and eradicated all tendency to fraud, smuggling, peculation, bribery and corruption, from every class of tax-payers and tax-gatherers—from all the contributors to the public revenue, and all the agents in the public departments—unless, we say, the Reform Bill shall be found thus to regenerate *mankind*, all these departmental reductions will, we are inclined to think, end in anything rather than real economy.

This part of the pamphlet has been contributed by Mr. Spring Rice; indeed, it is but a transcript of a statement published by him of the reductions made by the present ministers. Mr. Rice is too clever a man, and too active and able a public servant, not to have had some misgivings on this head.

‘Indeed, to such an extent has the reduction of the expense of collecting

lecting the revenue been carried in some departments, that it may *reasonably be doubted whether such reductions, in justice to the fair trader, and without risk to the revenue, can be carried farther.*'—p. 23.

With this countenance, *we* may be permitted 'reasonably to doubt' whether it has not been already carried too far. But after all these boasted reductions, both of expenditure and of establishments, we are surprised that the result has been no greater. In the year 1823, Lord Liverpool's government and an unreformed parliament reduced the general expenditure to 15,878,313*l.*, (p. 20.) In 1832, it was 15,411,571*l.*, and in the present year, 1833, it is stated at 14,622,219*l.* But if to this we were to add the annual burden likely to be created by their various measures—Irish tithes—Greek loans—East and West India bargains, &c.—there would appear, we are confident, an increase, and not a reduction, of general expenditure. If Mr. Rice should say,—'Yes, but Lord Liverpool found that he could not continue at the low rate of 1823'—we may reply, that we doubt whether, *if the efficiency of the public service had been adequately preserved*, Lord Grey could have gone so low as he has done; and we believe that, if further reductions be attempted, the real efficiency of the services may be seriously impaired. We say nothing about the diminished patronage of the *Crown*, though *by and bye* that may be of some importance; but, at present, for *every one* Commissioner of Excise, or Stamps, or Navy, reduced, there have been created, at least, *two* commissioners of some *Inquiry* or other, with better salaries; which, besides maintaining the general mass of patronage, has the additional convenience of enabling the ministers to reward some trusty adherent, or to steady some wavering supporter.

Bank Charter.—We have but one objection to offer to the arrangement with the Bank; namely, that which makes bank-notes a legal tender *in the country*. Without entering into so large and intricate a question, we may be permitted to say that nothing is less like the principles which the ministry profess on this subject, or indeed less like any principle at all, than that, in such a country as ours, what is a legal tender at Chelmsford should be an illegal tender in Cornhill. What the operation of such an anomaly may be, we will not pretend to guess so early; but we think it is also somewhat presumptuous in the pamphleteers to assume that because it is done, it is well done; and that because my Lord Althorp has carried one measure of finance, it must necessarily be a good one.

But there is a circumstance which the pamphleteers slur over, and which, as we alluded to it in our last Number, we shall not again dilate upon: in weighing, however, the praises given to the
ministry

ministry on this point, we cannot but repeat that the figure they made in the conduct of the business in question was as poor, as wavering, as irresolute, and as short-sighted, as all the rest of their administrative proceedings; they advanced and retreated; they bullied and sneaked away; they produced with a flourish of trumpets a whole measure—they retreated with half a one.

‘The Government, desirous that no unnecessary alarm should be excited, and that a complete conviction of the utility and necessity of these (*other most important and urgent*) provisions should be felt, consented to postpone them till another session, leaving the subject *before the public*, that a more decided opinion may be pronounced on its merits.’—p. 41.

This is a perfect specimen of the new mode of exercising ‘the King’s Government.’ The King and his government think it essential to introduce certain measures—which had been not only maturely considered by the cabinet, but actually settled with the Bank; but ‘*the country bankers took the alarm*.’—(p. 41.) Country bankers are great men amongst 10l. householders, and so the tables are suddenly turned—the *ministers take the alarm*: the matured resolutions of the King’s government, and its solemn engagements with the Bank, are abandoned, and the whole case is left before ‘the public.’ If the pamphleteers had confessed at the outset that by *the King’s government* they understood either the ‘country bankers’ or ‘the public,’ they and we might have been spared all discussion about the Duke of Wellington’s prophecy.

The East India Charter.—This is too wide and too momentous a subject to be treated parenthetically; but again we protest against the doctrine—that because it is done, it is well done. The pamphleteers begin—as the ministers did—by the gross blunder or deception of considering the East India Company as a mere *monopoly*, and, having given it a *bad name*, they proceed to deal with it accordingly. Statesmen should have known that the East India Company was no monopoly, in any just meaning of the word. It was, on the contrary, open to every man in England, every man in Europe. He who might choose to embark his capital in the East India trade, had only to purchase a share in the public market, and he was a partner in the trade,—nay, he became, to a degree, a managing partner; he had his vote in the court of proprietors, and the capability of becoming a director—a strange monopoly, which is open to all mankind! We admit that individual merchants could no otherwise trade—formerly with India and latterly with China—than by becoming proprietors, and thus trading in the general mass; but, surely, that opening was wide enough to remove from the Company all that is really odious in the

the character of a monopoly; there was indeed, in one sense, a monopoly of trade, but there was no monopoly of *profits*, for every one could purchase a share in *them*. But nothing can be so absurd as to look at the East India Company as a mere trading association; they were the administrators and guardians of a vast empire—they were the rulers of India. The present administration, who profess to admit ‘the public,’ and not the public only, but the Political Unions, into the *King’s Government*, may think that Government ought not to be a monopoly. How that doctrine may work in India, it is, however, needless just now to discuss—because we are satisfied that ministers intend to keep all that really could be called monopoly as close as ever—closer indeed—for, true to even their most obnoxious and odious antecedents, they have at last succeeded in passing a measure on the very principles—though carried to a more dangerous extent—of Mr. Fox’s flagitious India Bill of 1783. They have seized to their own profit the revenues and patronage of India, and have created a real *ministerial monopoly* out of what was before open to the enterprise, the industry, and even the ambition of any man who chose to employ his capital and his talents in the trade, arms, or administration of our oriental empire: East Indian patronage, which was diffused over the whole kingdom and amidst all classes, is transferred to the minister alone. We entreat the public to watch the mode in which this vast accession of patronage shall be employed. But with all the disposition of the Government to monopolize India, we fear that there are, in their project, elements of disorganization which are likely to produce the most calamitous effects in that country.

‘The *anomalous* and *pernicious* union of imperial and economical functions in one body is at an end.’—p. 44.

Now we know not how the union of imperial and economical functions in one body can be said to be ‘anomalous,’ and still less ‘pernicious.’ Anomalous?—Is there any government in the world that does not unite them?—Has not the Reformed House itself been for eight months exercising itself in every possible question of *empire* and *economy* (we use the word in the larger sense in which the pamphlet employs it)? And *pernicious*?—Is there, in the whole history of colonization, ancient or modern, any instance of a government more indulgent, more paternal, more beneficent, and more successful than that of India? Where else can be shown, in a higher degree, that happy combination of riches and power afforded to the mother country, and of protection, improvement, civilization, and general satisfaction conferred on the colony?

But ‘the China trade has been thrown open,’ says the pamphlet, with all the dogmatic brevity of triumph. We do not pretend to

to see or foresee all the causes or consequences of this measure. It is possible, that even if the Tories had remained in power, they might have been induced to make some experiment of this nature, but at least they would have endeavoured to have prepared the way for so great a change: as it is, we shall be agreeably disappointed if this pretended opening of the China trade be not eventually a transfer of that trade to other nations, who may better appreciate and more prudently conciliate the prejudices of that singular country than we are inclined to do.

We are obliged to pass by a variety of minor matters which, in its thousand abortive motions, and in its multifarious and fruitless debates, the Reformed House has *touched*. In the opinion of the pamphleteers, *nihil quod tetigit non ornavit*:—we on the contrary think that it has touched nothing which it has not disturbed; and, what with committees within doors and commissioners without, we really know not what spot of the old terra firma of British institutions has not been turned into a quicksand. If the pamphleteers were content to award to themselves and their friends the praise of mere activity, like the character of Monsieur Touche-à-tout in the French farce, we should have no controversy with them; or if they would only take credit for any questions that have been *settled*, our account would not be long; but they endeavour to confound these two, as we presume to think, very different matters, and argue as if the institutions of nations were like fruit trees, that you have only to *shake* them in order to gather the *fruit*.

This *Touche-à-tout* system of government is happily expressed by a *skip-slop* made by the pamphleteers, which is equally ludicrous and just,—very bad English, but an admirable description.

‘A variety of other measures mark equally the *attention* they have received at the *hands* of the Reformed House and of the Government.’
—p. 50.

No doubt all these subjects received *attention* from the *hands* of the *Touche-à-tout* government and the *Touche-à-tout* parliament; but we find no traces of anything like *mental* attention, like grave consideration, like the balancing of counterponderant interests, like the conciliation of antagonist difficulties, like, in short, those processes by which alone the well-being of a large and diversified community can be maintained. Of the *heads* indeed of the new parliament it is not very discreet to speak—and it would have been still more prudent to have omitted this grave testimony to the legislative labours of their *hands*.

Law Reform.—We now approach the longest, and certainly in the *Editor's* view, the most important chapter of this miscellany. Somehow the Law Reforms have attracted little notice, and less applause. The newspapers snubbed the Speaker for being so
deficient

deficient in 'courtesy' to the great man, as not to have eulogized the Law Reforms in his summary of the sessional proceedings delivered at the bar of the Lords. It is the main object of the pamphlet to supply that omission, and to exalt Lord Brougham at the expense of his predecessors ; to place him before the world as a law reformer daily sacrificing to the public good his own profit and patronage. We are thus compelled to inquire into Lord Brougham's claims to the praise bestowed *upon him*—and we may add *by him* ; for, like old Sarah of Marlborough, he appears to think that the person whose merits are to be extolled should himself direct the pen. 'He best can paint them, who shall feel them most.'

The noble writer, or his amanuensis, takes credit for the many abuses removed by an act for the amendment of the law ; but he forgets to state that this is merely a supplement to the great act for that purpose passed by the Duke of Wellington's government. By that measure the Court of Exchequer was for the first time thrown open, and rendered generally useful ; and by it the late government gave up without ostentation the eight Welch judgeships, which were a source of real patronage, and were always so considered by the present Lord Chancellor when he was in the House of Commons. The subsequent act carries into effect some recommendations of the law commissioners, which would have been enacted let who would have been minister. They are, we hope, as good as they are costly, for each act prepared by the Common Law and Real Property Commissioners, (including those which Sir John Campbell introduces as if they had been prepared by himself,) has cost the country in salaries from 10,000*l.* to 15,000*l.**

In speaking of Scotland, the pamphleteer states that, in the last session, an act passed by which the judicial duties of the Court of Exchequer were so regulated, as eventually to be executed at a charge of only 600*l.* instead of 8000*l.* per annum, 'which latter sum, he it observed, was a reduction from 70,000*l.*, the original cost.' But he forgot to state that the great reduction of 62,000*l.* a year was made by the Duke of Wellington's government, and that in the last reduction the present government have secured to their friend Mr. Abercrombie, in consideration of his having filled a sinecure office (as they call it) for two or three years, a retiring allowance of 2000*l.* a year.

The Duke of Wellington's government deserves praise for

* Sir J. Campbell the other day told his constituents at Dudley that 'the country was indebted for the late improvements in the law *to them*'—to the particular ten-pounders that elected *him* ! These improvements would have been introduced had Sir J. Campbell never been born : they were, indeed, consequent on the recommendation of a set of Commissioners, of whom he was *one*—but the said Commissioners were very well paid, in pounds, shillings, and pence, for their patriotic recommendations.

preparing

preparing the way for improvements in the superior Courts of Common Law, by guarding the public against any extravagant demand for compensation from present holders of office, and by providing that no person appointed to any office within the act after the 24th May, 1830, or who accepted office upon condition of relinquishing any claim to compensation in case of its abolition, should be entitled to any compensation—(1 Wm. IV. c. 58.) This straight-forward provision may be compared with the provision in the chancery act of the present government, under which the masters—of whom Mr. William Brougham is one—will be entitled to compensation. By that act the Lords of the Treasury are authorized to grant compensation, ‘having regard to the conditions on which the appointment of any officer was made, or to any notice, which at the time may have been given to such officer, that such office was to be holden subject to any provision by Parliament for the abolition or regulation thereof; *but with full power for the Treasury to investigate and determine whether, from the nature of the office, or the mode of succession thereto, any such condition or notice could have been properly made or given.*’ This is what Lord Brougham, as a lawyer, would call a *saving clause*—but the *saving* is not for the people.

The pamphleteer proceeds to the reforms in the Court of Chancery. He says—

‘The bill brought in by the Lord Chancellor could not fail to call forth the opposition of former Chancellors, who, having themselves suffered the existence of the evils without an attempt to correct them, could not look without jealousy on a proceeding of their successor, calculated to afford to the suitors that benefit which had been so long withheld from them. The six clerks’ (he adds) ‘were wrenched from the Lord Chancellor’s grasp by their friends in the House of Lords.’—pp. 58, 59.

This last statement is far from being *true*;—and, as we *happen* to observe, it is tardily *corrected* in the (*nominally*) *Sixth Edition* of the pamphlet! As to the rest of the matter,—the Government know that the attack which Lord Brougham has thus made upon his predecessors is unjust. Lord Lyndhurst, when Chancellor, carried through the House of Lords a well-weighed measure preparatory to the general reform of the court, which was defeated in the House of Commons mainly by the Whigs, with Mr. Brougham at their head. The Duke of Wellington’s government had undertaken to revise the whole system. Sir Edward Sugden, the then Solicitor-General, after Easter 1830, gave notice in the House of Commons that he should, early next session, introduce a bill to amend the administration of justice in the Court of Chancery. When the duke’s government ceased to exist, Sir Edward took an
occasion

occasion to state the improvements which had been contemplated. We have a copy of his speech before us published in January, 1831: it was delivered on the 16th December, 1830. Now, we there find all the boasted alterations since made by Lord Brougham: the shortening of decrees—the placing the masters' offices on a better footing—the lowering of their salaries—the abolishing of copy-money and gratuities to the clerks—aye, and even the abolition of the sinecure or overpaid offices of the court, and regulation of the six clerks—besides many other improvements not yet adopted. This statement was made when Lord Grey's government, with Lord Brougham at the head of the law, had never uttered a syllable upon the subject. So far were such reforms from being originally within their contemplation, that Lord Althorp said in the debate, that he thought the government had enough to do without taking upon itself to reform the Court of Chancery, and offered their best assistance to Sir Edward Sugden if *he* would undertake it: and the Whig Attorney-General (Sir Thomas Denman) added that it was too much to cast this labour upon the government. They were repeatedly goaded by inquiries in the House of Commons when the Court was to be reformed; and, at length—after two or three declamatory speeches by the Lord Chancellor, which were printed and circulated as a penny pamphlet—and after the walls of the town had been well placarded with 'BROUGHAM AND CHANCERY REFORM'—the Government brings in a measure founded upon the views of their predecessors, and now commit the injustice of attacking the men who had prepared, and were ready to execute, the very scheme which they have themselves adopted. It is to the Duke of Wellington's government we owe the improvement of the Court of Chancery. It was under his government that several statutes were passed which are now in daily operation in that court, and save to the public many thousands a year in preventing the unnecessary filing of bills, to obtain transfers from trustees who are abroad or lunatic, &c. £20 will now accomplish what formerly cost 200*l.* or 300*l.* And scores of suits were extinguished, and litigation prevented, by other acts. Certainty and peace were introduced for the future, instead of uncertainty and litigation. One of the last legislative measures of the duke's government was an act to relieve prisoners for contempt in Courts of Equity. No man can now be left to pine away a miserable existence in a country gaol, or to end his days in the Fleet Prison. Such a disgrace to the country has ceased to exist, but no Whig that we know of ever endeavoured to remedy the evil. The measure, we confess, was not introduced by a flourish of trumpets—no penny pamphlets were circulated—no walls placarded

carried—the public was not put to a penny of cost—and only knows—that the evil does not now exist.

The Lord Chancellor takes credit to himself for applying a remedy to the libe^rate offices, and compliments himself upon his disinterestedness in making the sacrifice.

It should be remarked, also, that two of these offices, producing the net income of 2,500*l.* becoming vacant before the passing of the act, it became necessary at once to appoint some person to discharge their duties; the Lord Chancellor appointed his brother, but by the regulations of the act that appointment is at once annulled, and the saving to the public accrues immediately; on the other holders of these offices insisting on the benefit of their vested rights, the public are debarred from the advantages of the arrangement as to them during *their* lives. —p. 62.

How noble and disinterested is such conduct in the chancellor's brother, and how powerful is the contrast between *his* conduct and that 'of the other holders of these offices'! What a pity it is that the *facts* do not bear out this eulogium! Lord Brougham had, when in the House of Commons, for years pointed out these offices as proper to be abolished. He again did so in his mountebank examination (we shall be understood by those who were present) in the committee on salaries, after he had become Lord Chancellor, and the recommendation of the committee in favour of his large salary was grounded upon the giving up of these offices; and an excellent bargain, as things stood, he made; so that, in good truth, he sold his right to the offices, and sold it well. There was a general consent of the ministers to accept reduced salaries, but the Chancellor contrived to escape present reduction, and to have his retiring salary increased, *because* he relinquished offices which, as matters stood, neither he nor any other man could have retained. His friend Lord Plunkett was cut down from 10,000*l.* to 8000*l.* a year, although he cleverly recompensed himself by quartering his relation—we beg pardon, *three-quartering* would be the right expression, as he secured to himself 1500*l.* out of 2000*l.* a year—on the secretary; and his other friend, Sir Thomas Denman, was also fain to be content with 8000*l.* instead of his predecessor's 10,000*l.* a year. A bill was prepared to abolish the obnoxious offices in Chancery, *but giving compensation to the holders of them*. Now mark the disinterestedness of the Chancellor's brother in not insisting upon his vested rights. The two offices in question, after the report of the salaries committee, unexpect^edly fell vacant by death. They might have been filled by any common clerk, with an undertaking to account to the public for the profits, and not to require compensation. But Lord Brougham,

Brougham, *without saying one word upon the subject in the House of Lords or elsewhere*, appoints his brother James to them ;—(brother William had already become a Master in Chancery)—James was a member of parliament, and could not accept the office without vacating his seat, and of course could not resume his seat without a re-election. Many persons were led to suppose that a man (although representing, as Mr. James Brougham did, a close borough, and sure of commanding his re-election by his patron's influence) would not incur this trouble and expense without looking to present profit and future compensation. The attention of the House of Commons was drawn to this appointment by Sir Edward Sugden, which elicited from the Lord Chancellor that memorable attack which he has never had the manliness to explain to the satisfaction of any English gentleman, and of which the *upper Whigs* are still, we know, heartily ashamed. Well, Lord Brougham was shocked that his good intentions should be doubted, and stated that his brother was to hold the offices till they were abolished—a few thousands, by the way, in the family chest—and was to have no compensation. And now, this popularity-hunting pamphlet is guilty of the meanness of asserting that Mr. James Brougham *voluntarily* renounced any compensation, and did not insist on the benefit of his vested right ; and is also guilty of the injustice of *contrasting* the conduct of Lord Brougham's brother with that of other officers who *had* vested rights. *His brother had no vested right, and was not entitled to any compensation.* The way in which the Whigs deal with the Crown's prerogative is not uninstructional. One at least—we believe both—of the places in question, had always been *within the gift of the Crown* ; but Lord Brougham, of his own authority, appointed his brother James to both ; and he himself in the Lords, and Mr. William Brougham in the Commons, declared that they belonged as much to him (Lord Brougham) as if they were his private property ! Lord Brougham talked over the Salaries Committee delightfully. He told them of additional housemaids—expensive liveries—two carriages and drunken coachmen—the embroidery of his bag—and ‘such small deer’—and not unavailingly. The office which he longed for (that of Patentee in Bankruptcy) was then full, and could not be granted in reversion ; and his chance of possession, looking at the various contingencies, was worth probably five pounds, but the chance of his losing his own office was immediate, and ever before his eyes. He bargained therefore for 10,000*l.* a year clear, to be added to 4000*l.* a year as Speaker of the House of Lords, and to be relieved from 2500*l.* a year, which his predecessors paid to the vice-chancellor—and

—and he intended to create a new court with four new judges to relieve himself from the bankruptcy business.

The then Attorney-General (Denman)—who ought to have been, if he was not, the official organ in the debate upon the bankruptcy bill—assisted by the chancellor's brother, Mr. W. Brougham, proposed a much larger sum, and particularly suggested 6000*l.* a year as Speaker of the Lords, to place the office *on the same footing* with that of Speaker of the Commons—that is, on the same footing in point of *emolument*, for the *labour* of the latter is as thirty to one compared with the former. In the result Lord Brougham gets not what his friends—of course, as they failed, he disowned them—asked for him, but *only* 14,000*l.* a year clear—payable by *the public*, and not collected as heretofore in driblets—and 5000*l.* a year retiring pension. His predecessor, who had not a twentieth part of his patronage, got hardly, after paying the vice-chancellor, more salary—and *his* retiring pension was only 4000*l.* Lord Brougham has besides the benefit of daily taking credit with the public *for his great pecuniary sacrifices*. The government found that notwithstanding the devotion of their Reforming House of Commons, they could not secure this salary as was first proposed by the bankruptcy bill: it stood over for some time; but of course Lord Brougham has not lost a shilling *by the delay*, although *during the delay* we were constantly told,—once by Lord Ebrington, for example, in one of his speeches for propping up the government,—that the Lord Chancellor had ‘sacrificed income and patronage *without any remuneration whatever !!!*’

We may here notice another tolerable specimen of quackery—

‘Some technical difficulties had for a quarter of a century prevented the hearing of from fifty to a hundred appeals from the native courts of India, involving property in dispute to the amount of nearly a million of money, and entailing by this delay and suspense an incalculable mass of misery and injustice. These the present law has removed, and the natives of India will no longer suppose that the power of appeal has been bestowed on them in mere mockery.’—p. 64.

Now, upon turning to the Act, (3 and 4 Wm. IV. c. 41, s. 22, 23,) we were surprised to find that the appeals had not been heard, simply because the parties had not thought proper to prosecute them. And the facility of appeal now for the first time bestowed on the natives of India *not* in mockery, is, that the appeals are to be heard *in their absence, and without any previous communication with them*. Certain Hindoos will, no doubt, be delighted to find that, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, their causes have been decided *against* them in consequence of a total ignorance of the facts and the law on the part of certain solicitors and counsel whom they did *not* employ. Many, indeed, of the litigants are, no doubt,

doubt, dead, and most, if not all, of the suits had long ago been withdrawn, compromised, or abandoned; indeed, the period which has elapsed without any step having been taken of itself amounts to an abandonment; and the bill therefore providentially enacts that although the decision of the king in council *shall bind the parties, whether living or dead*, yet, if the matter has been compromised or abandoned, or the appeal withdrawn, his Majesty's decision in council shall go for nothing! Was there ever such a burlesque upon legislation? Was there ever, we ask seriously, a measure better adapted to cast a lasting stigma on the administration of British justice? And *this* is the boon which is to satisfy the natives of India that the power of appeal has *not* been bestowed upon them in mere *mockery*!

The pamphleteer takes credit for the reduction of 28,000*l.* effected in the cost of proceedings in bankruptcy by the bill introduced by the Lord Chancellor in 1831, and he *alludes* to an intended bill for the separation of the judicial from the political functions of the Great Seal. The salary of the Lord Chancellor, he says, in that case, was proposed to be reduced from 14,000*l.* to 8000*l.* a year. The writer appears, like the ostrich, to think that if he runs his own head into a bush, the rest of the world will be in darkness. Lord Brougham has always taken credit for the patronage which he abandoned by the bankruptcy bill. Every body agreed that the seventy commissioners, who averaged less than 400*l.* a year a piece, and who were paid wholly out of the bankrupt's effects, should be reduced, and the system altered, and this might have been accomplished with a great saving. But this would not have enabled the Lord Chancellor to provide for his old or his new friends; the whole system and all the offices were therefore swept away, and a *new court* created of four judges, two registrars, and eight deputy registrars, besides six new commissioners; and only one or two of the old officers were re-appointed, although many were men of high character and ability, and the public had to pay to them compensation which might have been saved. But then Mr. Sergeant Pell—(who had retired from the profession for several years)—Mr. Charles Williams, Mr. Evans, and other friends and partizans of the Lord Chancellor, could not have been so easily provided for. Nearly every office was promised before the bill passed, for indeed there was no time to be lost. The majority of the men appointed to the highest stations required not only promotion, but a little time to study the law which they were to administer. It was pointed out in the debate that the vice-chancellor, in addition to his other duties, heard all the bankrupt business of the year in about thirty-five days, and that it was absurd to have four

judges to perform it, particularly as several branches were cut off. But no—four was the number *requisite*! Four judges were accordingly appointed; and the aggregate of the salaries of the judicial officers amounted to 24,400*l.* a year. It was soon discovered that this well-paid court worked very ill, and that they had not sufficient business for one-fifth of the year. They sat indeed often; but as Mr. Brougham, helping himself to an old joke of Mr. Jekyll's, once observed in the House of Commons of the Court of Exchequer as then constituted—‘like a covey of partridges in November, they were no sooner down than they were up again.’ Fortunately for Lord Brougham, poor Sir Albert Pell died; and, of course, after the open failure of the court, he did not venture to fill up that gentleman's place. And now—a month ago—two of the remaining judges have been made Commissioners of Insolvents, upon the express ground, as the act recites, that the business of the court will allow time for its judges to discharge part of the other duties; and power is given to enable *one* of these judges to transact the business which four—*four*, in spite of warning and remonstrance—had been created to perform! There never was so miserable a failure, in every thing but patronage, and so great an expense so wantonly, so shamefully incurred. The government stands self-convicted. *Four* judges were appointed; when one suddenly dies, *three* are found sufficient; then it is found that *two* others can be spared for different duties; and it is at last discovered that *one* can perform the whole business of the court.—‘Fine by degrees, and beautifully less!’—And with this, their own declaration before them, they would mislead the public with their pretended saving of 28,000*l.* a year!

But did the measure benefit no one? Let the Lord Chancellor answer. It gave him a much greater amount of patronage than any other chancellor ever possessed. The appointments to the old commissionerships did not amount to four a year on an average, although to Lord Brougham's share six happened to fall. These of course he filled up. Then he had *at once* the appointment of a chief judge, three puisne judges, six commissioners, two registrars, and eight deputy registrars, dividing salaries to the amount of 24,400*l.*, and the appointments have shown that they were precisely the places which his adherents required.

But this is not all. Lord Brougham had besides the gift of the best place in England—his secretary's; for, although the Lord Chancellor has now scarcely ten days' bankrupt business in a year to perform, yet he preserves *his* secretary, and the Bankrupt Court has none! The secretary has 1200*l.* a year, chambers, &c. a head clerk with 500*l.* a year, and a second clerk with 300*l.*

a year;

a year; and—the office not being laborious—he is enabled to practise as usual as an attorney, just as he did when *he* was solicitor for Queen Caroline, and Mr. Brougham was her counsel. Lord Brougham, moreover, secured to himself the appointment of some hundreds of country commissioners—a fine opening for partisan rewards: particularly as these local commissioners are chiefly resident in the newly-created boroughs, and are the kind of men who have the most hold over the 10*l.* constituency.

It may be worth while to inquire how his other patronage has been exercised. The Masterships were worth upwards of 4000*l.* a year. The first master appointed was a Mr. Martin, who, like Mr. Sergeant Pell, had the merit of having retired from the profession altogether, was sixty-five years old, and suffering severely from chronic gout. But then he was a Whig! He also appointed Mr. Roupell a master, who was a year older, but he had the merit in his eyes of having been passed over by Lord Eldon, and besides it might be politic to make one appointment in which he had no obvious personal interest, just to make the others palatable. His next appointment to a Mastership was of his brother, Mr. William Brougham, a man of thirty-four, of little experience and no business. He also appointed his friend—his cousin, we believe—Mr. Adam, from the common-law bar, to the joint offices of Master and Accountant-General. These appointments—even the last, notwithstanding the high talents and character of the individual promoted—were highly distasteful to the Chancery bar—as taking from them the advancement which of custom, if not of right, belonged to them. The Lord Chancellor defended these appointments, not by showing that they were proper ones, but by attempting to prove that his *predecessors* had made improper appointments. There was an amusing certificate sent by Lord Brougham to the office upon the appointment of Martin and Roupell, stating that they were to have no retiring salary before they had served the full term of twenty years—so that the Lord Chancellor provides for the active service of these veterans in the *reformed* office of Master until they are eighty-six years of age. The Masters' offices are reduced to 2500*l.* a-year—but the actual holders are to have compensation! Why did not Lord Brougham provide against this claim as Lord Lyndhurst did in the appointment of Welsh judges? It will be pleasing to find Mr. Wm. Brougham receiving compensation for having held an office of upwards of 4000*l.* a-year, and continuing to hold one of 2500*l.* a-year, with easy duties, when his own proper business probably never amounted to half as many shillings—for *he*, indeed, has a claim to it in the eyes of 'the people.' We appeal to Maryle-

bone—to Lambeth—even to Birmingham. He it was who, whilst in office and in parliament, and boasting of his brother's name and backed by his authority, instructed an assembled multitude how to refuse their assessed taxes, as a body and in union, without subjecting themselves to an indictment for conspiracy! The Accountant-General, however, has no *such* merits, and he ought to have ceased to be a Master. They who desire to pursue the inquiry into the mode in which the Lord Chancellor bestows his patronage, may read an excellent illustration of it by the Member for Colchester (Mr. W. Harvey) in the preface to his printed speech upon his own case in the House of Commons.

Upon the subject of salaries and compensations, we must put the public on their guard against the Lord Chancellor, who is apt to state that a given measure will cost the country nothing because the dead fund of the Court of Chancery will pay the cost. This dead fund ought to be applied for the benefit of the living suitors; but if it is taken from them, it belongs to the public, and therefore every shilling applied for general purposes is public money, and costs the country the whole sum expended.

The pamphlet pathetically laments the loss of the Registry Bill in the Commons, and of the Local Courts Bill in the Lords. This is not the place or time to examine those measures in detail; they will both, if established, lead to great expense and patronage—the latter measure, indeed, to an extent of patronage far beyond anything ever vested in any individual. The Chancellor may well struggle for it. Invest him with the patronage to be created by that bill, in addition to the partizans whom he daily secures by his appointments under the commissions constantly issuing, and he would be unconstitutionally powerful. His colleagues appear to us scarcely to be aware of the power he evidently grasps at, and is daily centering in his own person. The Local Courts Bill is an attempt to throw us back from where we started. Local courts were abandoned because they were not found to answer. Welsh-judgeships, though open to some only of the objections which apply to resident local judges, were abolished with Mr. Brougham's warm approbation, as a great evil, and provision was made for administering the law to the Welsh in like manner as to the rest of the empire. The pamphleteer impudently says, that the measure was recommended by the united voices of the Common-Law Commissioners. Now this is not true. They recommended a very different measure, and do not, we understand, support the Lord Chancellor's bill. If patronage is not the object, why not introduce into the existing courts the proposed improvement for shortening the process? Mr. Cobbett, who has seen the drift
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of the measure, has truly described it as *a curse to the poor man*. Indeed, it places him directly in the power of the rich, for the appeal which is given would, wherever the rich were defeated below, lead to a new litigation before the judges in town, and thus the alleged boon to the poor man would be destroyed. We are inclined to believe that there never was a greater curse to a country than cheap law brought to every man's door—'*litigation made easy*.' It would plunge the lower classes into endless wretchedness and misery. The country would swarm with political barristers without principle and without law, and needy attorneys, and every trifling dispute would be fomented into a regular suit; for otherwise, the barristers and attorneys must starve, and the judges become sinecurists. Nor would the advantages of a Registry Bill be without a considerable drawback; it too would operate harshly upon the middle classes, for small purchases greatly preponderate over large ones, and the committee of the House of Commons were of opinion that they might properly be omitted out of the provisions of the act on account of the expense,—but then the system would not be perfect, and so they were to be included. Lord Brougham's method of supporting any of his measures for increasing his patronage is now, we think, somewhat stale. He declares that 'his only objection to the measure is the patronage which it will vest in himself. He has looked about in vain for some other depository of it, and is compelled to submit. The people demand the alteration; it is for their benefit. The measure (whatever may be its object) is *the poor man's bill*, and every man who opposes it is an enemy to the poor, and a factious opponent of the king's government.'

The Real Property Bills, for which the government takes credit, were all prepared long before they came into power, and would have been passed although they never had come into office—though probably with some beneficial modifications. The new statute of limitations, of which the pamphlet boasts so much, is of course a bill for the rich against the poor. It shortens very much, and certainly too much, the time within which a man can recover an estate unjustly withheld from himself or his ancestors. Every one is aware that the old rule was a protection to the poor and needy, of whose ignorance advantage had been taken.

The acts prepared by the government are drawn without care, and necessarily lead to increased litigation. A simple question arose upon Lord Brougham's Bankrupt Act—Was the jurisdiction of the Vice-Chancellor and Lord Chancellor taken away by the act? How a matter so essential—so *fundamental*, could have been left questionable, is really astonishing! The Vice-Chancellor, at first, held that his jurisdiction remained, and appointed

pointed a day for hearing his remaining petitions. Upon reconsideration, he altered his opinion. The Lord Chancellor was clearly of opinion that his jurisdiction was gone, and transferred a petition to the Court of Review. That court, after a full argument, held that they had jurisdiction. An appeal was lodged, and the whole matter came before the Lord Chancellor, assisted by the Vice-Chancellor, and they held that, in the disputed cases, the jurisdiction was in the Lord Chancellor, and not in either the Vice-Chancellor, or the Court of Review. The suitor was thus driven about from court to court at an immense cost, whilst the same judges were delivering contradictory opinions on a bill a few months old, and were even differing from themselves. And all these evils might have been avoided by a provision for hearing the pending cases before the Vice-Chancellor, and the pending appeals before the Lord Chancellor. But the public was told no delay could be allowed; and the fatiguing session of 1831 was continued expressly to pass the bill, although most of the members had left town. One of the cleverest of the Whig-Radicals in the house, a lawyer, stated openly that the arguments against the bill could *not be answered*, but that he should vote for the government *on account of the Reform Bill*. The country has not yet paid all the price of that measure.

Lord Brougham's merits as a law reformer are to be collected solely from the working of his Bankrupt Bill, and from his proposed Local Courts Bill. We have seen the miserable failure of the former measure. The great benefits promised by the establishment of it were the substitution of *vivâ voce* evidence for affidavits, and the trial by the Court of Issues; however, as had been predicted, neither of these advantages has been realized,—but a full court of four judges, &c. &c., was established to perform the business which never occupied a single judge more than thirty-five days in a year. The Local Courts Bill proposed to establish a 'Court of Reconciliation.' Either party to a dispute was to be at liberty to summon the other before a judge,—*but* the party cited was not to be compelled to attend unless he chose. If both did attend, yet if either did not approve of the opinion of the judge, he was not *bound* to follow it. But if a party refused to attend, proof of the fact might be given *against him* in any suit at law or in equity by the other party, 'for the purpose of proving that the party cited refused to appear before the judge in ordinary in a Court of Reconciliation.' And what then?—A court of law or of equity would cease to deserve the name if it should be influenced by such a fact. The object of the provision is to *intimidate* a party, whilst it was felt to be impossible to compel him to go to the court. What a contradiction in terms! *Compel* a man to be *reconciled*!

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Le Diable Boiteux, in speaking of a *reconcilement* with a brother-devil through the intervention of friends, remarks, 'we embraced, and have ever since been irreconcilable enemies.' The party cited is not compelled to go; but if he do not, his rights are to be affected, he knows not how, by some vague intimidation. Old Speaker Onslow had a threat for disorderly members—'I shall *name* you, Sir.' Some one asked him once in private—'And if you did name one, what would follow?'—'The Lord in heaven only knows!' was the Speaker's reply; but it is really too much to make such an absurdity part of the law of the land. But let us suppose that—intimidated by the *Lord in heaven knows what*—the defendant should appear, he is not bound to take the advice of the judge; but if he do not, the judge, if he try the cause, will no doubt make an example of him. And this is termed enlightened legislation! A bad copy of a bad law of Buonaparte's! Its operation in France is to add a few score francs to every attorney's bill 'for refusing to be reconciled.' In that respect, we doubt not the French law would be followed implicitly.

The Lord Chancellor takes credit for having divested himself, by the New Chancery Bill, of the patronage of the appointment of the Masters. It is vested in the Crown; but, as he admits, to be exercised with the advice of the Lord Chancellor, or, in other words, *by the Lord Chancellor*. Now this leads us to expose an excellent piece of legerdemain. Lord Brougham proposes to separate the judicial from the political functions of the Great Seal. He has at length discovered his own incompetency to the task of doing the business of the Court, which he always insisted a man of energy could perform.* He has relieved himself, at a vast expense to the country, from the bankrupt business which pressed so heavily upon his predecessors, but is now diminished to a few days; but still his business is in arrear, *and he cannot get on*. He means to make a chief judge of the Court of Chancery with all the responsibility; but with only 6000*l.* a year, and without any patronage—in short another journeyman judge—whilst he intends to remain Lord Chancellor with all the *political* functions of the office, and all the judicial as well as other *patronage*.† As to salary, it is clear that he means to secure

* Lord Brougham reminds us of what Roger North says of his predecessor, Shaftesbury, 'He came like the month of March, as they say, *in like a lion, and out like a lamb*. For he swaggered and vapoured what asses he would make of all the counsel at the bar; but was *soon reduced*.'—*North's Lives*, vol. ii. p. 73. There is nothing new under the sun!

† The pamphleteer, *who cannot mean to mislead the public*, says, 'The salary of the Lord Chancellor was proposed to be reduced from 14,000*l.* to 8000*l.* a year;' but

cure to himself as much, or nearly as much, as he now enjoys—without any judicial duty worth speaking of, and with full time to play his part in the political drama. But even if he should fail in carrying his future salary to its present rate, yet he will be excellently well paid for attending to politics, and exercising a vast patronage;—and the *new* pension of 5000*l.* a year will always remain to fall back upon, though it was granted for the *judicial*, and not for the *political*, duties of the office.

The transfer of the appointment of the masters of the Court of Chancery to the Crown was a master-stroke to secure the patronage to Lord Brougham himself when he ceases to be the *judicial* chancellor, and to save him from the appearance of transferring to himself that great patronage when he ceases to be really at the head of the court. But sad is the prospect for the law of England! Its head is no longer to be amongst the nobles of the land; and the nobles of the land are doomed to have torn from them the shining ornaments of both the church and the law. Lord Brougham never ranked as an accomplished lawyer.* Of equity—now his proper province—he knows scarcely anything; and he has not a judicial mind. His real *arrière-pensée* is, we do not doubt, to be PRIME MINISTER—but at all events he is to become altogether a *political* chancellor. An office new in England, but well known as one of the most monstrous abuses of the old regime of France, is to be created, the passport to which will be politics, and not legal knowledge. The law will be at the feet of the political judge: not presiding daily over the bar, and fearing neither its power, nor its censures, he will, in his judicial patronage, forward his own views, which will be purely political. The law in every stage will be overrun with political adventurers. The Lord Chancellor will no longer be at the head of the great legal family, upon whose honour, courage, and ability, our lives and fortunes, and even our liberties, must always in some measure depend. The Court of Appeal, with such a political officer at its head, will lose its legitimate influence, for the judge will never be a sound and first-rate lawyer. It is easy to predict, that we shall not be long without a violent

but he does not say by what devices it is to be again swelled up to something not unlike its present scale. *Argue* says that the Chancellor's plan is to draw 40,00*l.* of his new journeyman's salary from the *Survey Fund*. In this way Lord Brougham would secure to himself *at starting*—£12,000 a year.

* When we listen to one of those common essays which he calls a *law* argument, we are reminded of Louis XV.'s reservation in a *discursive* most graceful—"If he had but said a word in *pro* or *con*, he would have spoken in everything." If our Chancellor knew but a little law, he would have a smattering of everything. His worstest partisans in the courts—and under such general answers of patronage patronage will spread like squarings—about this.

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convulsion when the law ceases to be duly administered. Some time will no doubt elapse before this is discovered, for although an incompetent judge is sure to expose his ignorance in deciding original causes, yet an appellant judge may easily disguise his want of knowledge in the individual case, until it is discovered in the result that every rule has been destroyed, and the practical lawyer has no longer a compass by which he can steer.

We regret having been obliged to pursue this subject at such length; but such an amazing crop of praise had been gathered for the Chancellor, that it takes a good deal of threshing.

To proceed—

Corporations.—‘ Amongst the most important of the commissions appointed by the government is that for inquiry into corporations—a measure of perhaps the most importance of any which was originated during this session; one, and only in inferior in value to the Reform Act itself. It is the *grand assault on the last hold of Tory corruption*, and abused patronage. No evil called more loudly for reform—no abuse weighed more heavily on the general mass of the inhabitants of corporate towns, than the administration of the corporate property, and the undue exercise of powers, originally designed for the benefit of the people.’—p. 74.

This logic may be excellent, but it is new. An ‘inquiry’ has hitherto meant an investigation for the purpose of ascertaining the facts of a case *previous to the forming any* final judgment on it. Here, on the contrary, the inquiry follows—*pede claudo*—(its only resemblance to *Justice*)—after the assumption of the facts—‘evils,’ ‘abuses,’ ‘undue exercise of power,’ ‘corruption,’ are all boldly and broadly stated; but the proofs are prudently remitted to another opportunity. But at least there is some truth in the paragraph. This commission is indeed not prompted by a sense of duty or justice, but is, exactly as the pamphleteers describe it, a grand assault on the Tories. Can we doubt that it will be successful? Can we doubt that the Commissioners will find what they are directed to find, and which, if they should not find, their salaries would not merely cease, but their very nominations would stink in the nostrils of even the Reformed House of Commons as an iniquitous job? Oh no! ‘forbid it, interest! and forbid it, fraud!’—An *ex parte* tribunal—no play, no pay—will easily find what it is resolved to find. Besides, the very power from which they derive their commission, and which they must therefore consider as *infallible*, has *already* prejudged and decided the question; the words we have just quoted, ‘corruption,’ ‘abused patronage,’ ‘undue exercise of power,’ and ‘grand assault on the *last hold* of Tory corruption,’ supply the commissioners with abundant materials

terials for their reports. All this is bad enough, even if it were merely the indulgence of party malignity; but it may have more serious consequences. It is an *inquisition* wholly inconsistent with our ancient liberties. King William the Fourth is now made to renew a claim of visitatorial power over the corporations of the realm, the assertion of which, by James the Second, was one of the chief justifications of the elevation of William the Third. We have been astonished that any corporation has submitted to this *inquisition*. We are surprised that the several recorders have not acquainted their colleagues, that when the King has once constituted a corporation, he can *only* visit it through his Court of King's Bench. But some corporations have submitted from weakness, because there is no longer any counterbalancing power left in the country to which the *oppressed* can appeal: others, from not having the means of maintaining an expensive legal contest for rights that are now shadows; but the majority, from a proud feeling that, as they have done no wrong, they would not have the appearance of resisting inquiry!—a generous motive,—but we doubt whether generosity is the quality which *should* be exerted, when the national institutions and public liberty are in danger. If the amiable and disinterested Hough, and his peaceable associates of Magdalene College, had listened only to the dictates of personal feeling, they would probably have been better pleased to have evaded all controversy with King James; but public duty led these quiet, but honest, men to a resistance, by which the *illegal commission was defeated*, and the tyrannical inquisition of an arbitrary Chancellor overthrown!

Scotland.—In a very short chapter the pamphleteer remarks on the abolition of the Scotch exchequer—the ministerial *merit* in which we have already exposed—and on the act for the reform of the late system of the Scotch boroughs—‘a flagrant abuse,’ says the pamphleteer with unusual simplicity, ‘introduced nearly four centuries ago;’ a *flagrant abuse* of only four hundred years standing! and the remedy, of course, is to throw back Scotland to the liberal and enlightened times of *her* second James, as they seem so well disposed to bring England back to the days of her James II. We need only, on this topic, repeat what was so often urged in the course of the reform discussions, that if the extraordinary and steadily increasing prosperity of a country be a proof of a good political and municipal government, Scotland, of all the nations of the earth, least needed reform. We hope she may be as happy, as prosperous, and as respectable—now that her Broughams and her Jeffreys have *at length* overturned her institutions of *four centuries old*!

Poor

Poor Law Amendment.—The sum of this chapter is, that one of the *first measures* of the government was on this subject; but they ‘abandoned it from a fear that, as an insulated measure, *it might be worse* than useless.’ To this candid and amusing character of one of the *first measures* of the administration we have nothing to object—except that it seems no very good reason for not having, after a lapse of three sessions, introduced a better. But what have they done? Nothing—except what they are always ready to do, appoint a commission, with an adequate quantity of salary and patronage, to inquire into a matter into which ten Committees of the House of Commons had already inquired. The proceedings of this commission are enormously voluminous, and we have good reason to believe that they will be found, in even a greater proportion than their bulk, unsatisfactory: a thick octavo volume, giving a *summary* sketch of their proceedings, has been published by the Home Office. *Ex pede Herculem*—If this volume be a sketch, how many volumes will the Report occupy? But even this sketch, which ought to have the clearness and impartiality of an index, appears to us to prove that this commission—like all their other commissions—was appointed, not for the general investigation of truth, but expressly for the purpose of finding only a *preconcerted* class of facts, and recommending a *predetermined* line of opinions. The appointment of *Mr. Senior*! as the chief acting man was of itself quite sufficient; we must, however, reserve the whole of this affair for a separate Article in our next Number.

But the Government have not been content with mere inquiries—they have, it seems, actually passed *one* Act in favour of the Poor.

‘In the mean time there was passed silently, and without the suggestion or assistance, or even the commendation of those who talk so loudly of their exclusive concern for the welfare of “the *people*,” who assume to be the sole guardians of the working classes—a measure which promises more substantial benefits to those classes than any which has succeeded the establishment of Friendly Societies and Savings Banks.’—p. 86-87.

This was an act to enable the depositors in Savings Banks and others to purchase annuities to the amount of 20*l.*, and on this measure the pamphleteer, contrary to custom, grows eloquent, and has a couple of pages in praise of ‘industry,’ ‘frugality,’ ‘noble-mindedness,’ ‘family sympathies,’ and so forth. Would not one believe, from all the pomp and verbiage with which this subject is treated, that it was the *Whigs* who invented *Savings-Banks*, that Mr. George Rose was still joint secretary of the Treasury,

surey, and Mr. Estcourt secretary of state? The slight amendment (if indeed it be one), which the ministers boast of, is a very small extension of an already established principle. Nor are even the details of the extension *new*—Mr. Perceval we believe it was who introduced, in 1809, a system by which any holder of public stock could convert it into an annuity; the operation of this principle is now *extended*, with some additional facilities, to the depositaries in Savings-Banks. The original plan was a most useful one; it promoted personal industry, ensured individual comfort, and in lapse of time would considerably reduce the national debt: and we shall be glad if the application of the system to the Savings-Banks shall turn out to be founded on principles which may render it extensively useful; but it shows a sad penury of merit in the present ministry when they are obliged to deck themselves in praise purloined from the memories of Mr. Perceval and Mr. Rose.

Foreign Policy.—On this matter it would, perhaps, be sufficient to refer our readers to the last article of our last Number, in which we anticipated all the subjects which the pamphleteers have, as it seems to us, somewhat reluctantly and rapidly reproduced; but as they have spiced their insipidity with some gross misstatements, we think it necessary to make a few observations on these topics.

First, as to Greece:—

‘When the present administration succeeded to office, they found an agreement entered into by their predecessors with the Porte, by which limits were to be imposed upon Greece, so narrow and so ill-chosen, that, while important districts of Greece would have been left to Turkey, the Greeks would have had no defensible frontier, and perpetual collision would have taken place between the Turkish and Greek population. Such a settlement could only have laid the foundation for future quarrels.

‘The present government despatched Sir Stratford Canning to Constantinople, to endeavour to make a more rational arrangement. That able ambassador was completely successful; and he obtained the consent of the Porte to an amended boundary, as excellent, in every respect, as the former one had been defective.’—pp. 89, 90.

Now, on this we have only to repeat what we before stated, that all parties, *including the present government*, were satisfied with the original boundary; and we are surprised that the pamphleteers have suppressed all allusion to the sum of 12,000,000 livres, part of the Greek loan (one-third guaranteed by England) which was diverted from its intended, its urgent, its necessary purposes, to purchase from the Ottoman Porte its consent to the new boundary. We wish, also, that they had informed us of the ultimate destination

destination of *this money*—whether it was not paid over by the Sultan to *Russia* as part of the indemnity which she claimed for the *campaign of the Balkan*?

As to *Belgium*, the pamphlet proceeds on so radical a misunderstanding of the case, that we can have no doubt that this chapter must have been supplied from the Foreign Office: there is, we hope, no other house in England where the Belgian question is so misunderstood:—

‘The Belgian question, like the Greek, had its origin in events antecedent to the formation of the present government. They found on this subject a course chalked out to them by their predecessors.

‘In November, 1830, the Conference met in London; and its first act was to declare to the two parties that they should fight no more, and that the line of demarcation between them, during an armistice unlimited as to time, should be the line which, before the union in 1814, separated the old Dutch provinces from the provinces of Belgium. This decree at once established the principle of separation.

‘The citadel of Antwerp was to be evacuated in fifteen days, by the armistice which the king of the Netherlands himself had invoked in November, 1830; but the possession of that fortress enabled him to harass the Belgians, and to intercept their trade on the Scheldt. He therefore refused to give it up. England and France therefore were obliged to resort to force: hence the siege of Antwerp, and hence the Dutch embargo. These vigorous measures disconcerted all the calculations of the Dutch king and his partizans, whether English Tories or continental absolutists. The Tories tried to persuade parliament to force the government to take the embargo off. But parliament turned a deaf ear to them; the embargo continued; and the consequence was, the Convention of the 21st of May. By that convention the character of the Belgian question was entirely changed. The Dutch agreed to an unlimited armistice; and Europe was secured against any danger of a general war, resulting from the difference between Holland and Belgium. The question of peace or war was from that moment settled: what remained to be arranged was a matter of florins, of tolls, and of duties; questions, important, indeed, to the two parties, but not threatening the peace of the rest of Europe. This was the fruit of the siege of Antwerp and of the embargo; and thus has the result fully justified the wisdom of those measures.’—p. 90-94.

This is a series of misstatements on all the main points of the case. The late government had indeed intervened at the request of *the king of Holland*, but so far from ‘chalking out’ the monstrous course these ministers have pursued, they determined that they would on no account interfere by *force of arms*. *It is not true* that the late government declared ‘*that the two parties should fight no more,*’ or that ‘*they established the principle of separation.*’ What the late government did, was to procure an armistice, unlimited

mitted in point of time, and settling (as is usual) the positions to be occupied by the troops on each side during the armistice;—the *principle of separation* was not even taken into consideration. This is quite clear from the protocols of November, 1830. It was the *present* ministry that, within a month of their accession to power, in a blind hurry of liberalism, decreed the *separation* and recognized the independence of Belgium, without obtaining any conditions for this immense concession, and before there was even a fixed government to recognize. Having thus given Belgium what Belgium was most, if not solely at that time, anxious to get, England lost all hold over her, and was in the sequel unable to obtain—we will not say concessions, but not even the execution of her own engagements; and, *to this hour*, Belgium has not performed those preliminaries on which the engagements of Holland were to be *contingent*.

It is not true that the citadel of Antwerp was held by Holland without the consent of the parties by whom the first suspension of hostilities, in 1830, was concluded. *It is not true* that it was attacked because the king of Holland was bound to surrender it; for the armistice had authorized his retaining possession of it—which possession had been repeatedly recognized in the negotiation; and most naturally and justly—for who, *at that time*, ever thought of depriving him of that fortress before the Belgians should have performed their share of the convention? *It is not true* that, at any time, ‘Holland was bound to evacuate it within fifteen days:’ on the contrary, the treaty offered to Holland, even after Leopold’s election, recognized her actual possession of it, and stipulated that such possession should continue till fifteen days after the ratification of the said treaty. Now, the said treaty never has been ratified, and, therefore, by their own acts and admissions, the king of Holland’s right to hold Antwerp was indisputably established. The new negotiations were proceeding prosperously till the interview at Compiègne between Leopold and Louis Philippe, when, for the purpose of satisfying the military spirit of France, and bringing Leopold’s new brothers-in-law, the dukes of Orleans and Nemours, into notice, it was discovered that the Belgian ministry had pledged themselves to their Chamber of Deputies, that, before any new negotiations should be pursued, the king of Holland should accept the treaty of November, 1831, and evacuate Antwerp. And with no better, indeed no other ground than this Compiègne intrigue—France and England declared that the King of the Netherlands must evacuate Antwerp—and then followed the blockade—the siege—the capture! As to the merit claimed
for

for the effect of the embargo and blockade, it is ridiculous. That the two greatest maritime powers in the world, possessing both sides of the narrow channel through which the trade of Holland must pass, should be able to seize her unresisting ships and intercept her unsuspecting commerce, is no great source of triumph; but, we repeat, these measures were in as direct breach of all international law as Buonaparte's Berlin decrees; and *they had no share whatsoever in bringing about one single political object.* Nay, they left the case at least as much embarrassed as they found it; but they have had one effect—they have established a *British* precedent for a *future armed neutrality*, whenever it may again suit the maritime powers of the Continent to take umbrage at what are called our maritime rights, or indeed at anything else—our treatment of Ireland, for instance. Here is a precedent for a general blockade of all the ports of England, until she shall have consented to abandon some possession, or renounce some distinction, which the coalesced powers may be pleased to grumble at. This, in some future and, perhaps, disastrous day, will be famous as the '*Palmerston precedent!*'

As to the present prosperous state of these negotiations, we confess we see no symptoms of it—except in this page of this pamphlet. On the contrary, we believe that the security of Holland, the *real* independence of Belgium, and the general tranquillity of Europe, are in at least as much danger as ever. The late government had not only not 'chalked out' a line of eternal separation between Holland and Belgium—and, of course, of connexion between Belgium and France—but it took care to do nothing which should preclude the possibility of establishing—even if a complete reunion proved to be hopeless—some kind of federal connexion between the two Netherlandish states; which should have kept France out of Belgium—and maintained a frontier for Holland, Hanover, and the north of Germany—the only arrangement, we believe, which can eventually maintain the peace of Europe and the independence of the smaller states—nay, we are convinced that such a frontier would be advantageous to the *well-understood* interests of France herself; because, if she becomes possessed of Belgium, she will be unable, even should she be so disposed, to remain at peace: she *must* extend herself to the Rhine; and when on the Rhine would find herself militarily less secure than she is at present, till she should extend her left flank to the ocean.

Lord Palmerston may pronounce this antiquated stuff; but we really can hardly allow his Lordship's opinion *much* weight in the balance against that of all the master-spirits of our country

country from the Revolution of 1688 to that of 1831. We consider him to be little suited for the office into which he was suddenly shifted by his coalition with the Whigs. It is clear from his whole conduct and every protocol he has penned, that he has never looked either to the ancient policy or to the *future* interests of England and Europe. He has fallen, naturally enough, into the convenient fashion of his new friends, who are content to live from hand to mouth—*au jour la journée*; and, if they can contrive to tide over a session, imagine they have tranquillized the world. We, on the contrary, are convinced that a government of temporary expedients is not merely contemptible, but dangerous; and that the line of policy adopted by the present cabinet—and, above all, the irregular, illegal, and disorganizing *principles* on which that policy is based—have created and must every day increase the uneasiness of Europe, and will probably end in a serious and unfavourable change in the position of this country in relation to the rest of the civilized world.

Portugal.—We so fully discussed the Portuguese question in our last Number, that we should have hardly thought it worth while to revert to it if it was not to amuse our readers with a most laughable '*naïveté*' on the part of the pamphleteers. Our readers are but too well aware that the *profession* of our ministers has been *neutrality*—their *practice, intervention*. Hitherto they had never avowed—nay, they have always solemnly denied the latter; but now—when the intervention seems *to them* likely to be crowned with success—they are ludicrously anxious for a share of the applause. Honest Bullcalf, in the play, never mingled his anxiety to stay quiet at home, and his readiness to march to the wars, in a more ludicrous confusion than the following passage:—

'The affairs of Portugal are drawing to a conclusion. The tyranny, which for five years has weighed down that wretched country, has been dashed to the ground. Miguel's *fleet has been captured*; the siege of Oporto has been raised; 2500 brave Portuguese have marched in triumph from the Guadiana to the Tagus; Donna Maria has been proclaimed in Lisbon, and a British minister has again presented himself at the court of the rightful sovereign of Portugal. *British valour has, as usual, been associated with Portuguese freedom, and Cape St. Vincent has again witnessed the exploits of naval heroism.* The English government has, with respect to these affairs, steadily adhered to the course which it had chalked out for itself. *It has been rigidly neutral in the contest!* It has stood aloof, leaving the *contending parties* to fight the matter out *unaided*. The part which England took in this struggle was, to keep the ring, and see fair play.'—pp. 94, 95.

'A fleet

'A fleet captured by British valour'—'a second battle of St. Vincent's won by our naval heroism'—all the topics and the consecrated expressions of national triumph!—and these splendid feats of arms are done, and this boasted military and naval success has been achieved, by—*risum teneatis?*—'*rigid neutrality*' by only '*keeping the ring*' and leaving the two parties 'to fight the matter out UNAIDED!' No observations of ours are necessary to expose the impudent absurdity of these contradictions.

On the general subject we have but two remarks to make: the first is, that recent events have most fully justified the Duke of Wellington's motion in June last, and corroborated all his views. Those very *British* troops of whose assemblage on our *soi-disant* neutral shores his Grace complained, have done all that has been done. Our second observation is, that the ministers appear much too sanguine when they predict that Don Miguel's expulsion would settle the Portuguese question and tranquilize that unhappy country. We fancy that it would be only the commencement of a new conflict of interests between Don Pedro and Donna Maria—between *his* natural rights and *her* conventional claims—between the old and the new constitutions—between the probable desire of the Portuguese nation to have a *king*, and the determination of France and England that it shall have a *queen*! Exclusive of all the most serious considerations with regard to the rest of the Peninsula which this matter involves—(and by which it will be no doubt affected)—we confess that, we are not without strong apprehensions that Portugal herself will, even if Don Pedro should expel Don Miguel, be as unsettled as before.

We are obliged by our limits to omit the refutation of several minor misstatements relative to our foreign and domestic policy, and turn to a topic on which the pamphleteers lay great stress,—the character of the new House of Commons. To this body they attribute, with considerable triumph, almost all the good qualities which can enter into the composition of a legislative senate.

'Its *diligence* has far exceeded that of any other public assembly.' (p. 104.) 'The members have shown *attention, impartiality*, and an unusual amount of *knowledge* and *business-like* talent.' (p. 105.) 'One of the threats of 1832 was, that a reformed house would not consist of *gentlemen*; never was there a more unfortunate prophecy.' (p. 106.) And finally, 'in the most important of all merits, sincere public spirit, the superiority of the present house is most striking' (p. 107); 'it has been, beyond any former house, conservative, not of the abuses, but of the blessings of the constitution;' it has shown 'a manly and generous feeling in its ab-

horrence of shuffling or disingenuous proceedings, contempt for rapacity,' &c. ; and if the ministry has been strong in this house, their strength has not been derived from 'mercenary votes.' (p. 108.)

We really hardly know whether these topics ought to be treated *seriously*—the very enumeration looks like the bitterest *irony*: but the truth is, parliaments must be flattered as well as princes by those who seek their favour; and the only difference seems to be, that to the collective body the dose may be exhibited with a grosser, a more fulsome, and a more shameless sycophancy than the taste of any individual, however vitiated, could bear. We shall endeavour, then, to treat this page of the pamphlet with a gravity which—however ludicrous the individual instances may be—the real importance of the subject requires and creates.

The first praise is *diligence*. [It certainly was not in this quality that it was ever suspected that the reformed house would be deficient. Composed in so large a proportion of new members, to whom the place and occupation are novelty and amusement—of so many others who, having got in by pledges and professions, are specially obliged to exhibit a daily and nightly ultra-activity—and of that still greater body who, having no qualification of property or talents, would endeavour to propitiate their jealous constituencies by the humbler merit of dogged assiduity; thus composed, we say, *diligence* was the last thing in which we should have suspected any deficiency. We are well aware that there are two sorts of *diligence*—the sober and regulated diligence of business, and the uneasy and feverish diligence of curiosity or vanity; of the first of these we did not expect much, and much there was not—and of the second, even less than we expected. The pamphleteers, however, will consider such distinctions as to the quality of diligence as over-nice, and we shall waive them. In what, then, has the diligence been shown?

'It has sat, upon an average, nine hours each day during a session of 142 days, making altogether 1270 hours; whilst even the last parliament, under the excitement of the Reform Question, did not sit, in what is termed their long session, above 918 hours.'—p. 104.

Now we should have thought that diligence was proved by doing *much* in a *short* time. Here it seems that the length of time consumed is to be the measure of diligence. For our parts, we think that any man who has given even the most cursory attention to the reports of the debates will think that there could hardly be a greater reproach to the house than this chronology of its session. Let us take a practical instance. Having had occasion to wade through the Votes of the House, and seeing very frequently in the notice-list a name which we observed but little in debate, our attention was called to *Mr. Pryme's* legislative proceedings, and

we

we were induced to follow him through one of his measures, the progress of which may afford some idea of the *diligence* of the house. Mr. Pryme, observe, is a man of business—a barrister—one selected by Lord Brougham for a high and laborious office—and moreover, we believe, a very active reformer. He therefore was, we presume, as likely as most men to know what he was about, and not idly to waste his time. On Tuesday, the 5th of February, 1833, Mr. Pryme gave notice that he would on Monday, the 4th of March, move a general resolution—

‘That on the committal of every Enclosure Bill it be an instruction to the Committee to insert a clause providing for the allotment of a certain portion of land to be let in small portions to labourers, and the rents thereof appropriated in aid of the poor rate.’

Our readers are well aware that this *allotment* question is peculiarly interesting at the present time, and that the advantages which have been found to result from *allotments* fully justified Mr. Pryme in the principle of his proposal. And now, let us follow the course of this most important and interesting proceeding:—

Feb. 5—notice given.

March 4—Mr. Pryme *postponed* his notice to

March 19th—on that day, however, nothing seems to have been done, and the next we hear of it is its being appointed for

April 2—on which day it was again *deferred* to

April 22—but before that day arrived it was *deferred* to

April 23—on which day it was *deferred* to,

May 1—on which day there was *no house*: on

May 2 the *dropped* order was fixed for

May 8—on which day the debate was opened on it, but *adjourned* to

May 16—on which day, the house was *counted out*. On

May 19—the *dropped order* was fixed for

May 20—on which day the debate was *deferred* to

May 23—on which day the house was *counted out*. On

May 24—it was again *deferred* to

June 3—when it was again *deferred* to

June 12—when it appears to have finally fallen to the ground;—and amongst the one hundred and thirty-four notices already registered for the *next session* we find, in *two different* shapes, Mr. Pryme’s ‘*Notice for labourers’ allotments*.’ And what gives an additional air of drollery to this portion of Mr. Pryme’s campaign is, that, not satisfied with the *rapid* and *successful progress* which he was making with his allotment scheme, he had the spirit to give four or five other notices, which were successively *deferred* and *dropped* till about the 17th of June, when we miss ‘that once familiar name’ from the Notice-list.

We have selected these cases, not that we believe them to be the worst, but because, happening to have occasion—for another purpose, which we shall mention by and by—to follow Mr. Pryme's name through *the Votes*, we could not help being struck by such extraordinary *diligence* of proceeding. But this is not all—the attendance of members during the hours of real business was, we are told, more lax than usual. At first, the members attended in crowds—the new, to see what sort of a place it was—the old, to see what sort of colleagues they had got. When the stimulus of curiosity or party was removed, the house was discovered to be rather a dullish place, and has been, we believe, as often *counted out* since reformed as in any preceding sessions. Indeed, except on the questions connected with Ireland, which somehow always produce an attendance, and on the two or three occasions when the existence of the ministry was in jeopardy, and that Mr. Ellice and Mr. Wood employed what is somewhat irreverently called the *whip*, the houses, if we may judge by the divisions, were generally very thin. We only dwell upon this to show what shifts the pamphleteers are driven to for topics of applause—for it is but too probable that in future sessions the *diligence* will go on increasing, till at last the House of Commons may be in permanent activity, like the French Convention after the 10th of August.

The next praise given to the new house is its attentive impartiality—we postpone for a moment the question of attention, and begin by looking only at the impartiality. We are reluctant to question the results of election committees, because gentlemen are there upon their oaths; and although, in almost every case, the Tory was defeated and the Whig or Radical seated, yet we admit that the decisions of that sworn tribunal are not to be impugned. But when two committees decide a *similar* question *different* ways, both can hardly be right. Now—

13th March,—the *Newry* Committee reported, that considerable bribery had prevailed at that election, but that it had not been proved that Lord Marcus Hill, the sitting member, was implicated therein, and he was therefore *maintained in his seat*. N.B. Lord Marcus Hill is a *Whig*.

7th May,—the *Warwick* Committee reported, that considerable bribery had prevailed at that election; and 'although Sir Charles Greville, the sitting member, does not appear to have personally taken part in it,' he was *unseated*. N.B. Sir Charles Greville is a *Tory*!

We have read the evidence in both cases, and we can solemnly assert, that, of the two, Sir Charles Greville's innocence is rather the more unquestioned; and what adds to the wonder which this plain statement must excite, is, that on the committee which
unseated

unseated Sir Charles Greville, we find the name of LORD MARCUS HILL !!!

But the case of Stafford is not less surprising. At Stafford, two government candidates were returned ; a petition was presented against them for bribery ; the bribery was so notorious and universal that it has been stated, we hear, that but two electors in the whole town were unbribed. Here then was a most flagrant case ; but the sitting members voted with the ministers ; what was to be done ? Mr. Ellice, the Secretary of the Treasury, came down early in March—and, expressing great indignation against such abominable and general corruption, moved for leave to bring in a bill for its better detection and punishment, by indemnifying the persons, who should give evidence of such corruption, from all personal consequences. The persons to be thus indemnified and saved harmless were inserted by *name*, and in the list appeared the *names* of the *sitting members*. But on consideration it seemed *un peu fort* to indemnify and thereby to confirm in their seats the very persons against whom the petition was directed, and by whom and for whom the bribery was alleged to have been committed, while their creatures were to be sacrificed ; so, in a second edition of the bill, the names were omitted, and the indemnity extended to all persons whatsoever who should give evidence to the satisfaction of the committee. This bill—with its double absurdity of *securing* the seats of the members petitioned against, (who, by the insertion of their names in the original bill, were admitted to be guilty,) and of enabling everybody else equally guilty to escape—passed the *impartial* and *attentive* House of Commons ;—and was sent up to the Lords, where it was amended, in the only way in which it could be made rational—by excepting the candidates by or for whom the bribery had, *de facto*, been committed. But this, our readers will see, defeated the object of the whole bill : accordingly, it has been permitted by *its movers* to remain a dead letter—the bribery of Stafford remains acknowledged but unpunished, and the whole affair vanished from the public eye *. And in all this affair, the Right Honourable Edward Ellice, brother-in-law to Lord Grey, Secretary of the Treasury, and since Secretary at War, was the original mover—no doubt the unsuspecting and deceived instrument in the hands of more artful and designing men. But the House of Commons has left these two members in their seats, and the universally corrupted borough of Stafford unmolested in its profligacy—while, in the case of Hertford, Lords Ingestrie and Mahon, though acquitted of all personal

* Towards the very close of the session, we were glad to observe that Sir Thomas Freemantle gave notice, that he would call the attention of the House next year to this extraordinary case.

imputation,

imputation, are ousted ; and lest they—being thus acquitted and capable of standing again—should be re-elected, the writ for Hertford is suspended, till a bill can be brought in which shall insure an election more in unison with the *impartiality* of the new House of Commons.

Another case of flagrant *impartiality* is that of Mr. Pryme *afore-said*, who was appointed to, and accepted, one of the thousand places which the self-denying Chancellor has had at his disposal. When this Mr. Pryme discovered, a little too late—for these Radical lawyers are no great clerks in either common or parliamentary law—that the acceptance of the office would vacate his seat, he renounced what he had accepted ; and because he had not, as he alleged, *acted* in his new office, the House determined that his acceptance did not vacate his seat. This is so much in the teeth of all former decisions of the House, that it is notorious that acceptance of the Chiltern Hundreds, where there are no duties at all, makes a vacancy, and that the writs have been invariably moved on the mere acceptance. Nay, we recollect a case—we think it was that of the present Marquis of Lansdowne, when Lord Henry Petty—who vacated on accepting the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and who was re-elected and took his seat before the patent—the legal instrument for conferring the office—had been passed, and, of course, before he could have acted, or been entitled to any profit of any kind, in virtue of his appointment. But if Mr. Pryme had vacated, it was suspected that, notwithstanding his extraordinary *diligence* in prosecuting his allotment scheme, the electors of Cambridge might prefer Sir Edward Sugden ; and the strict *impartiality* of the House decided that there was no vacancy.

We should fill our whole Number with this topic alone, if we were to gratify ourselves with instances of similar impartiality : we must proceed to other merits.

The next topic of panegyric is, that the House is composed of gentlemen—*κατ' ἐξοχην gentlemen* ; and forgetting the proverb, that ' Comparisons are *odious*,' it denies that quality to all former Houses. Where, it asks, shall we look for those who deserve the title of gentleman ? ' Not certainly among the nominees of peers or the delegates of corporations.'—p. 106. Indeed ! Now we had thought that, whatever else might have been said of these classes of members, they would not have been denied, collectively, the character of *gentlemen*. Not gentlemen !—Somers, St. John, and Harley ; Walpole, Wyndham, and Pulteney ; Pitt, Pelham, and Grenville ; Murray, Townshend, and Conway ; North, Cavendish, Mannors, Somerset, and every other name illustrious in England will be found in the classes which the pamphleteers thus stigmatize ; and even in their own ranks, is there a man of any eminence in
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the administration, from the Lord High Chancellor to the junior Secretary of the Treasury, who has not made his first appearance in parliament as the 'nominee of a peer or the delegate of a corporation?' But as the pamphlet has broached this topic of comparison, we beg leave to ask where they can find in former parliaments a parallel to the following scene?

In about half a newspaper column of the report of one speech of Mr. Cobbett's, (and a very able speech too,) we find the following interruptions:—*'A laugh—a laugh—"Hear!" and cries of "oh, oh!"—"Hear!" and laughter—"Hear!" and laughter—Cries of "oh, oh!" and considerable interruption—Much interruption, occasioned by several members coughing, and cries of "oh, oh!"—Renewed interruption from several honourable members calling out "question!"—Laughter, and cries of "hear!"—Laughter, and renewed interruption—"Hear!" and laughter—Loud laughter and cries of "oh, oh!" and "question, question!" amid which the Speaker repeatedly called "order, order!"—Repeated laughter—After a short pause, in which order was in some degree restored, the honourable member resumed—The confusion and laughter were again renewed—"Hear, hear!"—"go on, go on!"—Cries of "question, question!" and much confusion.'*—*Deb. 12th Feb.* And all these evidences of senatorial 'attention and gentlemanlike manners—of a generous feeling, and a determination to see fair play,' are to be seen in one half column. We wish that this had been a solitary, or even a remarkable instance. We transcribe with regret such passages as the following:—

'28th June.—Mr. Poulett Scrope rose amid general cries of "divide" and "adjourn," which prevailed during the whole time the honourable member was speaking. The honourable member was interrupted by renewed and general cries of "divide," and the noise and uproar—in particular the imitation of the crowing of a cock—which prevailed, baffles description.'

'Mr. O'Dwyer rose amidst continued confusion. The honourable member said that the proceedings of Political Unions had been recently much stigmatised, but he must protest that he never had witnessed, at any political union to which he belonged, such a disgraceful uproar as he had seen that night. It was monstrous for honourable members to come down and disturb, by their ignorant uproar, the deliberations of the House. (The crowing of the cock repeated.)'—*Times, 29th June.*

'Sir Francis Burdett thought the question could be better disposed of in a Committee up-stairs—he was for a free trade in corn, and in everything else—(Cries of "question!"—oh, oh!"—and "Go it, Old Glory!")'—*Morning Post, Saturday, 18th May.*

These—and, we cannot but add, the whole affair of Mr. O'Connell's speech out of the House, and explanation in it, about the

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'six hundred scoundrels'—and the same honourable and learned member's remark on another occasion, that '*he would not be put down by ruffianism*'—these are circumstances which the indiscreet and absurd panegyrics of the pamphlet force us to revive, but on which we have no desire to dwell. Unfortunately they are *ex acervo*, and, still more unfortunately, they need no comment.

The next topic of praise is 'the amount of knowledge and business-like talent' of the new members, and the proofs adduced are the debates on the Factory Bill, and the number of days which eighteen or twenty committees sat. Whether the debates on the Factory Bill, or any other debates, were creditable to the new members, and whether, on every occasion, the old members did not display a marked superiority over them, and particularly in business, may be matter of opinion; but this we venture to assert, that the *opinion* in favour of the old members is universal in the country, and very general in the House itself. The pamphlet is the single instance that has ever reached us of a contrary sentiment. But as to the *Committees*—if the pamphlet could have afforded us some estimate of the value of the reports of the several committees, as it has done of the number of days they consumed, it would be worth attention; but the most important of the Committees it enumerates produced no result. We find, however, in the Votes of August, the copy of a report from the '*Police Committee*,' which was appointed the 1st July, and sat till the 6th August. This we shall venture to extract *in extenso*, as an admirable instance of the *business-like talent*, and *statesman-like views*, which the pamphlet so much admires.

'9. Police Committee,—Report and Minutes of Evidence brought up; Resolutions read, as follows:—

"*Resolved*, 1. That it is the opinion of this Committee, that the conduct of the policeman Popay has been highly reprehensible, inasmuch as he appears to have taken an active personal part in the proceedings which his duty only required him to observe, and to have carried concealment and deceit into the intercourse of private life; and, although the Committee are inclined to hope that he was not influenced by any malignity of disposition, but by a mistaken view of his instructions, and a misjudging zeal in the execution of them, they cannot forbear to mark his course of behaviour with their most grave and decided censure.

"2. *Resolved*, That it is the opinion of this Committee that, while it cannot be supposed that authority was given for the foregoing conduct, there is reason to apprehend that sufficient caution was not always exercised by those to whom Popay's Reports were submitted, in checking the occasional diffuseness of their contents, and in warning against having recourse to undue means for supplying them.

"3. *Resolved*, That it is the opinion of this Committee that, with respect

respect to the occasional employment of policemen in plain clothes, the system, as laid down by the heads of the police department, affords no just matter of complaint, while strictly confined to detect breaches of the law, and to prevent breaches of the peace, should these ends appear otherwise unattainable; at the same time the Committee would strongly urge the most cautious maintenance of those limits, and solemnly deprecate any approach to the employment of spies, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, as a practice most abhorrent to the feelings of the people, and most alien to the spirit of the constitution."

' Report to lie on the table, and to be printed.'

Such is the twaddle upon which the ministers are forced to build their defence of themselves, and their eulogy of their new House of Commons—but, under these absurdities, there lies a deep and most important consideration—that with which the pamphlet set out, but which, after its first half-page, it totally keeps out of sight. *Is this 'the King's Government?'* Is it not rather the government by committees of the House of Commons? Has the monarchical part of our constitution so wholly lost its executive powers and all its most appropriate and special functions, that the King and his ministers and officers are not to be entrusted with examining into the alleged misconduct of a *policeman*?—and in *such a case*, too, as the report of the *five-weeks* committee proves this to have been? In former times, the appointment of such a committee would have been equivalent to a censure on the Secretary of State for the Home Department—who, if he be not fit to hire or discharge one of his own policemen, is surely fit for *nothing*! And even if a former House of Commons should have seen cause to censure a Secretary of State, it would hardly have employed five weeks in hunting a policeman; but different hounds pursue different game, and at a different pace. Now your policeman

' is a lion

Which *they* are proud to hunt!'

But it is not of the reference of such paltry matters to committees that we complain, but of *that* of which the pamphlet boasts—of 'committees granted *as soon as asked* on the police—the army—the navy—land revenues, &c.'—p. 104—

in short, of the total devolution of all the deliberative and most of the executive powers of the Crown to committees of the House of Commons. This system is the direct consequence of the democratic Revolution which the reform bill has begun, and will probably be the means by which, gradually, that Revolution will be consummated. We have an instructive illustration of this system in the United States, which we extract from Mr. Hamilton's admirable work of '*Men and Manners in America*.' It will show that even such a democracy as *their* constitution established

blished becomes endangered by the unconstitutional approaches to unmodified democracy which this system of governing by committees of the *lower house* produces. The author of the charming novel of 'Cyril Thornton' went to America, as he tells us, a Whig—almost a Radical—a warm admirer of their institutions—and he is, as his works prove, an able and very clear-sighted observer—his opinions are, therefore, entitled to great weight:—

'When we look, however, somewhat more minutely into the details of this republican government, it is soon perceived that the members of the cabinet are, in truth, nothing better than superintending clerks in the departments over which they nominally preside. At the commencement of every congress, the practice is to appoint standing committees, who, in fact, manage the whole business of the executive departments. These committees have separate apartments, in which the real business of the country is carried on, and from which the heads of the executive departments are rigidly excluded. The whole power of the government is thus absolutely and literally absorbed by the people.

'It should be remembered that the power thus assumed by the people is wholly unknown to the constitution. It is one of those important, but silent encroachments which are progressively affecting the forms, as they have long done the spirit of the government.'—*Hamilton*, vol. ii. p. 68—70.

This is a text well deserving an ample commentary. We may hereafter treat more at large of Mr. Hamilton's volumes, but we can, at present, do no more than indicate to this country the advances made in the last session to this mode of governing; advances, none of which can be retracted, and which, on the contrary, will be pushed still farther in every succeeding session, till at last the King of England will not have even the authority of an American president.*

There was a remarkable and discreditable instance of the abandonment by the Government of its legitimate duties, in a case which the pamphleteer cites with applause—its consent to appoint a Committee of the House of Commons to inquire into the conduct of the Police in the Calthorpe Street riot. Was there a loyal subject, or a man of common sense in the country, who doubted of the propriety, the necessity of the conduct of the police on that day, on which the only life lost was that of a policeman foully assassinated? Yet the government were afraid to avow what they had ordered, and gave way to an inquiry on the *poor*

* Let us just add a single extract from the most courted, if not constant, of the Ministerial organs: 'The *House of Commons* ought to be on the alert; and, should events require *them*, be ready to *pass resolutions*—and addresses to their Sovereign, that specific persons, whom we shall not *now* name, should be dismissed for ever from the service of the Crown, and *banished from the royal presence*.'—*Times*, 15th June.

police, merely to shift off their own shoulders—for one short week—the odium—the unprecedented and, for once, merited odium—of having done their duty. The granting the committee was in itself a *primâ facie* condemnation of the police :—

‘ ————— Fie, fie,

It is the way to kindle, not to quench :’—

but it served to divert the clamour of the moment—and Lord Melbourne chuckled and rubbed his hands at the idea that Colonel Rowan, and not he, was to be ‘*had over the coals.*’ The same game was still, if we are well informed, played in the committee. In the first day’s evidence the police commissioners stated that the *government* had authorized the dispersion of the meeting ; but when the matter was questioned, the government most *meanly, shabbily, and falsely* denied that they had so authorized it, and were ready to sacrifice the commissioners to the tender mercies of the Reformed House of Commons, till, by good luck, a letter was found written by the commissioners to the Home Office the day after the meeting, detailing all their proceedings, and reciting *expressly* the authority of the Home Secretary of State for all that had been done—which letter had remained for eight weeks unquestioned ! When this fact came out, and when it was clear that the conduct of the Commissioners of Police was not only praiseworthy, which no one ever doubted, but expressly sanctioned by the Home Secretary, which the government had denied—then, and not till then, Mr. George Lamb, the Under-Secretary, who was a member of the Committee, took upon himself the triple dignity of King, Commons, and Secretary of State, and pronounced, *mero motu*, that the Commissioners were absolved, and that there would be no longer any question as to the authority to disperse ! And this is ‘the *King’s* government !’ and this is one of the committees whose sitting for twelve days is one of the proofs produced by his Majesty’s ministers of the efficiency of their government, and the diligence and public spirit of the Reformed House of Commons. These are miserable and, to the Government, disgraceful exposures ; but the pamphleteers force them upon us.

The final claim of applause and gratitude which the pamphlet makes for its friends in the House of Commons, is that of disinterested ‘public spirit.’ There is no longer any attempt at influence by means of *patronage*, and the support of this patriot ministry ‘has not been derived from a body of *mercenaries.*’ Now we, on the contrary, assert that there has been a more profuse employment of patronage for political objects in the last *two* years than can be produced in any *twenty* years of our former history ; nay, of *patronage created for the purpose.* The details

details would occupy a volume; but one sample is too remarkable to be passed over in silence. It is an individual case, indeed—but, from all its circumstances, it becomes the *Key* to the whole system. The man himself—‘the child and champion of Reform’—twice Lord Mayor of London for his devotion to *Reform*—who endangered the safety of the metropolis in his illuminating zeal for *Reform*—the favoured host and guest of the *Reform* Cabinet—the chairman of the cup-subscription to the three great authors of *Reform*—the *Baronet of Reform*—who will bear ‘*Reform*’ inscribed on his knight-shield as the Wodehouses bear ‘*Agincourt*’—the metropolitan member of *Reform*—the most prominent figure, except one, in Mr. Haydon’s ‘Great Picture of the Reform Banquet,’ ordered by Lord Grey, and destined, of course, to be the principal heirloom of Howick—this most distinguished, most honoured Reformer gets an illegal contract—continues to sit, and vote, and move, and divide—in contempt of all law—then asks an appointment for his son, and when the minister hesitates to appoint a lad of eighteen, asks it for his *eldest* son a man of twenty-two, and obtains it; and then it turns out that he has but one son, and the rejected *lad* is the appointed officer;—and appointed to what?—to be inspector of the articles furnished under the father’s illegal contract; appointed, too, in spite of the remonstrances of the Comptroller of the Stationary Office, distinctly made to that very Government which had afterwards the baseness to attempt to shift the blame on the Comptroller, when they knew that they had rejected his advice and despised his honest remonstrances. And, finally, to make this selection of a delinquent more palatable, and to stifle all pity for the innocent victim whom they wished to substitute for their *Baronet*, they proclaimed the Comptroller a *Tory*! And all this for what?—will the pamphleteers dare to say that it was not to reward Sir John Key’s political zeal—and to secure his parliamentary vote?

Nor was this an accidental or obscure affair—the jobbing of negligent or fraudulent subalterns—no; the parties to the transaction were Lord Grey, the Prime Minister, and Mr. Charles Wood, his son-in-law—his Secretary of the Treasury—his manager of the patronage of the House of Commons.

This case is, we hope, singular in its infamous details—but it is not singular in the view in which the pamphlet has forced us to notice it. Lord Grey himself saw Key, and gave him, member for the City of London, the appointment for one of his sons; the Secretary of the Treasury, the colleague of one of the pamphleteers, conducted the negotiation; neither of them advanced the principle (which the pamphlet now professes) of governing *with-*
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out patronage—by sheer public spirit, and *without the aid of mercenaries*—on the contrary, they exercised the patronage and hired the mercenary; and what they did in Key's case would clearly have been done in any similar case, and has, we have no doubt, been done in fifty others,—where, however, the auxiliary circumstances have not been so flagrant, or where there has been no comptroller honest and bold enough to *show them up*. With this boast of the high public spirit and spotless integrity of the government and its friends the pamphlet concludes, and with this specimen of its veracity we shall conclude our observations upon it—and wish we could conclude the article, but still more important considerations press themselves upon us.

Not only is our constitution threatened by the gradual and inevitable inroads of the House of Commons on the other estates—inroads which even the majority of the present house are not desirous of making, but into which that house will be, whether reluctantly or not, driven by the force of the unbalanced power of the popular constituency—not only are we threatened from that gradual Revolution, but we are in more immediate danger of a convulsion arising out of the principles which the ministers first promulgated, then encouraged—then, when their turn was served, would have checked—and at last contemplate with equal embarrassment and alarm. When Lord Brougham broached the doctrine of stopping the supplies—when his brother on the hustings, and when, in the House of Commons, Lord Milton, standing by the side of his friend Lord Althorp, and amidst the cheers of the ministerial party, proclaimed *resistance to taxation*, they sowed seed, which, like the hemp in the fable, produced a present profit, but in the end may strangle their government—and all government! The *Political Unions* and the *Associations to resist the payment of taxes*, have at length alarmed their original instigators—they see, with tardy terror, the growth of

—‘the cockle of sedition and rebellion,

Which they themselves have ploughed for, sown, and scattered.’

And the *Morning Chronicle* has, no doubt by particular desire, sounded the alarm of the ministry in an article, our entire concurrence in every word of which is only moderated by surprise at the quarter whence it comes:—

‘The people retain under a reformed parliament the principle of action, which destroyed, it is true, the unreformed parliament, but which, if persisted in, must equally destroy all parliaments whatever. The principle of associating to resist the law, instead of endeavouring to obtain the repeal of the law through the means pointed out by the constitution, is at once proclaiming *anarchy*. They who associate to resist one tax levied by law, may associate to resist all other taxes levied

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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—1. *Histoire de la Décadence et de la Chute de l'Empire Romain, traduite de l'Anglais d'Edouard Gibbon. Nouvelle édition, entièrement revue et corrigée, précédée d'une Notice sur la Vie et le Caractère de Gibbon, et accompagnée de Notes critiques et historiques relatives pour la plupart à l'Histoire de la propagation du Christianisme.* Par M. F. Guizot. Paris. 1828.

2. *Etudes, ou Discours Historiques sur la Chute de l'Empire Romain.* Par M. de Chateaubriand. Paris. 1830.

OF the great historical works which distinguish the English literature of the last century, that of Gibbon has attained the most extensive European reputation, and appears the most likely to preserve its high station unendangered by rival or competitor. Some future historian of our own country may combine the grace of narrative, the undefinable charm of style, by which Hume still retains undisputed possession of the popular ear, with profounder research, with more unquestionable impartiality, and a philosophy as calm, but more comprehensive and universal. Some fortunate writer may hereafter fuse together the antiquarian sagacity of Palgrave, and his searching knowledge of the mass of authentic materials for our history, which have been accumulating since the days of Hume; the intimate acquaintance of Turner with all the subsidiary information, which reflects light on the national manners and character at each period, with the sounder part of his views of the progress of society; he may strengthen the whole with the stern independence of Hallam, and enlighten it with the candour, the benevolence, the true philosophy of Mackintosh; he may attain that superiority over temporary influences, and party prejudices, which is indispensable to a writer for posterity—and of which, however he may give that able writer a fair hearing, he will *not* seek his example in Dr. Lingard:—he may even, without sacrificing the veracity of the historian, borrow from the romance of Scott the art of embodying the manners and feelings with the events of each succeeding age. We look back to the splendid ideal which we have ventured to sketch—if by no means in despair that the rich annals of our country may at length find their as eloquent and more trustworthy Livy—with a conviction that nothing less will disenchant the general taste from its long-cherished admiration of

levied by law. We at once boldly and unhesitatingly proclaim that the whole property of the country is at this moment in imminent peril. What security has the state annuitant that his interest shall not be arbitrarily withheld? The taxes of the country are mortgaged to large classes of the people, and constitute a large share of the available assets of these classes. Where are we to stop if we allow individuals to organize themselves in this open manner to resist the law? We call, therefore, on every man who does not wish to see all confidence shaken, and open violence the order of the day, to rouse himself to a due sense of the danger with which we are threatened by those *anarchical associations*.'

With much more to the same effect.

These are the arguments and some of the very words which we employed in a former article on this subject; yet the ministers still sneer at the 'suspicions,' the 'terrors,' and the 'prophecies' of the Conservatives.

In the mean while, another ministerial organ rouses us to another danger: while resistance to the law is so active, the zeal of the people for the Reform Bill has suddenly cooled. After casting censure on the apathy shown by the reformed constituency at the late annual registration, the *Times* of the 3rd October adds—

'We observe, that in some districts the motives for indolence, or the feelings of indifference to what we have alluded, have operated to a considerable extent in the diminution of the lists. Nothing, we think, can be more disgraceful. Why did the country, with united voice, demand the Reform Bill, if the privileges which it has conferred are to be treated with insulting neglect? Why did we destroy rotten boroughs, if we are, by our carelessness, to allow small juntas to govern counties? What stronger objection was ever made by the *Conservatives* to the agitation of the reform question than that the people did not desire, and would not exercise, the privileges which it was intended to confer? Yet, by neglecting to register, the favoured voter proves the reproach to be just.'

Yes; 'tis but too true; all that the Conservatives foretold from the disorganization of the old political system has happened, or is in progress. The irregular passions and illegal power of the turbulent are increased, while moderate and sober-minded men—the friends of good order and good government—retire in despair from what they know to be an irksome, and feel to be a hopeless contest. It is in vain that the *Chronicle* and the *Times* endeavour to awake them to action; they cannot revive the spirit that was quenched—they cannot repair the strength that was broken by the fatal Reform Bill, and the still more fatal principles on which it was founded, and to which it has given sanction and authority. Some peers have retired from their insulted, menaced, and proscribed House. Many
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men of talents and property have declined what was once the highest aim of their ambition—a seat in parliament. Individuals abjure an elective franchise, become troublesome and valueless; a general sense that the catastrophe is inevitable palsies men's minds, and a gloomy indifference to public events, a sullen acquiescence in what they can neither avoid nor avert pervades all that portion of the nation, (and in particular all who are connected by affection or duty with the Established Church,) in which used to reside the true national character, the real national force, and the influential public opinion. Like men doomed, they meditate on the grave, thinking little of the road by which their hearse may reach it! But, on the other hand, every disorganizing principle, every revolutionary power, is in full and triumphant activity. Does the *Morning Chronicle* complain of the apathy of the Anarchists? Can the *Times* reproach the Dissenters and Radicals with neglecting their registries? Alas! no. The dissenting interest, *already predominant in the new House of Commons*, is every hour becoming, if possible, more influential; and the Government is, we are convinced, prepared to prolong its own precarious existence by the sacrifice of the Church; they will endeavour to purchase the payment of taxes, and for a season may succeed, by the abolition of church rates and tithes, and when, after a humiliating series of concessions, they have nothing else to surrender, they will be swallowed up; not, alas! the only victims of the anarchy which the *Morning Chronicle*—now, we believe, the most authoritatively official journal—*begins* to foresee.

And while all this disorganization is advancing—while their journals are thus making signals of distress, the Treasury puts out a trumpery pamphlet to tell us that all is well—that the Government is strong and respected—the House of Commons conservative and firm—the people happy, prosperous, and obedient—and the aspect of the European world serene and satisfactory. They are like that unhappy ship-master, into whose conduct they have directed an inquiry; like him, they are aground; like him, they assure their passengers that they are quite safe; like him, they *only* mistake the *rising* for the *falling* tide; and like him, their ignorance and obstinacy will consign the unhappy people who confided in them to a wanton—but, at last, inevitable—destruction.

graphy. We turned to the sketch prefixed to the edition of M. Guizot, with much interest, particularly when we found that it bore the signature of M. Suard. The name of that honourable and accomplished writer, the translator of Robertson, carries us back with very agreeable reminiscences to that most brilliant period of Parisian society, when Gibbon met on familiar terms all the distinguished men of letters of his day; among these was M. Suard himself, who had enjoyed his society in London, at Paris, and at Lausanne. We had, indeed, expected more original anecdote, particularly of his residence in France, but M. Suard seems to have felt that Gibbon's narrative of his own life had effectually precluded the attempt of any future biographer. The details of his studies contain in fact the history of his mind; and the few important events of his personal history, his early conversion to the Roman Catholic faith, his recantation, his youthful love-adventure with Mad. Necker, and his silent parliamentary career, are all nearly as characteristic of the author, as of the man.* The rest of his life could only be filled with the account of his gradually accumulating treasures of knowledge, which occupy his journals; and the peaceful amusements of his social hours. In truth, Gibbon's autobiography as completely anticipates any later endeavour to recompose his life, as his great history, that of the Decline and Fall of Rome. As a composition, in point of pure and finished execution, it is inimitable. The style, though still carefully rounded, and occasionally, perhaps, betraying the consummate art by which it would appear natural, has relaxed from the stately march, and the sometimes tumid pomp which it assumes in the history.

* *Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba.*

The calm and equable tone in which he philosophises about the events of his life, admits his weaknesses without meanness, and asserts his literary dignity without ostentation; the warmth and fidelity of his friendships—perhaps the most ardent feeling of which his mind was capable;—even the calm contempt, without acrimony, which he contrives to evince towards some of his unworthy adversaries; the high intellectual character of his occupations—for ‘the early and unconquerable love of reading,’ which he declares that ‘he would not part with for the treasures of India,’ continued to be the unfailing solace of his age; and even that of his amusements—the

* M. Suard has the following note relating to the love-affair with Mademoiselle Curchod, afterwards Madame Necker:—

‘The letter in which Gibbon communicated to Mademoiselle Curchod the opposition of his father to their marriage still exists in manuscript. The first pages are tender and melancholy, as might be expected from an unhappy lover; the latter become by degrees calm and reasonable, and the letter concludes with these words:—*C'est pourquoi, Mademoiselle, j'ai l'honneur d'être votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur, Edouard Gibbon.* He truly loved Mademoiselle Curchod; but every one loves according to his character, and that of Gibbon was incapable of a despairing passion.’

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society and the correspondence of accomplished and of enlightened men,—all is in the same harmonious and admirable keeping. Philosophy can afford few more delightful, more enviable pictures of human life, than the industrious youth, the brilliant maturity, the placid, the contented, the honoured age of Gibbon—had but the Christian's firm and glowing hope of immortality lent its dignity to the closing scene!

M. Suard's memoir, therefore, contains little more than an abstract of Gibbon's 'own life,' in very graceful language, accompanied by a few observations full of candour and good feeling. The impression produced by Gibbon's conversation on one so accustomed to live in an atmosphere, as it were, of clever and brilliant talking, cannot fail to interest our readers:—

'As to his manners in society, without doubt the agreeableness (*amabilité*) of Gibbon was neither that yielding and retiring complaisance, nor that modesty which is forgetful of self; but his vanity (*amour-propre*) never showed itself in an offensive manner: anxious to succeed and to please, he wished to command attention, and obtained it without difficulty by a conversation animated, sprightly, and full of matter: all that was dictatorial (*tranchant*) in his tone betrayed not so much that desire of domineering over others, which is always offensive, as confidence in himself; and that confidence was justified both by his powers and by his success. Notwithstanding this, his conversation never carried one away (*n'entraînait jamais*); its fault was a kind of arrangement, which never permitted him to say anything unless well. This fault might be attributed to the difficulty of speaking a foreign language, had not his friend, Lord Sheffield, who defends him from this suspicion of study in his conversation, admitted at the least, that before he wrote a note or a letter he arranged completely in his mind what he wished to express. He appears, indeed, always to have written thus. Dr. Gregory, in his Letters on Literature, says that Gibbon composed as he was walking up and down his room, and that he never wrote a sentence without having perfectly formed and arranged it in his head. Besides, French was at least as familiar to him as English; his residence at Lausanne, where he spoke it exclusively, had made it for some time his habitual language; and one would not have supposed that he had ever spoken any other, if he had not been betrayed by a very strong accent, by certain *tics* of pronunciation, certain sharp tones, which to ears accustomed from infancy to softer inflexions of voice, marred the pleasure which was felt in listening to him.'

In this elaborate articulation,* in this artificial composition of his

* Gibbon, on the whole, made a very favourable impression on Madame du Deffand. But his elaborate endeavours to be agreeable, and to assume the perfect tone of French manners, did not escape that clever and fastidious woman, whom Voltaire calls the '*aveugle clair-voyante*.' In one of her letters to Walpole she writes thus:—'As to M. Gibbon,

his conversation, who does not call to mind Porson's malicious description of his historic manner?—

‘Though his style is, in general, correct and elegant, he sometimes draws out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. In endeavouring to avoid vulgar terms, he too often dignifies trifles, and clothes common thoughts in a splendid dress that would be rich enough for the noblest ideas. In short, we are too often reminded of that great man, Mr. Prig, the auctioneer, whose manner was so inimitably fine, that he had as much to say upon a ribbon as upon a Raphael.’

The same acute critic, indeed, had before admitted that ‘his style was emphatic and expressive, his sentences harmonious;’ but this was inadequate eulogy; however overloaded, and measured at times almost to monotony, the style of Gibbon deserves the higher praise of animation, which keeps the attention constantly awake—of descriptive richness, which makes both manners and local scenery live before the imagination—of energy, which deeply impresses his more sententious truths upon the memory. Gibbon may be overlaboured, but he is rarely diffuse, and never dull; he may overstrain the attention, but he never permits us to sleep; he may want simplicity, but he never wants force.

But the style is not the only part in which the character of the man colours and impregnates that of the historian. M. Villemain, in one of his eloquent lectures on the literature of the eighteenth century, has pursued this parallel with his usual cleverness and ingenuity. We shall interweave, as we proceed, some of his lively and sensible remarks. The circumstances of Gibbon's early life, apparently the most unfavourable, contributed to form his character and to mark his destination:—the feeble constitution, which debarred him from the sports and gaieties of youth, but had no effect on the indefatigable mind, which seemed to endure any degree of exertion: the neglected education, which threw him back on that which, for the strong and active understanding, is the best system of discipline—self-instruction;—even his position in society, above want or the necessity of professional exertion, yet neither encumbered by the possession nor distracted by the enjoyment of wealth. Thus the sickly and studious boy is found, at fifteen years old, writing a critical history on the reign of Sesostris—holding learned disputations with Marsham and Petavius—and at the next step plunged into the depths of theological

M. Gibbon, he is a very sensible man, who has a great deal of conversation, an infinity of knowledge, you will add perhaps, an infinity of cleverness (*d'esprit*)—I am not quite decided on that point. He sets too much value on our talents for society (*nos agréments*), shows too much desire of acquiring them; it is constantly on the tip of my tongue to say to him, “Don't put yourself to so much trouble; you deserve the honour of being a Frenchman.”

controversy.

controversy. Precisely at the period of the greatest general indifference to polemic dispute—when the war of Papist and Protestant had sunk into profound, it might then appear unawakening, slumber—the quiescent university of Oxford is startled with the intelligence of the conversion of a young student in the most Protestant college of Magdalene; and this convert was the future sceptic—the writer against whose hostility to the whole fabric, not only of Roman Catholic, but of Christian religion, the pulpit of the university was hereafter to ring its loudest alarums. Nor was this change brought about by any secret or active emissary of the Church of Rome—it was the work of his own mind. The poring and inquisitive youth had discovered in the possession of a young friend the powerful but then forgotten works of Parsons the Jesuit, and, in his even then insatiate ardour for historic research, had encountered Bossuet's splendid and most artful view of the weaknesses, the contradictions, the excesses, and the crimes which stain so many names among the first Reformers. Thus, with a cold temperament and an ardent imagination, while he thought that he was surrendering his reason to argument, most likely yielding unknowingly to the fascinations of style, (in which we may observe that old Parsons, as far as the vigorous though unpolished English of Queen Elizabeth's days may be compared to the exquisite and finished French of Louis the Fourteenth's, is no vulgar master,) Gibbon already betrayed that latent turn of mind which led him hereafter to regret the extinction of the Paganism of Cicero and Virgil by the Christianity of Tertullian and Prudentius. Gibbon described to Lord Sheffield the letter which announced his conversion to his father as written 'with all the pomp, the dignity, the self-satisfaction of a martyr;' but, as M. Villemain observes, his mind was not formed to resign itself to painful sacrifices, or for resistance to authority. The dull life and even the meagre table of the house at Lausanne, to which he was banished, hastened his reconversion. 'You will pardon, gentlemen,' our lively lecturer proceeds, 'this minute circumstance; but the man who has thus made his début in life, and in his theological career, does not appear to me predisposed to comprehend the disinterested enthusiasm of the martyrs.'

Though, however, this rapid recantation of inconvenient tenets may not display great strength of character or moral firmness, yet boldness and originality of mind were both evinced and, no doubt, fostered by this extraordinary adventure. Though the will resigned itself to a calm acquiescence in opinions, on the profession of which depended his present peace and future prospects, the mind still asserted its freedom of inquiry; and this premature discipline in polemic controversy—this precocious decision of the most profound

found religious questions by the cold and unimpassioned intellect, at a period of life when religion is rather felt than studied, and prevails by its moral beauty rather than by its logical truth—in short, this habit of considering Christianity in a spirit of controversy, as a subject of dispute between two rival parties, was little likely to elevate the mind to the perception of its real character; the exhausted reason would naturally collapse into a state of indifference. Just at this period the whole energies of Gibbon's powerful understanding were thrown, with irresistible reaction, upon his favourite studies in classical antiquity. From the worst part of theological reading—its fierce and disputatious polemics—he fell back upon all the literary splendour, all that can elevate the mind and fascinate the imagination in the poets and historians of Greece and Rome. Everything contributed to concentrate the whole powers of Gibbon's intellect upon his beloved pursuits. The general dulness of Lausanne, though relieved by the society of a few accomplished and intellectual persons of both sexes, the straitness of his finances, and perhaps the latent pride of his disposition, as well as the weakness of his constitution, indisposed him to join the more adventurous amusements and riotous orgies of visitors from his own country. Among the ponderous volumes which filled the libraries of those days, he had no guide but his own insatiable curiosity; but that curiosity submitted to the severest method, and proceeded with a kind of innate regularity, not merely to acquire, but to store up its acquisitions for future use; for already some vague and undefined purpose was floating in his thoughts to which these labours were hereafter to become subsidiary.

'Gibbon, at the age of twenty,' observes M. Villemain, 'read successively those immense collections which would appal our present indolence: for instance, the *Antiquities of Grævius*—a work which, in its original form, consisted of only twenty-five volumes in folio, but which, fortunately, was increased with fifteen more by Gronovius. He then read the *History of Ancient Italy* by Cluverius, a very short work of only two folio volumes, which nevertheless occupied him several months; then all the Latin poets; but he read them with that attention, that sagacity, which already revealed the historian in its love of studying every particular, the details of manners, the peculiarities of costume—ever seeking, in short, history in literature.'

We have made this extract partly to note its inaccuracy. It was not until his second visit to Lausanne, when he was several years older, that Gibbon commenced the study of those voluminous works; but if employed on writings of less gigantic size, his industry at this early period was not less indefatigable, and the bias of his studies ran strongly in the same direction. In every branch of classical literature he was forcing his own way: he had opened a correspondence

ence on points of philology with Crevier, Breitingen, and Matthew Gesner, and his arguments and objections were received by those distinguished scholars with the respect due to the intelligence they already displayed. It was not merely the future historian, but the historian of Rome, which thus betrayed itself in those five years, during which, in the language of Byron, he was 'hiving wisdom in each studious hour,'—the historian who was to approach the noble subject of the height and consummation of the ancient moral and intellectual character in the culminating point of Roman greatness, with a mind impregnated and saturated with every kind of antiquarian knowledge; with a memory stored with the most minute details of the manners, usages, and opinions which formed or illustrated that character; and with an admiration, which not merely kindled into the highest enthusiasm of which his temperament was capable, but nourished a kind of latent jealousy and aversion to whatever was inimical or destructive to the glorious idol of his adoration.

The air of Switzerland was to a great degree impregnated with the philosophic spirit of the times, and the mind of Gibbon was in the state most suited to imbibe the infection. Of Voltaire, he says, *Virgilium tantum vidi*; but the incense with which the autocrat of literature was then approached, and the boyish enthusiasm of the yet unfledged author, which looked upon his admission to the private theatricals of *Monrepos* as the highest privilege, could not be without influence on the formation of his character and opinions. Voltaire, according to his own expression, he 'then rated above his real magnitude;' but he was probably unconscious how perpetually both his tone of mind, and even his manner of expression, in which he was ever endeavouring to point his stately and inflexible English with the light and graceful irony of the Frenchman, were betraying his early adoration of the Patriarch; and Voltaire little suspected that, in the plain and awkward English boy, whose memory had retained, and whose indiscretion made public, one of his fugitive poems, not yet intended for the vulgar ear, he was silently forming, not a disciple, yet a fellow-labourer, whose fame would cast at least his own *historic* reputation into the shade.

The uncongenial profession of a militia captain, which was embraced by Gibbon on his return to England, neither diverted the bias of his mind from his historical pursuits, nor relaxed his unwearied industry. Though the 'militia drum disturbed him' in the midst of an inquiry into ancient weights, measures, and coins, even these days of more than usual bodily activity and mental distraction were turned to account. In 'his marchings and counter-marchings' from Winchester to Blandford, and from Blandford to
Southampton,

Southampton, the young captain was studying the *Mémoires Militaires* of M. Guichardt; and, in his peaceful evolutions, laying in a store of military tactics hereafter to be applied to elucidate the campaigns of Julian and Belisarius.

It was during his journey to Italy, which followed this military episode, that the secret suggestions, which already excited him to the hope of rivalling Robertson and Hume, then at the dawn of their fame—that those inward prophecyings refined into a more profound and settled consciousness of his vocation; and it is remarkable how the tone of feeling in which the first grand conception of his work expanded upon his imagination—stamped, as it were, indelibly upon his mind, and moulded up with his inmost moral being—coloured the whole character of his future work.

‘It was,’ he says, ‘at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted fryars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind.’—*Miscellaneous Works*, vol. i. p. 198.

‘Perhaps’ (observes M. Suard) ‘it will not be difficult to trace, in the impressions from which the conception of the work arose, one of the causes of that war which Gibbon seems to have declared against Christianity; the design of which neither appears conformable to his character, little disposed to party-spirit—nor to that moderation of thought and sentiment which led him in all things, particular as well as general, to view the advantages as well as the evil consequences. But, struck with a first impression, Gibbon, in writing the history of the fall of the empire, saw in Christianity only an institution which had placed vespers, barefooted fryars, and processions, in the room of the magnificent ceremonies of the worship of Jupiter, and the triumphs of the Capitol.’

There is truth as well as ingenuity in this observation. The Christianity of which Gibbon had read was that of the angry polemical disputants of the two political creeds: that which he saw in the countries where he spent a great part of his life was the worn-out and decrepit Roman Catholicism of France and Italy; a system beyond which the general mind was far advanced, and which had not—and, alas! has not yet—been replaced by any purer or more living form of Christianity.

M. Villemain traces, in Gibbon’s mute and unambitious parliamentary career, the ‘coldness of his temperament,’ and his ‘deadness to all lofty and generous emotions.’ This is not doing justice to Gibbon: on all subjects but two—the virtue of women and the magnanimity of Christians—his mind was alive to the noblest feelings of our nature; and, though calmly, yet firmly and consistently, arrayed on the side of humanity, of justice, and the best interests of mankind. Porson, whom we have before quoted, his

his bitterest and most malignant critic, admits that, in his History, 'his reflections are just and profound—he pleads eloquently for the rights of mankind and the duty of toleration; nor does his humanity ever slumber unless when women are ravished and Christians persecuted.'

'He entered the House of Commons' (says the eloquent lecturer, M. Villemain) 'in 1764: he witnessed a great epoch in the British parliament. Never, for more than half a century, had greater men appeared upon that arena; never had higher interests inspired conviction and eloquence. The debates were pending concerning America: the generous insurrection of the colonies—the arbitrary and violent laws which had oppressed and driven them to despair—the dismemberment that menaced the empire:—What did Gibbon? He remained silent and ministerial!—[*a laugh*]*—*Heaven forbid, gentlemen, that by these words I should throw too much discredit upon him. Nevertheless, it appears to me that, for a man whose vocation was the study of history and of the highest interests of mankind, never was a more pressing occasion offered to enter into active life; never were more grave and lofty questions which ought to have roused the passions of the soul, or awakened whatever warmth or talent it possessed.'

A French liberal of the present day, now that time has unfolded the event and the extraordinary results of that great contest, will, of course, ascribe to unworthy motives, or to servility of character, Gibbon's support of the government at that period and his acceptance of place under Lord North. Let us, however, examine the point with reference to the state of affairs at this particular time. That Gibbon's mind, influenced, no doubt, by the inactivity of his body and the coolness of his constitutional temperament, was, in modern phrase, essentially conservative, we pretend not to deny. Few will now question that the conduct of the administration, which first provoked the contest with the colonies, was feeble, impolitic, and inconsistent—its demands had no vigour, its concessions no dignity; but when the vital interests of the country appeared to be on the hazard, men of the most noble and independent minds might think it a paramount duty to rally round the government. To the colonists themselves, however they might resolutely, and with the free spirit which they inherited from Britain, determine to abide the worst, the issue of the contest appeared far more fraught with distress and danger than with advantage. They dreaded, at first, the separation as much as the mother-country; and their true greatness consists in their trampling that dread under foot rather than yield one iota of what they considered their birthright. That Gibbon was conscientious in his votes may be fairly concluded from his confidential correspondence:—

'We are plunging' (he writes in a letter to Mrs. Gibbon, his father's

father's widow) 'deeper and deeper into the great business of America; and I have hitherto been a zealous though silent friend to the cause of government, which, *in this instance*, I think the cause of England.' . . . 'For my own part,' (he says to Mr. Holroyd,) 'I am more and more convinced that we have both the right and the power on our side; and that, though the effort may be accompanied with some melancholy circumstances, we are now arrived at the decisive moment of preserving, or of losing for ever, both our trade and empire.'

In an Englishman, however he might deplore the fatal and imbecile measures which led to the commencement of the contest, at this crisis some generous and elevated emotions might be awakened on the side of the mother-country. The power, the political existence, of Britain seemed to be staked on the issue of the contest. Events have shown that the proud anticipations of triumph, as well as the gloomy vaticinations of the fatal consequences inevitable from failure, were equally erroneous; but the whole of Europe, as well as the majority of the English nation, were at the time convinced that, once embarked in the war, it was no longer the supremacy of the British parliament, but the wealth of the whole country—the station of England as a first or third-rate power in Europe—which depended on its success: the star of Britain, if obscured in America, would sink for ever below the political horizon. Nor was it only the fears, but the pride, of the country which had been roused; and though that pride might be a blind and misguiding, at least it was no weak or ungenerous passion. The historian of the Decline and Fall of Rome, it may be said, with a mind so successfully occupied in the development of political results—so trained to estimate the remotest consequences of all changes in the social relations—who had read mankind, in history, on so vast and comprehensive a scale—ought to have been far beyond his age—to have anticipated the advantages to mankind from the generous rivalry of two great nations; or, at all events, to have seen that the separation was, sooner or later, inevitable, and that it might, if then averted, take place during some political crisis even more dangerous and fatal to British power. Had Gibbon, however, been endowed with this gift of political prophecy, he would have stood, we suspect, alone. Neither Lord Chatham, nor even Burke himself, looked so far below the horizon of passing events. We doubt, indeed, whether those who have most profoundly studied the past are not the most cautious in predicting the future. The dread of change is fostered by tracing the immediate evil and misery inseparable from violent political convulsion, with the remote and uncertain development of its contingent advantages. It will be a happy time when the historian can look forward with untrembling hope, with fearless
certainty,

certainly, to the *peaceful* progress of human improvement and civilization—to revolutions not dearly bought by years of strife and bloodshed. To Lord North, we would add, Gibbon seems to have felt the warmth of personal attachment. History will not, perhaps, altogether ratify Gibbon's high estimate of his character; but we cannot refrain from quoting the fine passage relating to the minister from the preface to the fourth (4to.) volume of the History:—

‘Were I ambitious of any other patron than the public, I would inscribe this work to a statesman who, in a long, a stormy, and, at length, an unfortunate administration, had many political opponents, almost without a personal enemy; who has retained, in his fall from power, many faithful and disinterested friends; and who, under the pressure of severe infirmity, enjoys the lively vigour of his mind, and the felicity of his incomparable temper. Lord North will permit me to express the feelings of friendship in the language of truth; but even truth and friendship should be silent if he still dispensed the favours of the crown.’

But, after all, it is the parliamentary silence as much as the political conduct of Gibbon which incurs the animadversion of M. Villemain. The cause of that silence Gibbon has himself explained:—‘After a fleeting illusive hope, prudence condemned me to acquiesce in the humble station of a mute. I was not armed by nature and education with the intrepid energy of mind and voice—

“*Vincentem strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.*”

Timidity was fortified by pride; and even the success of my pen discouraged the trial of my voice.’ But, besides his physical inability, and the embarrassment of his high literary reputation, another cause, though it excites the surprise of M. Villemain—materially concurred in repressing his ambition. ‘Upon the whole,’ he writes to Mr. Holroyd, ‘though I still believe I shall try, I doubt whether nature, not that in some instances I am ungrateful, has given me the talents of an orator, and I feel that I came into parliament much too late to exert them.’ ‘Nevertheless,’ observes M. Villemain, ‘he was not forty years old, he was *only* eight and thirty.’ In Paris, this is unintelligible; but we are greatly mistaken if M. Villemain has not touched on the great point of difference which will maintain the superiority of the English parliament, as a school of political oratory, over the French chambers. It is in the tribune which demands a set and studied oration, and in the late period of life at which, by the limitation of the French law, members enter the chambers, that we see the fatal bar to the training up of aspirants in the only real discipline for parliamentary distinction—parliamentary debate. At every brilliant period of British oratory, the leading speakers have almost invariably commenced their
career

career long before the age of forty ; where there are exceptions to this rule, it is in general among those who have been bred to the kindred profession of the bar. Such is the verdict of general experience. Extraordinary periods of political excitement, like the French Revolution, may suddenly, as it were, mature the powers of older men, but it may be remembered that Mirabeau was by no means an unpractised speaker, and how many of the leading orators of that period, displaying in the midst of flashy and histrionic declamation so much of vigorous and powerful eloquence, had been *avocats* ! *

We have dwelt thus at length upon the criticisms of M. Villemain, because his lectures, although bearing marks of haste, and that occasional sacrifice of taste to brilliancy, inseparable, perhaps, from popular addresses orally delivered, evince a much wider and more accurate acquaintance with English literature, than we usually find among the best-informed Frenchmen. His criticism is of a high and generous, as well as extremely candid tone—his style, on the whole, singularly pure and attractive. In Paris, at least, his opinions cannot but be held in high authority ; and although he exposes with unsparing hand the faults of Gibbon's History, he is as eloquent and as just in his appreciation of its unrivalled merits. But to return to the great work itself, the *Decline and Fall*.

The vastness, yet the harmony of his design, is unquestionably that which distinguishes the work of Gibbon from all other great historical compositions. He has first bridged the abyss between ancient and modern times, and connected together the two worlds of history. The great advantage which the classical historians possess over those of modern times is in unity of design, of course greatly facilitated by the narrower sphere to which their researches were confined. Herodotus takes, it is remarkable, the widest and the boldest range. Though the centre towards which his remotest inquiries radiate is the Persian invasion of Greece, yet he combines, as it were, the whole known, almost

* Not to go back to the days of Pitt, and Fox, and Canning, the only three members of the present House of Commons who can lay claim to the high appellation of orators, Sir R. Peel, Mr. Stanley, and Mr. Macaulay, are but fulfilling the promise of a youth which was very early practised in parliamentary speaking ; and the dearth of oratorical talent in the reformed parliament may be attributed, in great measure, to the more advanced age at which the larger part of the new members have entered the house. For ourselves, we have not discovered that they have made up by grave sagacity of judgment, or profound legislative wisdom, or even by more practical or business-like habits, for the want of brilliant and animated eloquence ; but all practical experience leads to the conclusion, that the close boroughs, if not the seed-beds of political independence, have been those of the highest parliamentary oratory. Among the few young men who have found their way into the present House of Commons, we think we discern some signs of promise—more, at least, than among the veterans, who occupy one level of hopeless mediocrity ;—and if, in the upper house, the Bishop of Exeter has suddenly stood forth as a consummate orator—that solitary exception only illustrates the general applicability of our rule.

the whole habitable world within his range; he ascends to the highest accessible period of every national history, of Egypt, of Persia, of Scythia, and though in a manner remarkably inartificial, brings the whole at length to bear upon the declared object of his work. The other great historians of Greece—we exclude the more modern compilers, like Diodorus Siculus—limited themselves to a single period, or at least to the contracted sphere of Grecian affairs. As far as the *Barbarians* trespassed within the Grecian boundary, or were necessarily mingled up with Grecian politics, they were admitted into the pale of Grecian history; but to Thucydides and to Xenophon, excepting in the Persian inroad of the latter, Greece was the world—a natural unity confined their narrative almost to chronological order, the episodes were of rare occurrence and extremely brief. To the Roman historians the course was equally clear and defined—Rome was their centre of unity; and the uniformity with which the circle of the Roman dominion spread around, the regularity with which their civil polity expanded, forced, as it were, upon the Roman historian that plan which Polybius announces as the subject of his history, the means and the manner by which the whole world became subject to the Roman sway. How different the complicated politics of the European kingdoms! Every national history, to be complete, must, in a certain sense, be the history of Europe; there is no knowing to how remote a quarter it may be necessary to trace our most domestic events; from a country, how apparently disconnected, may originate the impulse which gives its direction to the whole course of affairs.

In imitation of his classical models, Gibbon places *Rome* as the cardinal point from which his inquiries diverge, and to which they bear constant reference: yet how immeasurable the space over which his inquiries range! how complicated, how confused, how apparently inextricable the causes which tend to the decline of the Roman empire! how countless the nations which swarm forth, in mingling and indistinct hordes, constantly changing the geographical limits—incessantly confounding the natural boundaries! At first sight, the whole period, the whole state of the world seems to offer no more secure footing to an historical adventurer than the chaos of Milton—to be in a state of irreclaimable disorder, best described in the language of the poet:—

‘ A dark
 Illimitable ocean, without bound,
 Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,
 And time, and place, are lost: where eldest Night
 And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
 Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
 Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.’

We

We feel that the unity, the harmony of narrative, which shall comprehend this period of social disorganization, must be ascribed entirely to the skill and luminous disposition of the historian. It is in this sublime Gothic architecture of his work, in which the boundless range, the infinite variety, the, at first sight, incongruous gorgeousness of the separate parts, nevertheless are all subordinate to one main and predominant idea, that Gibbon is unrivalled. The manner in which he masses his materials, and arranges his facts in successive groups, not according to chronological order, but to their moral or political connexion; the distinctness with which he marks his periods of gradually advancing decay; the skill with which, though advancing on separate parallels of history, he shows the common tendency of the slower or more rapid religious or civil innovations:—however these principles of composition may demand more than ordinary attention on the part of the reader, they can alone impress upon the memory the real course and the relative importance of the events. Whoever would justly appreciate the superiority of Gibbon's lucid arrangement, should attempt to make his way through the regular but wearisome annals of Tillemont, or even the less ponderous volumes of Le Beau. Both these writers adhere almost entirely to chronological order; the consequence is, that we are twenty times called upon to break off and resume the thread of six or eight wars in different parts of the empire—to suspend the operations of a military expedition for a court intrigue; to hurry away from a siege to a council; and the same page places us in the middle of a campaign against the barbarians, and in the depths of the Monophysite controversy. In Gibbon it is not always easy to trace the exact dates,* but the course of events is ever clear and distinct; like a skilful general, though his troops advance from the most remote and opposite quarters, they are constantly bearing down and concentrating themselves on one point, that which is still occupied by the name and by the waning power of Rome. Whether he traces the progress of hostile religions—or leads from the shores of the Baltic, or the verge of the Chinese empire, the successive hosts of barbarians—though one wave has hardly burst and discharged itself, before another swells up and approaches—all is made to flow in the same direction, and the impression which each makes upon the tottering fabric of the Roman greatness, connects their distant movements, and measures the relative importance assigned to them in the panoramic history. The more peaceful and didactic episodes on the development of the Roman law, or even on the details of ecclesiastical history, interpose themselves as resting-places or divisions between the periods of barbaric invasion. In short, though distracted

* An industrious editor's marginal references, by the way, might remedy this.

first by the two capitals, and afterwards by the formal partition of the empire, the extraordinary felicity of arrangement maintains an order and a regular progression. As our horizon expands to reveal to us the gathering tempests which are forming far beyond the boundaries of the civilized world—as we follow their successive approach to the trembling frontier—the compressed and receding line is still distinctly visible ; though gradually dismembered, and its broken fragments assuming the form of regular states and kingdoms, the real relation of those kingdoms to the empire is maintained and defined ; and although the Roman dominion has shrunk into little more than the province of Thrace—though the name of Rome is confined in Italy to the walls of the city—yet it is still the memory, the shade of the Roman greatness, which extends over the wide sphere into which the historian expands his later narrative ; the whole blends into the unity, and is manifestly essential to the double catastrophe of his tragic drama.

But the amplitude, the magnificence, or the harmony of design, are, though imposing, yet unworthy claims on our admiration, unless the details are filled up with correctness and accuracy. No writer has been more severely tried on this point than Gibbon. He has undergone the triple scrutiny of theological zeal quickened by just resentment—of literary emulation—and of that mean and insidious vanity which delights in detecting errors in writers of established fame. On the result of the trial we may be permitted to summon competent witnesses before we deliver our own judgment.

M. Guizot, in his preface, after stating that in France and Germany, as well as in England, in the most enlightened countries of Europe, Gibbon is constantly cited as an authority, thus proceeds :—

‘ I have had occasion, during my labours, to consult the writings of philosophers, who have treated on the finances of the Roman empire ; of scholars who have investigated the chronology ; of theologians who have searched the depths of ecclesiastical history ; of writers on law who have studied with care the Roman jurisprudence ; of Orientalists who have occupied themselves with the Arabians and the Koran ; of modern historians who have entered upon extensive researches touching the crusades and their influence ; each of these writers has remarked and pointed out, in the *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, some negligences, some false or imperfect views, some omissions, which it is impossible not to suppose voluntary ; they have rectified some facts, combated with advantage some assertions ; but in general they have taken the researches and the ideas of Gibbon, as their point of departure, or as proofs of the researches, or of the new opinions which they have advanced.

M. Guizot goes on to state his own impressions on reading
VOL. L. NO. C. U Gibbon's

Gibbon's history, and no authority will have greater weight with those to whom the extent and accuracy of this most accomplished man's historical researches are known :—

* After a first rapid perusal, which allowed me to feel nothing but the interest of a narrative; always animated, and, notwithstanding its extent and the variety of objects which it makes to pass before the view, always perspicuous—I entered upon a minute examination of the details of which it was composed; and the opinion which I then formed was, I confess, singularly severe. I discovered, in certain chapters, errors which appeared to me sufficiently important and numerous to make me believe that they had been written with extreme negligence; in others, I was struck with a certain tinge of partiality and prejudice, which imparted to the exposition of the facts that want of truth and justice, which the English express by their happy term *misrepresentation*. Some imperfect (*tronquées*) quotations; some passages, omitted unintentionally or designedly, have cast a suspicion on the honesty (*bonne foi*) of the author; and his violation of the first law of history—increased to my eyes by the prolonged attention with which I occupied myself with every phrase, every note, every reflexion—caused me to form upon the whole work a judgment far too rigorous. After having finished my labours, I allowed some time to elapse before I reviewed the whole. A second attentive and regular perusal of the entire work, of the notes of the author, and of those which I had thought it right to subjoin, showed me how much I had exaggerated the importance of the reproaches which Gibbon really deserved; I was struck with the same errors, the same partiality on certain subjects; but I had been far from doing adequate justice to the immensity of his researches, the variety of his knowledge, and above all, to that truly philosophical discrimination (*justesse d'esprit*) which judges the past as it would judge the present; which does not permit itself to be blinded by the clouds which time gathers around the dead, and which prevent us from seeing that, under the toga, as under the modern dress, in the senate as in our councils, men were what they still are, and that events took place eighteen centuries ago, as they take place in our days. I then felt that his book, in spite of its faults, will always be a noble work—and that we may correct his errors and combat his prejudices, without ceasing to admit, that few men have combined, if we are not to say in so high a degree, at least in a manner so complete, and so well regulated, the necessary qualifications for a writer of history.

We have ourselves followed the track of Gibbon through many parts of his work; we have read his authorities with constant reference to his pages, and we must pronounce our deliberate judgment, in terms of the highest admiration, of his general accuracy.* Many of his seeming errors are almost inevitable,

* Perhaps his view of the Crusades is the most inaccurate portion of his history. If we remember right, Mr. Hallam has made a similar observation.

from the close condensation of his matter. From the immense range of his history, it was sometimes necessary to compress into a single sentence, a whole vague and diffuse page of a Byzantine chronicler. Perhaps something of importance may thus escape, and his expressions may not quite contain the whole substance of the quotation. His limits, at times, compel him to sketch; where that is the case, it is not fair to expect the full details of the finished picture. At times he can only deal with important results; and in his account of a war, it sometimes requires great attention to discover that the events, which seem to be comprehended in a single campaign, occupy several years. But this admirable skill in selecting and giving prominence to the points which are of real weight and importance—this distribution of light and shade—though perhaps it may occasionally betray him into vague and imperfect statements, is one of the highest excellencies of Gibbon's historic manner. It is the more striking, when we pass from the works of his chief authorities, where, after labouring through long, minute and wearisome descriptions of the accessory and subordinate circumstances, a single unmarked and undistinguished sentence, which we may overlook from the inattention of fatigue, contains the great moral and political result.

Gibbon's method of arrangement, though on the whole most favourable to the clear comprehension of the events, leads likewise to apparent inaccuracy. That which we expect to find in one part is reserved for another. The estimate which we are to form, depends on the accurate balance of statements in remote parts of the work; and we have sometimes to correct and modify opinions, formed from one chapter, by those of another.* Yet, on the other hand, it is astonishing how rarely we detect

* As an instance of this, we may select M. Guizot's note on his character of Alexander Severus, in which, from inattention to this peculiarity in Gibbon's system of composition, the critic has reproached him with the omission of certain facts, which appear in another part of his work, and in stronger terms than M. Guizot's. 'Alexander received into his chapel all the religions (cultes) which prevailed in the empire. He admitted Jesus Christ, Abraham, Orpheus, Apollonius of Tyana, &c. It is almost certain that his mother Mammæa had instructed him in the morality of Christianity. . . . Gibbon has not noticed this circumstance,' &c. &c. Such is M. Guizot's note to chapter vi. of the history. In the memorable sixteenth chapter, after discussing the Christianity of Mammæa, which he gives some valid reason for disbelieving, and after describing her interview with Origen, and the favourable hearing which she gave to his eloquent exhortations, Gibbon thus proceeds:—'The sentiments of Mammæa were adopted by her son Alexander, and the philosophic devotion of that emperor was marked by a singular but injudicious regard for the Christian religion. In his domestic chapel he placed the statues of Abraham, of Orpheus, of Apollonius, and of Christ, as an honour justly due to those respectable sages, who had instructed mankind in the various modes of addressing their homage to the Supreme and Universal Deity. *A purer faith as well as worship was openly professed and practised among his household.* Bishops, perhaps for the first time, were seen at court,' &c.

apparent contradiction; the mind of the author has already harmonized the whole result to truth and probability; the general impression is almost invariably the same. The quotations of Gibbon have likewise been called in question—we have in general been more inclined to admire their exactitude, than to complain of their indistinctness, or incompleteness. Where they are imperfect, it is oftener from the study of brevity, and from the desire of compressing the substance of his notes into pointed and emphatic sentences, than from dishonesty, or uncandid suppression of truth.

These observations apply more particularly to the accuracy and fidelity of the historian as to his facts; his inferences, of course, are more liable to exception. It is almost impossible to trace the line between unfairness and unfaithfulness; between intentional misrepresentation, and undesigned false colouring. The relative magnitude and importance of events must, in some respect, depend upon the mind before which they are presented; the estimate of character, on the habits and feelings of the reader. Christians, like M. Guizot and ourselves, will see some things and some persons in a different light from the historian of the Decline and Fall. We may deplore the bias of his mind; we may, ourselves, be on our guard against the danger of being misled, and be anxious to warn less wary readers against the same perils; but we must not confound this secret and unconscious departure from truth, with the deliberate violation of that, which is the only title of an historian to our confidence. Gibbon, we will fearlessly assert, is rarely, if ever, chargeable even with the suppression of any material fact, which bears upon individual character; he may, with apparently invidious hostility, enhance the errors and crimes, and disparage the virtues of certain persons; yet he in general leaves us the materials for forming a fairer judgment; and if he is not exempt from his own prejudices, perhaps we might write passions, it must be candidly acknowledged, that his philosophical bigotry is not more unjust than the theological partialities of those ecclesiastical writers who were before in undisputed possession of this province of history.

We are thus naturally led to that great misrepresentation which pervades his history—his false estimate of the nature and influence of Christianity. But before we enter on this point, we would fully acknowledge the justice of certain other charges, which admit of no extenuation. It may be difficult to give a just and properly repulsive picture of a depraved and licentious period, without offending the scrupulous delicacy of modern manners; but it cannot be denied that especially the latter volumes of Gibbon are loaded with much unnecessary indecency. Our readers will permit us

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to drop the veil on this subject, but we cannot help alluding to a kindred deficiency in moral sensibility, which is almost equally offensive to the pure and generous mind—the perpetual vulgar and sarcastic depreciation of female purity. This is as repugnant to taste as to moral feeling. It was learned in the school of Voltaire, and at best was only a heavy and ungraceful imitation of his manner, altogether beneath the real dignity of history. That which might extort a smile in the light tale, in ‘*Candide*,’ or the ‘*Ingenu*,’ was as incongruous as repulsive in the stately periods of the *Decline and Fall*.

The effect of Gibbon's hostility towards Christianity upon the character of his history has been first fairly and justly appreciated by his French critics. What their complaints dwell upon is not so much his insidious description of the means by which it was propagated, as a general false estimate of its influence upon the social and even political state of mankind. Here the matter has chiefly been considered in a polemical spirit;—abroad in a more enlarged, a more philosophical, and, therefore, in a more wisely Christian point of view—

————— ‘*Via prima salutis,*
Quod minimè reris, Graiâ pandetur ab urbe.’

It is remarkable that in the midst of the indignation of the better part of our community, at the publication of the first volumes of the *Decline and Fall*, the more distinguished theological writers of the country stood aloof, while the first ranks were filled by rash and feeble volunteers. Gibbon, with a single discharge from his ponderous artillery of learning and sarcasm, laid prostrate the whole disorderly squadron. The Davises, the Chelsums, and the Travises shrunk back into their former insignificance. Their plan of attack was as misjudging as their conduct of it was imbecile. With a very slender stock of learning, hurried together for the occasion, they ventured to impeach the accuracy, and to condemn the false quotations, of a scholar, whose mind was thoroughly saturated with every kind of knowledge which could bear upon his subject; and they could only make up in spleen and intemperance for their lamentable deficiency in all the true qualifications for defenders of Christianity. Watson alone had the good taste to maintain towards his antagonist the dignified courtesy which belonged to his literary character; and the judgment to confine his ‘*Apology*’ to one specific point—the inadequacy of Gibbon's arguments to account, from mere human causes, for the propagation of Christianity. But we are not sure that Watson himself has not unconsciously been betrayed, by the consummate skill of his antagonist, to advance beyond that which

which is the really impregnable position, and to carry on the contest on a far less advantageous ground. The art of Gibbon, or at least the unfair impression produced by these two memorable chapters, consists in confounding together, in one indistinguishable mass, the *origin* and *apostolic* propagation of the new religion, with its *later* progress. No argument for the divine authority of Christianity has been urged with greater force, or developed with higher eloquence, than that deduced from its primary development, explicable on no other hypothesis than a heavenly origin, and from its rapid extension through great part of the Roman empire. But this argument—one, when confined within reasonable limits, of unanswerable force—becomes more feeble and disputable in proportion as it recedes from the birth-place, as it were, of the religion. The further Christianity advanced, the more causes purely human were enlisted in its favour; nor can it be doubted that those expounded with such artful exclusiveness by Gibbon did concur most essentially to its establishment. It is in the Christian dispensation, as in the material world. In both, it is as the great first Cause that the Deity is most undeniably manifest. When once launched in regular motion upon the bosom of space, and endowed with all their properties and relations of weight and mutual attraction, the heavenly bodies appear to pursue their courses according to secondary laws, which account for all their sublime regularity; so Christianity proclaims its Divine Author chiefly in its first origin and development; when it had once received its impulse from above—when it had once been infused into the minds of its first teachers—when it had gained full possession of the reason and affections of the favoured few, it *might be*—and to the Protestant, the rational Christian, it is impossible to define *when* it really *was*—left to make its way by its native force, under the ordinary secret agencies of all-ruling Providence. The main question, the divine origin of the religion, was dexterously eluded, or speciously conceded by Gibbon; his plan enabled him to commence his account, in most parts, *below the apostolic times*; and it was only by the strength of the dark colouring with which he brought out the failings and the follies of the succeeding ages, that a shadow of doubt and suspicion was thrown back upon the primitive period of Christianity.

'The theologian,' says Gibbon, 'may indulge the pleasing task of describing religion as she descended from heaven, arrayed in her native purity; a more melancholy duty is imposed upon the historian:—he must discover the inevitable mixture of error and corruption, which she contracted in a long residence upon earth among a weak and degenerate race of beings.'

Divest

Divest this passage of the latent sarcasm betrayed by the subsequent tone of the whole disquisition, and it might commence a Christian history written in the most Christian spirit of candour. But as the historian, by seeming to respect, yet dexterously confounding the limits of the sacred land, contrived to insinuate that it was an Utopia, which had no existence but in the imagination of the theologian—as he *suggested* rather than affirmed that the days of Christian purity were a kind of poetic golden age;—so the theologian, by venturing too far into the domain of the historian, was obliged to contest points on which he had little chance of victory, —to deny facts established on unshaken evidence—and thence, to retire, if not with the shame of defeat, yet with but doubtful and imperfect success.

With the solitary, and partial exception of the Bishop of Llandaff, the more able writers of the English church, it has been said, stood aloof in this contest;—they may have been conscious that ecclesiastical history was not their strong ground:—that branch of study had been comparatively neglected, since the heat of controversy between the rival churches had subsided:—the learning of Horsley himself was, we suspect, rather hastily drawn together for his contest with Priestley; and though it ensured him a superiority over so superficial and ill-grounded an antagonist, was not the profound and mature result of researches previously directed to the subject. But these divines estimated the real nature of the controversy, as much more wisely, as, if they had meddled in it, they would have conducted their battle more ably than the actual champions. Paley, with his intuitive sagacity, saw through the whole case—his emphatic sentence, ‘who can refute a sneer,’ contains as much truth as point. Gibbon, in fact, is unanswerable by the ordinary arts of controversy. It is not by minute nibbling at a mutilated quotation, by contesting an incorrect statement, or even disputing an unfair inference, that his learning can be impeached, his authority shaken, or the general impression of his work weakened or neutralized. Nothing less is wanting than a Christian account of the whole period, written in an attractive style; and in a vein of true philosophy, fairly tracing and constantly estimating the real effects of the Christian religion on the mind, manners, and destinies of mankind. It must be a history attempted on a totally different plan from any yet published in this country; or indeed, with complete success, elsewhere. It must be very unlike the dry polemic manner of Mosheim, and the more animated but uncritical and sectarian work of Milner. It must obtain its triumph, not by writing down those parts of history on which Gibbon has lavished all the power and splendour of his style, but by writing
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up Christianity to its proper place in the annals of human civilization. For *here* is the radical defect in the *Decline and Fall*. Christianity alone receives no embellishment from the magic of Gibbon's language; his imagination is dead to its moral dignity; it is kept down by a general tone of jealous disparagement, or neutralized by a painfully elaborate exposition of its darker and degenerate periods. There are occasions, indeed, when its pure and exalted humanity, when its manifestly beneficial influence, can compel even him, as it were, to fairness, and kindle his unguarded eloquence to its usual fervour; but in general he soon relapses into a frigid and passionless apathy: *affects* an ostentatiously severe impartiality; notes all the faults of Christians in every age with bitter and almost malignant sarcasm; reluctantly, and with exception and reservation, admits their claim to admiration. This inextricable bias appears even to influence his manner of composition. While all the other assailants of the Roman empire, whether warlike or religious, the Goth, the Hun, the Arab, the Tartar, Alaric and Attila, Mahomet, and Zengis, and Tamerlane, are each introduced upon the scene almost with dramatic animation—their progress related in a full, complete, and unbroken narrative—the triumph of Christianity alone takes the form of a cold and critical disquisition. The successes of barbarous energy and brute force call forth all the consummate skill of composition;—while the moral triumphs of Christian benevolence—the tranquil heroism of endurance, the blameless purity, the contempt of guilty fame and of honours destructive to the human race, which, had they assumed the proud name of philosophy, would have been blazoned in his brightest words, but because they own religion as their principle, sink into narrow asceticism—the *glories* of Christianity, in short, touch on no chord in the heart of the writer; his imagination remains unkindled; his words, though they maintain their stately and measured march, have become cool, argumentative, and inanimate. We would not obscure one hue of that gorgeous colouring in which Gibbon has invested the dying forms of Paganism; nor darken one paragraph in his splendid view of the rise and progress of Mahometanism; we would only have wished that the same equal justice had been done to Christianity; that its real character and deeply penetrating influence had been traced with the same philosophical sagacity, and represented with more sober, as would become its quiet course, and perhaps less picturesque, but still with lively and attractive descriptiveness. He might have thrown aside with the same scorn the mass of ecclesiastical fiction which envelopes the early history of the church, stripped off the legendary romance, and brought out the facts in their primitive

mitive nakedness and simplicity—if he had but allowed those facts the benefit of the glowing eloquence which he denied to them alone. He might have annihilated the whole fabric of post-apostolic miracles, if he had left uninjured by sarcastic insinuation those of the New Testament; he might have cashiered, with Dodwell, the whole host of martyrs, which owe their existence to the prodigal invention of later days, had he but bestowed fair room, and dwelt with his ordinary energy, on the sufferings of the genuine witnesses to the truth of Christianity, the Polycarps or the martyrs of Vienne.

M. de Chateaubriand once entertained the noble ambition of writing a history, which, while maintaining a high and philosophic tone, should do justice to the influence of Christianity on the civilization of mankind. Some fragments, the *premières ébauches* of his great work, which advanced age and political vicissitudes had made him despair of completing, were published two or three years ago, under the title of *Études Historiques*. They consist of Discourses on the Fall of the Roman Empire, the birth and progress of Christianity, and the Invasion of the Barbarians, followed by—(the most valuable part of the volume)—a ‘*Philosophical Analysis*’ (*Analyse Raisonnée*) of the History of France. M. Chateaubriand may appear to possess some qualifications which might entitle him to cope with the author of the *Decline and Fall*—a style of singular sweetness and purity, powers of vivid description, and occasionally a happy sententiousness, though perhaps better suited for a political pamphlet than for the flowing ease and dignified tone of history. The author of the ‘*Martyrs*,’ and the ‘*Génie du Christianisme*,’ could not be expected to be wanting either in zeal for the cause of Christianity, or the power of investing its progress in glowing colours. But for the high vocation of an historian we are constrained to confess that M. Chateaubriand labours under such irremediable defects, that we cannot regret the abandonment of his magnificent scheme. His mind is essentially imaginative and poetic; he cannot submit to the patient investigation, still less to the self-sacrifice required in an honest inquirer into historic truth. He is a writer for effect, and no story, however plainly legendary, however long exploded by sober criticism, is excluded from his pages, provided it will embellish a description or heighten a contrast. His reason is the bond-slave of his fancy and his passions. Much of the argument in his *Génie du Christianisme* is to prove the truth of Christianity, from its equality if not its superiority to paganism, as a subject of poetic inspiration. The veracity of the gospels is risked on the balance of merit between Tasso and Milton, against Homer and Virgil. Such a work might produce an im-

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pression in his own country, and its popularity shows how well suited it was for its native atmosphere. But where, as with us, religion is more an affair of the reason—however we may read with interest some of the parallel passages adduced from the great poets of each age by the Christian critic—however we may admire the felicity with which he has, at times, handled the more convincing argument, the moral influences of Christianity—yet our Protestant tone of religious feeling, instead of joining in the applause lavished even by the unbelievers of his countrymen upon the *Génie du Christianisme*, can scarcely disguise astonishment, not so much at its extensive and lasting literary success, as at its passing for a powerful and satisfactory defence of the faith of the New Testament.

The Christianity of M. Chateaubriand, however at times it may endeavour to expand to a more philosophic tone, is essentially the old poetic faith of the middle ages. It has a sacred reverence for tradition, especially if the tradition be striking and picturesque, altogether irreconcilable with the investigation of historic truth. Legends which had long sunk into neglect and oblivion among the sounder scholars of his own church—incidents which by the universal consent of all learned men have silently been excluded from authentic Christian history—revive again, and, in the nineteenth century, resume their place as if they had never been contested. Tillemont himself might pass for a sceptic, for he has ventured to hesitate as to much of the religious romance, reinstated without one hint of compunctious doubt by this unquestioning disciple of Baronius. We will allege, as a single example, the magisterial dictation of the following sentence, in which the plainest truths of the apostolic history are mingled up with unaccountable inaccuracies, and tales as destitute of authority as of credibility:—

‘The first martyrdom took place in the person of St. Stephen; the first heresy declared itself through Simon the Magician, and was followed by that of Apollonius of Tyana’—(the Christianity of this philosophic charlatan is, we presume, a discovery of our author); ‘Saul, from a persecutor, became the apostle of the Gentiles under the famous name of Paul. Pilate sent to Rome the Acts of the trial of the Son of Mary; Tiberius proposed to the senate to place Jesus Christ in the number of the gods. And the Roman history has been ignorant of these facts!’

As to the civil history of the first period, M. de Chateaubriand has borne, perhaps unintentional, testimony to the extent and accuracy of Gibbon's research, by adopting the whole as the groundwork of his own plan. His first chapters are but an abstract, not always accurate, of the splendid view of the state of the

the Roman empire, and a meagre epitome of the lives of the Cæsars who succeeded Hadrian and the Antonines, almost entirely from the first volume of the 'Decline and Fall.'

It appears to have been M. de Chateaubriand's plan to have maintained a perpetual contrast between the outward splendour yet gradual decay of Pagan Rome, and the worldly obscurity, yet still expanding progress and influence of Christianity. His first sentence describes, in his peculiar style, the twelve poor legislators, who set off 'naked, and with a staff in their hands,' to instruct the nations, and renew the face of the kingdoms. It is followed by a striking passage, too epigrammatic perhaps for the flowing narrative of history: we shall retain the language of the original:—

'Depuis long-temps Rome républicaine avait répudié la liberté, pour devenir la concubine des tyrans; la grandeur de son premier divorce lui a du moins servi d'excuse. César est l'homme le plus complet de l'histoire, parce qu'il réunit le triple génie du politique, de l'écrivain, et du guerrier. Malheureusement César fut corrompu comme son siècle; s'il fut né au temps des mœurs, il eût été le rival des Cincinnatus et des Fabricius, car il avait tous les genres de force. Mais quand il parut à Rome, la vertu était passée; il ne trouva plus que la gloire: il la prit, faute de mieux.'

In the same manner, after a description of the vices and crimes of Tiberius, he introduces the verses of St. John's gospel which relate the crucifixion of our Lord, and thus proceeds:—

'A cette narration on ne sent plus le langage et les idées des historiens Grecs et Romains; on entre dans de régions inconnues. Deux mondes étrangement divers se présentent ici à la fois: Jésus Christ sur la croix, Tibère à Caprée.'

But the effect of this antithesis is lost after a few paragraphs; and the constant opposition and set off, at it were, of extracts from the Fathers and the martyrologists against the profane historians of the empire, only make us look back with the greater regret and admiration on the more lucid and discriminating arrangement of Gibbon.

The oratorical or poetic *artifice* of contrast prevails through the whole work of M. de Chateaubriand. In two parallel chapters, he proposed to have placed in opposition the manners of the Pagans and of the Christians; but in their present form, they are collections for such dissertations rather than dissertations—the unwrought materials rather than the finished work of history. In his view of the former, it might almost appear that the Christian writer would generously justify his rival from that which we have always considered among the most serious charges against his memory. The moral indignation of M. de Chateaubriand is as little
scrupulous

scrupulous as to the naked details of heathen licentiousness as the sceptic historian. There are passages in the notes to the *Etudes Historiques*, veiled it is true, as Gibbon himself pleaded, in the learned languages—or rather in one learned language, for the Viscount scarcely ever ventures on *Greek* originals—there are extracts from the classic writers which would almost have made Gibbon blush.

As the pagan manners are painted in the darkest, so are the Christian in the brightest possible light. But M. de Chateaubriand either declined, or did not comprehend within his plan, that which, however difficult, seems to us among the most interesting inquiries belonging to the history of the period; the gradual interworking of Christianity into the whole social system—the slow and silent change in opinion and usage, in the most trivial as well as the most important affairs of life, which distinguishes the new from the ancient world. It is comparatively easy, but far from satisfactory to the curious inquirer into the progress of the human mind, to describe the two extremes; the high-toned morality, and the more peculiar rites and ceremonies of Christianity—the corrupt manners, the spectacles, the religious pomps of paganism; but we have as yet no complete, candid, and philosophical description of the *moral* revolution—of the process by which Christianity subdued heathenism—the time and the extent to which heathenism continued lurking in the bosom of Christianity, or treacherously admitted Christianity into its forms while its spirit remained unaltered;—the operation of the new religion upon the social relations of life, the condition of the female sex, upon the slave population, and that of the different classes of society;—the degree and manner in which Christianity contributed to the decline of the Roman civil power;—its influence in the formation of the new political system of Europe; a just discrimination between that which is essential and what is wholly extraneous to genuine Christianity—monasticism, for instance, with its beneficial as well as detrimental effects;—in short, the history of the moral, the social, the political influences of the religion of Christ. On such subjects, ecclesiastical history, busy with its polemical quarrels, or tracing only the antiquities of its external ceremonial, has in general maintained a total silence. On some of these Gibbon has entered with his usual profound research and masterly power of generalization: but his prejudices, on the one hand, swayed his more dispassionate judgment; and, on the other, the extent of his plan, and the rapidity with which he was constrained to pass over vast periods, prevented him from entering into that copious particularity of detail, which can alone fairly represent the manners, the actual life of each successive period. Such a work would require the patient industry which
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would not shrink from the vast array of folios that bear the names of the Fathers; which, however, we are persuaded, would afford ample and very curious materials for any one who would read them, not merely as theological authorities, but as records of existing manners; and this laborious industry must be united with that intuitive quickness of perception which detects the bearing of the most minute facts, combines the most remote incidents, and moulds from the whole a vivid and accurate representation of the times.

How vague in general is our notion of this the most remarkable change which has ever been wrought in the state of mankind! The violent and rapid conquests of Mohammedanism are clear and intelligible; a conquering nation overruns a great part of the world, and establishes its faith upon the ruins which its arms have made. The triumph of Christianity is the secret progress of opinion, working *at first* no change in the existing forms or relations of society, but gradually detaching individuals, cities, nations, from their ancestral faith; still growing in numerical superiority, compressing the inert resistance of its antagonist into a narrower compass; not sweeping clear and leveling the ground for the erection of its new system, but springing up, as it were, like a fresh growth of vigorous trees above a decaying forest, which gradually withers down into a thin and perishing underwood, till at length it entirely dies away—or only hangs a few parasitical branches upon the stately grove which has succeeded to its place and honours. Gibbon has, to a certain extent, traced the waning strength and dying struggles of paganism, for instance at the time of the celebrated Symmachus, in the city of Rome—he has marked the different periods when the strong power of the law changed hands, and long proscribed Christianity began in its turn to proscribe expiring paganism; but the vivid interest of these rapid glances into the inner framework and secret workings of society excites rather than satisfies the curiosity. We would behold still nearer, and in more living detail, the gradually deserted, the slowly crumbling temples of antiquity—the expansion of the Christian church, from the days when it hid its persecuted head in the catacomb or the cavern, till it built its gorgeous shrine by the side of the Capitol, or towering over the oriental palaces of Byzantium. Nor is it merely its influence in correcting the corrupt mass of the ancient society—in inspiring a new moral life into the decrepitude of the old Roman world;—its new modifications are as constructive of various and more perfect forms, as destructive of the old; under its influence grows up a new system of society; it alike blends itself with the strongest bonds which hold together the social system—the laws
and

and constitutions of nations—and with the slenderest and finest threads of the closer relations of life.

We would here borrow, to illustrate and confirm our own views, the eloquent and beautiful language of M. de Chateaubriand. We gladly seize the opportunity of compensating for the less flattering tone of our former remarks, by this brilliant extract. Had the execution of this part of his plan promised to equal the conception, we should have lamented, most sincerely, the interruption of his labours.

‘ Tout change avec le Christianisme (à ne le considérer que comme un fait humain) : l'esclavage cesse d'être le droit commun ; la femme reprend son rang dans la vie civile et sociale ; l'égalité, principe inconnu des anciens, est proclamée. La prostitution légale, l'exposition des enfans, le meurtre autorisé dans les jeux publics et dans la famille, l'arbitraire dans le supplice des condamnés, sont successivement extirpés des codes et des mœurs. On sort de la civilisation puérile, corruptrice, fausse, et privée de la société antique, pour entrer dans la route de la civilisation raisonnable, morale, vraie, et générale de la société moderne ; on est allé des dieux à Dieu.

‘ Il n'y a qu'un seul exemple dans l'histoire, d'une transformation complète de la religion d'un peuple dominateur et civilisé ; cet exemple se trouve dans l'établissement du Christianisme sur les débris des idolâtries dont l'empire Romain était infecté. Sous ce seul rapport quel esprit un peu grave ne s'enquerrait de ce phénomène ? Le Christianisme ne vint point pour la société, ainsi que Jésus Christ vint pour les âmes, comme un voleur ; il vint en plein jour, au milieu de toutes les lumières, au plus haut période de la grandeur latine. Ce n'est point une horde des bois qu'il va d'abord attaquer—(là, il ira aussi quand il le faudra) ; c'est à la vieille civilisation de la Judée, de l'Egypte, de la Grèce et de l'Italie, qu'il porte ses coups. En moins de trois siècles la conquête s'achève, et le Christianisme dépasse les limites de l'empire Romain. La cause efficiente de son succès rapide et général est celle-ci ; le Christianisme se compose de la plus haute et de la plus abstraite philosophie par rapport à la nature divine, et de la plus parfaite morale relativement à la nature humaine ; or ces deux choses ne s'étaient jamais trouvées réunies dans une même religion ; de sorte que cette religion convint aux Écoles spéculatives et contemplatives dont elle remplaçait les initiations ; à la foule policée dont elle corrigeait les mœurs ; à la population barbare dont elle charmait la simplicité et tempérant la fougue. Comment cela s'est-il opéré ? Quelle a été la lutte des deux religions ? que se sont-elles prêtées, que se sont-elles enlevées ? Comment le Christianisme, passé de son âge héroïque à son âge d'intelligence, du temps de ses intrépides martyrs au temps de ses grands génies, comment a-t-il vaincu les bourreaux et les philosophes ? comment a-t-il pénétré à la fois tous les entendemens, tous les usages, toutes les mœurs, tous les arts, toutes les sciences, toutes les lois—criminelles, civiles, et politiques ? ’

It

It is this change, traced in its inward working into the universal mind, and then working outward into all the forms and expressions of the general sentiment, into every detail of private and public life, which we consider the genuine subject of Christian history; a supplement or commentary of this nature on the History of the Decline and Fall, can alone completely expose its unfairness, and do justice to that part of it, which, though far from the least elaborate, is unquestionably the most defective. Even such a work, as its scope and limits would be confined, would by no means supersede or supply the place of Gibbon—it would run parallel to it, and by its own inherent interest might even rival it, though commended by less general brilliancy of execution. But where shall we find that triple union of genius, of philosophy, and of religion; which must preside over the successful treatment of so noble an historic subject—of genius, which can condescend to the most laborious and German detail of inquiry; yet give a living and attractive form to the materials which it has thus toiled to collect; of philosophy, which shall be superior to all temporary influence; to the passing sentiment and prevalent phraseology of the day; but shall be based in a deep and intimate acquaintance with the real nature, with the psychology of universal man; of religion, which shall alike rise above the passions and the language of the time, disdain all that is extraneous, and discriminate all that is the mere formal part in the development of Christianity—while it shall preserve a profound sentiment of its essential spirit, and be fully pervaded with its true and perfect Catholicism?

As then the History of the Decline and Fall must retain possession of the extensive field which it holds by the indefeasible right of conquest, achieved by unrivalled genius as well as by the tenure of unshaken confidence in the depth and accuracy of the author's researches, it may be matter of surprise that a foreign writer has been the first to attempt, with any degree of success, to neutralise what is objectionable in it—to correct, in a body of notes, the erroneous, and expand the less philosophical views of Gibbon, more particularly as to the progress and influence of Christianity—and finally, to bring up this great work, where it is inevitably defective from the want of materials, which have since come to light, to the high level of modern historic knowledge. The first part of his undertaking M. Guizot has accomplished with erudition, judgment, and right feeling. M. Guizot is a Protestant, a liberal and rational Christian; for we cannot consent to give up the latter epithet to that modern school, whom their opponents ought rather to charge with irrationalism, as assigning inadequate causes for the leading events in religious history, and substituting untenable hypotheses for the received belief of the Christian world. The editor of
Gibbon

Gibbon, if free from ecclesiastical prejudice or theologic jealousy, asserts boldly and maintains with judgment the truth and divine origin of the Christian faith, which, as an historian, he has studied in one of its most convincing lines of evidence, its beneficial influence on human affairs.

It is no small advantage, more particularly on the Continent, to have this great point contested against Gibbon by an author not only not liable to suspicion of professional bias, but not composing under the awe of that strong popular sentiment which in this country is jealous even of any departure from the ordinary language, from the conventional manner of writing on a religious subject. Though we would willingly suppose that the minds of the higher literary men in Paris are now, in general, advanced far beyond the superficial historical scepticism, and the as unphilosophical as irreligious aversion to Christianity,* which characterize the school of Voltaire; yet an open and distinct protest from a writer of M. Guizot's high character can neither, we trust, be without influence, nor certainly without honour, with those who hail with satisfaction the reunion of high literary reputation with sound Christian views. We would not pledge ourselves to concur in all the editor's opinions, nor to admit the justice of all his criticisms, but in general the reader of Guizot's Gibbon will find, wherever he is in danger of being misled by the specious statements and insidious representations of the historian, a fair view of the opposite arguments, and the weight of authority which may be adduced in their support.

The other part of his editorial functions M. Guizot has performed far less copiously and completely. Whether from impatience of the humbler drudgery of the annotator's office, or summoned away by higher avocations, he has not pursued his task at any great length beyond the two memorable chapters. The reason assigned by M. Guizot for this sudden abruptness of his labours is not altogether satisfactory, excepting that he may

* A most remarkable testimony to the importance of Christianity, and even of an established clergy, in advancing the intellectual as well as the moral character of mankind, appears in the recent very interesting volume of M. Victor Cousin, on the state of education in Germany. This brilliant metaphysician is commissioned by the government of France to examine the plan of general education in Prussia and other parts of Germany, with a view to the formation of a complete national system in France. M. Cousin, a man far from prejudiced in favour of the clergy, and indeed considered by them in no friendly light, distinctly declares that no national education, which is not founded on Christianity, can be of essential benefit in France, and considers that the clergy will be the only effective instruments for the introduction and maintenance of any system for the general instruction of the people. The project of the French law, introduced under the auspices of M. Guizot, will not, we trust, lose sight of this remarkable and important feature in the great question of national education.

have felt the danger of heaping up the work to an unmanageable bulk :—

‘ In general, my labours do not extend much beyond the five first volumes of this new edition : these volumes contain nearly all which concerns Christianity ; it is in them also that we behold the transition from the ancient to the modern world—from the manners and opinions of Roman Europe to those of our own ; which forms the epoch the most interesting and most deserving of illustration in the whole work. Besides, the later times have been treated with care by a great number of writers ; the notes, therefore, which I have added to the subsequent volumes are rare and little developed. There are already perhaps too many ; nevertheless I can say with confidence, that I have severely imposed on myself the law of saying only what appeared to be necessary, and that with as much brevity as possible.’

It is, in fact, ‘ the great number’ of the writers who have treated on the later period of Gibbon’s history—of the new views which they have struck out—of the till lately inaccessible stores of information which they have explored—which requires that the standard history of so vast a period should be enlarged and modified according to the actual state of our extended and corrected knowledge.

It is a singular but an inevitable consequence of the establishment of a very masterly work, as the acknowledged, the authorised history of any particular time or country, that, if it does not arrest the free progress of inquiry, it prevents the general dissemination of any subsequent discoveries in the same province. It has become, as it were, the historic creed of the nation ; and all attempts to correct and amend its imperfect representation of the times, are not perhaps met with an open and obstinate appeal to its indefeasible authority, but are either disregarded or obtain no general hearing. Where one man of letters, or one more inquiring lover of truth, reads the less attractive but more accurate statement, hundreds content themselves with the agreeable or eloquent original ; and thus errors, which have been exploded for years from the historic belief of the better-informed few, remain inveterately moulded up with the popular instruction. The physical sciences are in a constant state of marked and acknowledged progression. In a certain sense, the last book must always be the best, as containing all the recent discoveries admitted by men of science : no one would think of reading Newton in the present day as a complete treatise on optics. Yet, though even the stanchest Tory must admit the deficiencies of Hume, and acknowledge, that from the public documents alone that have come to light since he wrote, it is impossible that his work should be a perfect or an accurate history of our

country, yet, to how many is Hume the *ne plus ultra* of authority! We may remonstrate in learned indignation; we may deplore the indolent and unenquiring spirit of the age; we may lament the superior influence of manner over matter, of the graceful and easy style over solid and accurate information; but after all, the agreeable book will be the popular one; we may recommend one author for depth of research, another for philosophic views, but unless he possess some inherent attractiveness, unless he commend himself to the public taste, he will never supersede the more amusing, or more exciting narrative, which is already in possession of the ground. Thus is error perpetuated and canonized by genius; and the work which reflects the highest credit on a national literature, and during its first days is a source of unmingled good, by promulgating and impressing valuable knowledge upon the public mind in the most effective and lasting manner, becomes incidentally the cause of some mischief, and retards the free promulgation of truth. For though not progressive in the same defined and incontestable manner with science, there can be no doubt that historic knowledge must be constantly on the advance. Each age will have its own characteristic way of looking on the past; each will have its own philosophy of history; each be misled in the appreciation of characters, or in ascertaining the magnitude of events, by the haze of its own passions and prejudices; but we must encourage the hope, that though not altogether clear, our moral sight will become more keen and just; that our judgments on the past will not only be formed on the more complete evidence of more extensive information, but on sounder, wiser, and more truly Christian principles. But it is not so much in the philosophy of history, as in the critical sagacity which is perpetually sifting the materials with more jealous and scrupulous care, and the patient industry, or fortunate discovery, which is constantly accumulating new treasures, that historical knowledge enlarges its sphere. In the case of Gibbon, few discoveries may have been made in ancient literature, which will throw light on the subjects of his inquiries, though even in this province there have been some valuable accessions to our knowledge; but other parts of his history, particularly all that relates to the East, may admit of much improvement from the recently explored treasures of oriental literature. The whole of his narrative of Armenian affairs, so intimately blended with the political relations of the Byzantine empire, and of the later Persian kingdom, requires to be modified according to the discoveries of M. St. Martin among the historians of that country. On another most important point, the origin and affiliation of the barbarous nations which invaded the West, the opinions of the learned have undergone considerable change

change since the age of Gibbon. The study of languages—since that time pursued with so much wider information, and so much more philosophically, by the Adelungs, Klaproths, Grimms, Remusats, &c.,—has greatly modified many of the views adopted by our historian.

All this may undoubtedly be found in ‘a great number of writers,’ some of great and deserved popularity, but it is because it is to be found in ‘a great number of writers,’ that it is little likely to be sought, or at all events applied at the right time. Where one person extends his inquiries so far as to bring a mass of historical reading to bear upon the correction of a standard work, a thousand will acquiesce with unenquiring submission in the statements of an accredited author. But if accuracy of historical knowledge be of importance even in minute points—if it be desirable that erroneous views should not be thus incorporated and perpetuated in our whole system of instruction—any palliative to this growing evil would be a valuable service to our national literature. The only remedy appears to be the republication of such works as are unlikely to be superseded in public estimation and authority, with a body of notes, which may at once correct their errors, and incorporate the more valuable discoveries of modern enquiry. It is time that variorum editions of our standard works should issue from the press. In this the French* are setting a good example; and we trust that we shall not long remain behind our enlightened neighbours. The combined motives of admiration for the classical works of our literature—which, in proportion to their merit, we should rejoice in beholding in a more perfect form—and of zeal for the sound and accurate instruction of the people, will we trust, before long, be enlisted in this important cause; and the attempt at least be made to extend and enlarge the general knowledge, not by hasty and temporary compilations, and such shreds and tatters of information as are scattered abroad in the countless cheap publications of the day, but by the continual improvement and completion of the great imperishable works of English literature.

* Even Rollin—a writer whom it will require much labour and very considerable additions to bring up to the present state of opinion as to ancient history—has been undertaken by a scholar of the high reputation of M. Letronne. The ‘*Histoire du Bas Empire*,’ of Le Beau, a work, as an historical composition, immeasurably inferior to Gibbon, is in course of publication. It was commenced and carried nearly through the thirteenth volume by the celebrated Armenian scholar, M. St. Martin, who, however, has not confined his annotations to oriental affairs, but has subjoined useful corrections and explanations to every part of the history. Since the death of M. St. Martin, the continuation of the work has been confided to M. Brosset.

- ART. II.—1. *Schlangenbad und seine Heiltugenden*, von Dr. H. Fenner von Fenneberg. Darmstadt. 1831.
 2. *Wiesbaden und seine Heilquellen dargestellt*. Gneisnau. 1832.
 3. *Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau*. By an Old Man. 8vo. London. 1833.

‘HE who prints,’ said Mr. Canning, ‘publishes;’ but certainly we should not have dreamt of introducing to our readers some extracts from the privately-printed *English* volume now on our table, unless with the permission of its author. It pretends to be little more than a *jeu d’esprit*;—(the motto on the title-page is, ‘Bubble, anything wanting solidity and firmness,—*Johnson’s Dictionary*;’)—but we are able to bear witness to the fidelity with which it represents external nature—and its descriptions of social life will speak for themselves.

Mr. Moore gaily sung several summers ago—

‘Mid northern lakes, ’mid southern vines,
 Unholy cits we’re doom’d to meet;
 Nor highest Alps nor Apennines
 Are sacred from Threadneedle-street. . . .
 And if this rage for travelling lasts—
 If cockneys of all sects and castes,
 Old maidens, aldermen, and squires,
 Will leave their puddings and coal-fires,
 To gape at things in foreign lands
 No soul among them understands;—
 If Blues desert their coteries,
 To show off ’mong the Wahabees,—
 If neither sex nor age controls,
 Nor fear of Mamelukes forbids
 Young ladies, with pink parasols,
 To glide among the Pyramids,—
 Why, then, farewell all hope to find
 A spot that’s free from London-kind!—
 Who knows, if to the west we roam,
 But we may find some *Blue* “at home”
 Among the *Blacks* of Carolina?
 Or, flying to the eastward, see
 Some Mrs. Hopkins taking tea
 And toast upon the wall of China?’

This is hardly exaggeration. Nevertheless the district treated of in these ‘Bubbles’ has, as yet, attracted few English visitors. This year, however, the rage of emigration seems more violent than ever; and as the causes which have undoubtedly given a new impulse to the centrifugal passion are by no means likely to suspend their operation, we may safely conclude that a country full of everything that can make life pleasant, lying within a few hours

hours journey of the great thoroughfare of the Rhine, will, ere long, be as familiar to English readers as a cart-load of 'tours,' 'diaries,' and 'sketches,' has already rendered every rock and ruin between Dusseldorf and Heidelberg.

The author describes his voyage from the Tower to the Brille, and afterwards in the steam-boat from Cologne to Coblentz, in a short preliminary chapter—from the latter part of which we select a single specimen.

'Our *compagnons de voyage* were tri-coloured, Dutch, German, and French, and, excepting always ourselves, there was nothing English—nothing, at least, but a board, which sufficiently explained the hungry insatiable inquisitiveness of our travellers. The black thing hung near the tiller, and upon it there was painted in white letters the following sentence, which I copied *literatim*—

*"Enfering any conversation with the Steersner
and Pilotes is desired to be forborn."*

'As the vessel proceeded towards Coblentz, it continually paused in its fairy course, apparently to barter and traffic in the prisoners it contained—sometimes, stopping off one little village, it exchanged an infirm old man for two country girls, and then, as if laughing at its bargain, gaily proceeding, it paused before another picturesque hamlet, to give three Prussian soldiers of the 36th regiment for a husband, a mother, and a child—once it delivered an old woman and got nothing, **then luckily it received** two carriages for a horse, and next it stopt a second to take up a tall thin man, who turned out to be an itinerant poet, and who, as soon as he had collected from every passenger a small contribution for having recited two or three little pieces, was dropt at the next village, ready to board the steam-vessel coming down from Mayence.

'In one of these cartels, or exchanges of prisoners, we received on board Sir ——— and Lady ———, a young fashionable English couple, who, having had occasion a fortnight ago to go together to St. George's church, had (like dogs suffering from hydrophobia, or tin canisters) been running straight forwards almost ever since. As hard as they could drive, they had posted to Dover, hurried across to Calais, thence to Brussels, snapt a glance at the ripe corn waving on the field of Waterloo, stared at the relics of that great *saint*, old Charlemagne, on the high altar of Aix-la-Chapelle, and at last sought for rest and connubial refuge at Cologne; but the celebrated water of that town having in its manufacture evidently abstracted all perfume from the atmosphere, they could not endure the dirt and smell of the place, and therefore had proceeded by land towards Coblentz; but as they were changing horses at a small village, seeing our steam-boat cantering through the glassy waves, they ordered a party of peasants to draw their carriage to the banks of the river, and as soon as the vessel came smoking alongside, they, their rosy, fresh-coloured French maid, their chocolate-coloured chariot, and their brown ill-looking Italian courier, were all on board.

'As

‘As soon as this young London couple lightly stepped on deck, we saw at one glance that, without at all priding themselves on their abilities, they fancied, and indeed justly fancied, that they belonged to that class of society which in England exclusively, and so modestly calls itself—*good*. That it was not healthy society, that its victims were exposed to late hours, crowded rooms, and impure air, was evident enough from the contrast which existed between their complexions and that of their healthy country attendant; however, they seemed not only to be perfectly satisfied with themselves and the clique which they had left behind them, but to have a distaste for everything else which they saw. Towards some German ladies, who had slightly bowed to them, they looked with a vacant haughty stare, as if they conceived there must be some mistake, and as if it at all events would be necessary to keep such people off.

‘Yet, after all, there was no great harm in these two young people. Their heads were lanterns illuminated with no more brains than barely sufficient to light them on their way, and so, like the babes in the wood, they sat together hand in hand, regardless of everything in creation but themselves.’—*Bubbles*, &c. p. 25.

Surely a *young* couple in the honeymoon might have been criticised less severely for merely sitting, as in duty bound, ‘hand in hand;’ but we proceed:—

‘For running their carriage down to the shore, the brown confidential courier, whose maxim was of course to pay little and charge much, offered the gang of peasants some kreutzers, which amounted in English currency to about sixpence. This they refused, and the captain of the party, while arguing with the flint-skinning courier, was actually carried off by our steam-boat, which, like time and tide, waited for no man. The poor fellow, finding that the Italian was immovable, came aft to the English couple who were still leaning towards each other like the Siamese twins. He pleaded his case, and in a manly tone of voice prayed for redress. The dandy listened, looked at his boots which were evidently pinching him,—passed four white fingers through the long curls of his jet-black hair—showed the point of a tongue gently playing with a front tooth—and when the whole story was completely at an end, without moving a muscle in his countenance, in a sickly tone of voice, he pronounced his verdict as follows—“*Alley!*”

‘The creditor tried again, but the debtor sat inanimate as a corpse. However, all this time the steam-boat dragging the poor peasant out of his way, he protested in a few angry exclamations against the injustice with which he had been treated, (a sentiment we were very sorry to hear more than once mildly whispered by many a quiet-looking German;) and, descending the vessel’s side into a small boat which had just brought us a new captive, he landed at a village from which he had about eight miles to walk to join his comrades.

‘It is with no satirical feeling that I have related this little occurrence. To hurt the feelings of “gay beings born to flutter but a day”

—to

—to break such a pair of young, flimsy butterflies upon the wheel—affords me neither amusement nor delight; but the every-day occurrence of English travellers committing our well-earned national character for justice and liberality to the base, slave-driving hand of a courier, as well as the bad taste of acting the part of London dandy on the great theatre of Europe, ought to be checked.'—*Bubbles*, pp. 26, 27.

We think it likely that the young English *dandy* here crucified did not understand either the coinage of Prussia or the language of his *dun*; but we have nothing to say in defence of the usual employment by English travellers of foreign couriers—most absurdly so called, by the way, when they do not *precede* the party—except that the best English servant is generally much more of a hindrance than a help on the Continent. He understands and performs to admiration the small and rigidly-defined circle of duties within which his walk at home is limited; but abroad he is confused, puzzled, bewildered, at every turn; no fish in the world more completely out of the water than he. He is, moreover, perpetually discomposed about creature comforts, and sighs deeper than Don Juan whenever 'he thinks upon a pot of beer.' But who is to blame for the narrow and artificial habits, the jog-trot mind, and the gross foul-feeding of the English lackey? Not himself, we humbly submit, but those whose pampered luxury has made him what he is.

Our note-maker, when the steam-boat dropped him at Coblenz, passed the night in a hôtel on the opposite bank of the river, close under the gigantic battlements of Ehrenbreitstein—which fortress has once more, at the cost of millions, been rendered the most complete in that part of the world. From this he posted to *Ems*, which, unlike the other towns in the interior of Nassau, has already become fashionable—so that we need not quote any of his remarks on it, which are not conceived in his usual spirit, and appear to us by no means just. *Ems* is, certainly, to a rapid inspection, one of the most charming little towns in the world; and what could have put him out of humour with its one bright airy street, backed by its screen of vine-covered rock, and over that waving forests of oak and birch—its clear, bright stream—and, above all, its gay myriads of damsels and donkeys—we are at a loss to guess. The journey from *Ems* to Schwalbach is given in a more pleasing vein:—

'On leaving *Ems*, the road, passing through the old, mouldering town of Nassau, and under the beautiful ruins of the ducal *stamm-schloss* in its neighbourhood, by a very steep acclivity, continues to ascend, until it mounts at last into a sort of upper country, from various points of which are to be seen extensive views of the duchy of Nassau.

' No

‘No one, I think, can breathe this dry, fresh air for a single moment, or gaze for an instant on the peculiar colour of the sky, without both smelling and seeing that he is very considerably above the level of the sea; yet this upper story, when it is once attained, is by no means what can be termed a mountainous country. On the contrary, the province is composed of flat table-land, abruptly intersected by valleys, or rather of an undulation of hills and dales on an immense scale. In the great tract thus displayed to view, scarcely a habitation is to be seen; and for a considerable time we could not help wondering what had become of the people who had sown the crops, (as far as we could see they were in solitude waving around us,) and who, of course, were somewhere or other lurking in ambush for the harvest. However, their humble abodes are almost all concealed in steep ravines or water-courses, which in every direction intersect the whole of the lofty region I have described.

‘A bird’s-eye view would, of course, detect these little villages, but from any one point, as the eye roams over the surface, they are not to be seen. The duchy, which is completely uninclosed, for there is not even a fence to the orchards, appears like a royal park on a gigantic scale: about one-half being in corn-fields or moor, and the remainder in patches of woods and forests, which in shape and position resemble artificial plantations. The province, as far as one can see, thus seems to declare that it has but one lord and master; and the various views which it presents are really very grand and imposing. A considerable portion of the wood grows among craggy rocks; and among the open land there is a great deal of what is evidently a mining country, with much indicating the existence of both iron and silver. The crops of wheat, oats, and barley, are rather light, yet they are very much better than one would expect from the ground on which they grow; but this is the effect of the extraordinarily heavy dews which, during the whole summer, may be said once in twenty-four hours to irrigate the land.’—pp. 40—1.

He afterwards thus describes the romantic ravines here alluded to:—

‘The rugged sides of the hills which contain them are generally clothed with oak or beech trees, feathering to the very bottom, where a strip of green, rich, flat, grassy land, full of springs, scarcely broader than, and very much resembling, the moat of an old castle, is all that divides the one wooded eminence from the other; and it is into these secluded gardens—these smiling, happy valleys—that the inhabitants of Nassau have humbly crept for shelter. These valleys are often scarcely broad enough to contain the single street which forms the village; and from such little abodes, looking upwards, one would fancy that one were living in a mountainous country,—but climb the hill—break the little, petty barrier that imprisons you In short, in the two prospects one reads the old story Beneath, lies the little contracted nook in which we were born, studded

studded with trifling objects, each of which we once fancied to be highly important—every tiny rock has its name, and every inch of ground belongs to one man, and therefore does not belong to another; but, lying prostrate before us, is a great picture of the world, and until he has seen it, no one born and bred below could fancy how vast are its dimensions, or how truly insignificant are the billows of that puddle in a storm from which he has somehow or other managed to escape.—p. 43.

With respect to the climate of this region, he thus sets down some 'hieroglyphics' which he thinks will sufficiently explain it.

'At this moment everything, see, is smiling: the trees are in full leaf, the crops in full bearing. In no part of Devonshire or Herefordshire have we ever seen such rich crops of apples—the trees being here surrounded with a scaffolding of poles which, after all, seem scarcely sufficient to save the boughs from breaking under their load. But, in the immediate neighbourhood of all the flourishing family of the *hocks*, how comes the vine to be absent from this gay scene?

'Again, at all the bendings of the valleys, why are the trees so stunted in their growth, and why are so many of them stag-headed? They must surely have some sad reason for wearing this appearance; any one may guess what it is that, in the winter, rushes by them with such violence that they seem more anxious to grow beneath the soil than above it.

'Again, under the oppressingly hot sun, which is now hurrying every crop to maturity, why do not the inhabitants look like Neapolitans, and other indolent, lazzaroni-living people? how comes it that their features are so hard? can the *sun* have beaten them into that shape?

'Why are the houses they live in huddled together in the valleys, instead of enjoying the magnificent prospect before us? Why do the wealthiest habitations look to the south? and why are the roofs even of the hovels built or pitched so perpendicularly, that it seems as if nothing could rest upon their surface? Why are the windows so small, and the walls so thick?'—*Bubbles*, pp. 45—7.

Whatever may be the winter climate of the upper country of Nassau, the duchy, taken altogether, may fairly be said to contribute more than an average share towards the luxuries and comforts of mankind. Besides noble forests of oak, beech, birch, and fir, there are good crops of corn of every sort, and potatoes which would not be despised in England. Several of the wines (for instance those on the estates of Hockheim and Metternich) are the finest on the Rhine—while there are fruits, such as apples, pears, cherries, apricots, strawberries, raspberries (the two latter growing wild), &c. &c., in the greatest abundance. Not only are there mines of the precious metals and of iron, but there is also coal, which we all know will, when the gigantic powers of steam are developed, become the nucleus of every nation's wealth. In addition

addition to all this—from its hills burst mineral streams of various descriptions, and besides the Seltzer water, which is drunk as a luxury in every quarter of the globe, there are bright sparkling remedies prescribed for almost every disorder under the sun. For instance, should our reader be consumptive, or, what is much more probable, dyspeptic, let him hurry to Ems. If he wishes to instil iron into his system, and to brace up his muscles, let him go to Langenschwalbach; if his brain should require calming, his nerves soothing, and his skin softening, let him glide onwards to Schlangenberg—the serpent's bath; but if he should be rheumatic in his limbs, or if mercury should be running riot in his system, let him hasten, 'body and bones,' to Wiesbaden, where they say, by being parboiled in the *koch-brunnen* (boiling spring) all his troubles will evaporate. To these different waters of Nassau flock annually thousands and thousands of votaries from all parts of Germany, and so celebrated are they for the cures which they have effected, that not only do people also come from Russia, Poland, Denmark, &c., but a vast quantity of the waters, in stone bottles, is annually sent to these remote countries. Yet although Spa and some other German watering places have been much deserted by foreigners, on account of the multitudes of English who have thronged thither, the number of our countrymen resorting to the mineral springs of Nassau bears no proportion to that of any other nation of Europe; but somehow or other our wandering *John Bulls* are like locusts,—either they are found absolutely eating up a foreign country, or not one of them is to be seen there. We believe we may assert, that not twenty English families have taken up their abode at Langenschwalbach or Schlangenberg, in the course of the last twenty years; and yet there is no country on earth that could turn out annually more consumptive, rheumatic, and dyspeptic patients than old England.

The 'Bubbles' say—

'The duke of Nassau is the cacique, king, emperor, or commander in chief of the province, and people here are everlastingly talking of *THE* duke, as in England they talk of *the* sun, *the* moon, or any other bauble of which there exists only one in creation. He is certainly the sovereign lord of this lofty country, and travelling along we have observed a certain little bough sticking out of every tenth sheaf of corn, the meaning of which is no doubt perfectly well understood both by him and the peasant. He is also very strict about his game—our worsted-tasselled horn-blowing cicerone has informed us, that the bunches of straw which we observed mysteriously tied to bushes in the woods, are sentinels which forbid any person to enter them.'—*Bubbles*, pp. 52, 53.

We must here observe that the duke of Nassau is in fact one
of

of the most amiable of princes, and we believe at this moment the most popular of all the minor potentates of Germany. His patrimonial estate is understood to be so great as to enable him, after maintaining a well-appointed little army of 12,000 men, and the other public establishments of his country, to reserve for his own personal expenditure a clear income of about 150,000*l.*—in that region an enormous sum. The taxes are so trivial as really not to be worth mentioning. The *corn sheaves*, to which our author alludes, were merely portions of *rent*; and the peasantry of Nassau are about the easiest in the world.

What follows is particularly lively—and *true* :—

‘ In approaching Langenschwalbach, being of course anxious as early as possible to get a glimpse of a town which I had already determined to inhabit for a few days, I did all in my power to explain this feeling to the dull gaudy fellow who drove me; but whenever I inquired for Langenschwalbach, so often did the mute creature point with a long German whip to the open country, as if it existed directly before him—but no! not a human habitation could I discover. However, as I proceeded onwards, the whip, in reply to my repeated interrogations of its dumb owner, began to show a sort of magnetic dip, until at last it pointed almost perpendicularly into a ravine, which was now immediately beneath us; but though we could see, as I thought, almost to the bottom of it, not a vestige of a town was to be seen. However, the whip was quite right, for in a very few seconds, peeping up from the very bottom of the valley, we perceived, like poplar-trees a couple of church steeples—then suddenly came in sight a long narrow village of slated roofs, and in a very few seconds I found my carriage rattling and trumpeting along a street, until it stopped at the Goldene Kette, or, as we should call it, the Golden Chain. The master of this hotel appeared to be a most civil, obliging person, and though his house was nearly full, yet he suddenly felt so much respect for the contents of my wallet, which on descending from the carriage, I had placed for a moment in his hands, that he used many arguments to persuade us both to become noble appendages to his fine golden chain; yet there were certain noises, uncertain smells, and a degree of bustle in his house, which did not at all suit me, and therefore, at once mercifully annihilating his hopes, by a grave bow which could not be misinterpreted, I slowly walked into the street to select for myself a private lodging, and for a considerable time very great difficulty did I experience. With hands clasped behind me, in vain did I slowly stroll about looking out for any thing at all like a paper or a board in a window, and I was beginning to fear that there were no lodging-houses in the town, when I at last found out that there were very few which were not.’—*Bubbles*, pp. 63-65.

Our author succeeds at last in securing for himself a den; and the next morning, full of breakfast and curiosity, he sallies forth to see the lions :—

‘ My

' My first duty, however, was to understand the geography of the town, or rather village of Langenschwalbach, which I found to be in the shape of the letter Y (or throwing, as I wish to do, literature aside), of a long-handled two-pronged fork. The village is fifteen hundred paces in length, that is to say, the prongs are each about five hundred yards, and the handle of the fork is about one thousand yards.

' The buildings themselves are constructed even more irregularly than their roofs. The village is composed of houses of all sizes, shapes and colours: some, having been lately plastered, and painted yellow, white, or pale green, have a modern appearance, while others wear a dress about as old as the hills which surround them:—of these latter, some are standing with their sides towards the streets—others look at you with their gables; some overhang the passenger as if they intended to crush him; some shrink backwards, as if, like misanthropes, they loathed him, or, like maidens, they feared him; some lean sideways, as if they were suffering from a painful disorder in their hips: many, apparently from curiosity, have advanced; while a few, in disgust, have retired a step or two.'—*Bubbles*, pp. 70, 71.

The appearance of these houses is certainly very remarkable. Of late years, several of the largest have been plastered on the outside, but the appearance of the rest is highly picturesque; and the immense quantity of timber which has been consumed would clearly indicate the vicinity of a large forest, even if one could not see the dark foliage towering on every side above the town; indeed, it has been crammed into the houses, as if the builder's object had been to hide away as much as possible. The whole fabric is a network of timber of all lengths, shapes, and sizes, and these limbs, often rudely sculptured, being bent into every possible contortion, form a confused picture of rustic architecture, which, amid such mountain scenery, one cannot refuse to admire. The interstices between all this wood-work are filled up with brown unburnt bricks, so soft and porous, that, in our moist climate, they would in one winter be decomposed, and a very few winters would also rot the timbers which they connect;—however, such is evidently the dryness of mountain air, that buildings can exist here in this rude state, and indeed have existed for several hundred years, not only without the use of Mr. Kyan's mercurial lotion, but even without a touch of paint.

' The *stahl brunnen* (steel spring) is at the head of the town, at the upper extremity of the right prong. Close to the point of the other prong is the *wein brunnen*, (wine spring,) and about six hundred yards up the same valley is situated the fashionable *brunnen* of Pauline. Between these three points, brunnens, or wells, backwards and forwards, "down the middle and up again"—people are seen walking, or rather crawling, with a constancy that is really quite astonish-

ing. Among the number, there may be here and there a Cœlebs in search of a wife, and a very few pairs of much smaller feet may be occasionally seen, "*impari passu*," pursuing nothing but their mammas; but, generally speaking, the whole troop are chasing one and the same game; they are all searching for the same treasure; in short, the object is health.'—*Bubbles*, p. 72.

In the time of the Romans, Schwalbach (the name means literally the Swallow's Stream*) was a place of some resort—one immense sulphureous fountain there being already famed for its medicinal effects. In proportion as this rose into repute, hovels, huts, and houses were erected, and a small street or village was thus gradually established on the north and south of the well. There was little to offer to the stranger but its waters, yet health being a commodity which people have always been willing enough to purchase, the little hamlet continued to grow, until it justly claimed for itself the appellation of Langen (Long) Schwalbach.

About sixty years ago, according to the German book named first on our list, the *stahl* and *wein brunnen*s were discovered. These springs were found to be quite different from the old Roman one: it is sulphureous—they are both strongly impregnated with iron and carbonic acid gas. Instead, therefore, of merely purifying the blood, they undertook to strengthen the human frame, and in proportion as they attracted notice, so the old original brunnen became neglected. About three years ago, a fourth spring was discovered in the valley above the *wein brunnen*. It does not contain quite so much iron as the *stahl* or *wein brunnen*s, but possessing other supersalutary ingredients, (among them that of novelty,) it fixed on itself the potent patronage of Dr. Fenner. It was called Pauline after the present duchess of Nassau, and is now the fashionable brunnen or well of Langenschwalbach. The village doctors, however, disagree on the subject, and Dr. Stritter, a very mild, sensible man, recommends his patients to the strong *stahl brunnen*, almost as positively as Dr. Fenner sentences his victims to the Pauline. 'Which is right, and which is wrong,' says our indefatigable note-maker, 'is one of the mysteries of this world; but as the cunning Jews all go to the *stahl brunnen*, I strongly suspect that they have some good reason for this departure from the fashion.'

Our English journalist was much puzzled to decide among these rival *brunnens*, and, after having read a formidable chapter in Fenner's work on the effects of rash and unadvised water-bibbing, he concluded that it might be as well to consult a doctor before beginning.

'Having learnt that Dr. Fenner himself had the greatest number

* We still have *beck* for *stream* in the dialect of Westmoreland and Cumberland. of

of patients, and moreover that, being a one-eyed man, he was the easiest to be found, I walked towards the shady walk near the Allee Saal, resolving eventually to consult him; however, in turning a corner, happening almost to run against a gentleman in black, "*cui lumen ademptum*," I gravely accosted him, and finding, as I did in a moment, that I was in the right, in the middle of the street, I began to explain that he saw before him a wheel which wanted a new tire—a shoe which required a new sole, a worn-out vessel praying for the hand of the tinker—in short, that feeling very old, I merely wanted to become young again.

'Dr. Fenner is what would be called in England "a regular character," and being a shrewd, clever fellow, he evidently finds it answer, and endeavours to maintain a singularity of manner, which with his one eye (the other having been extinguished in a college duel) serves to bring himself into general notice. As soon as my gloomy tale was concluded, the Doctor, who had been walking at my side, stopped dead short, and when I turned round to look for him, there I saw him, with his right arm extended, the fore-finger and thumb clenched, as if holding snuff, and the other three digits horizontally extended like the hand of a direction-post. With his heels together, he stood as lean and as erect as a ramrod, the black patch, which like a hatchment hung over the window of his departed eye, being supported by a riband wound diagonally round his head. "*Monsieur!*" said he, (for he speaks a little French,) "*Monsieur,*" he repeated, "*à six heures du matin, vous prendrez à la Pauline trois verres!—trois verres à la Pauline!*" he repeated. "*À dix heures, vous prendrez un bain—en sortant du bain, vous prendrez* (he paused, and after several seconds of deep thought, he added) *encore deux verres—et à cinq heures du soir, Monsieur, vous prendrez* (another long pause) . . . *encore trois verres!! Monsieur, ces eaux vous feront beaucoup de bien!*" The arm of this sibyl now fell to his side, like the limb of a telegraph which has just concluded its intelligence. The doctor made me a low bow, spun round upon his heel—"and so he vanished."

'I had not exactly bargained for bathing in, as well as drinking, the waters; however, feeling in good humour with the little world I was inhabiting, I was willing to go with (*i. e. into*) its stream, and as I found that almost every visiter was daily soaked for an hour or two, I admitted that what was good for such geese might also *answer* for the gander; and that, at all events, a bath would have the advantage of drowning for me one hour per day, in case I should find four-and-twenty of such visitors more than I wanted.'—*Bubbles*, pp. 85-87.

The author proceeds to sketch the usual doings of a day in this pleasant watering-place; and, as this department of German life is really new to most English people, we shall quote freely. One great article in its healthfulness is, we have no doubt, the earliness of the hours kept by everybody. No one thinks of being in bed much beyond five o'clock. At that time—

'Every

‘Every house was open—the streets already swept—the inhabitants all up—the living world appeared broad awake—and there was nothing to denote the earliness of the hour, but the delicious freshness of the cool mountain-air, which, as yet unenfeebled by the sun, was in that pure state in which it had all night long been slumbering in the valley. The face of nature seemed beaming with health; and though there were no larks at Schwalbach gently “to carol in the morn,” yet immense red German slugs were every where in our path; looking wetter, colder, fatter and happier, than I have words to express; they had evidently been gorging themselves during the night, and were now crawling into shelter to sleep away the day.

‘On reaching the brunnén, the first thing I received there was a smile from a very honest, homely, healthy old woman, who, seeing me approaching, had selected from her table a glass as large and globular as ever shone in a Teniers. “Guten morgen,” she muttered, without at all deranging the hospitality of her smile; and then stooping down she dashed the vessel into the brunnén beneath her feet, and in a sort of civil hurry (lest any of its spirit should escape) presented her eau médicinale. Clear as crystal, sparkling with carbonic acid gas, and effervescing quite as much as Champagne, it was nevertheless miserably cold; and the first morning, what with the gas, and what with the low temperature of this iron water, it was about as much as one could do to swallow it; and even then for a few seconds feeling as if it had sluiced the stomach completely by surprise, I stood hardly knowing what was about to happen,—when, instead of the teeth chattering, as I expected, I felt the water suddenly grow warm within my waistcoat, and a slight intoxication, or rather exhilaration, succeeded.’—*Bubbles*, p. 90.

Under the influence of this cordial, which seems to have acted upon him like fuel to a steam-coach, our author and his friend appear to have been in the custom of forthwith ascending one or other of the zigzag paths which are cut in various directions through the woods overhanging the valley of the *brunnens*, but which are so steep that they seldom find favour with the German water-bibbers. After breathing the mountain air for an hour, it was time to descend for glass the second—and another hour’s walk prepared them, in like fashion, for beaker the third. By this time all ranks of people had arisen from their beds, and the sun being now warm, the *beau monde* of Langenschwalbach were, from a gazebo hut high above them, seen slowly loitering up and down the promenade.

‘At the rate of about a mile and a half an hour, I observed several hundred quiet people, crawling through, and frittering away that portion of their existence, which lay between one glass of cold iron water and another. If any individual were to be sentenced to such a life, which in fact has all the fatigue, without the pleasing sociability of the tread-mill,

tread-mill, he would call it melancholy beyond endurance; yet, there is no pill which fashion cannot gild, or habit sweeten. I remarked that the men were dressed, generally, in loose, ill-made, snuff-coloured great coats, with awkward travelling caps of various shapes, instead of hats. The picture, therefore, taking it altogether, was a homely one; but although there were no particularly elegant, or fashionable-looking people; although their gait was by no means attractive—yet even from the lofty distant hut I felt it was impossible to help admiring the good sense, and good feeling, with which all the elements of this German community appeared to harmonize one with the other. There was no jostling or crowding, no apparent competition, no turning round to stare at strangers: there was “no martial look, nor lordly stride,” but real, genuine good-breeding seemed natural to all,—it is true, there was nothing which bore a very high polish, yet it was equally evident, that the substance of their society was intrinsically good enough not to require it. The behaviour of such a motley assemblage of people, who belonged of course to all ranks and conditions of life, in my humble opinion did them and their country very great credit. It was quite evident, that every man on the promenade, whatever may have been his birth, was desirous to behave like a gentleman, and that there was no one, however exalted might be his station, who wished to do any more.’—*Bubbles*, p. 102.

‘That young lady, rather more quietly dressed than the rest of her sex, is the Princess Levenstein—her countenance (could it but be seen from the hut) is as unassuming as her dress, and her manners as quiet as her bonnet; her husband, who is one of that group of gentlemen behind her, is mild, simple, and (if in these days, such a title may without offence be given to a young man) I would add, he is modest. There are one or two other princes on the promenade, with a very fair sprinkling of dukes, counts, barons, &c.

“There they go, all together in a row!”

but though they congregate—though, like birds of a feather, they flock together, is there, let any haunter of Cheltenham say, anything arrogant in their behaviour—and the respect which they meet with from every one, does it not seem to be honestly their due?

‘That uncommon awkward, short little couple, who walk holding each other by the hand, and who, *à propos* to nothing, occasionally break playfully into a trot, are a Jew and Jewess, lately married; and as it is whispered that they have some mysterious reason for drinking the waters, the uxorious anxiety with which the little man presents the glass of cold comfort to his herring-made partner does not pass completely unobserved.

‘That slow gentleman with such an immense body, who seems to be acquainted with the most select people on the walk, is an ambassador who goes no where—no, not even to mineral waters—without his French cook, which is quite enough to make everybody speak well of him.

him,—a very honest, good-natured man his excellency seems to be; but as he walks, can any thing be more evident, than that his own cook is killing him? and what possible benefit can a few glasses of cold water do to a corporation which Falstaff's belt would be too short to encircle?—Often and often have I pitied Diogenes for living in a tub, but this poor ambassador is infinitely worse off, for the tub, it is too evident, lives in *him*.'

Our author says he fancied at first three huge bumpers of the Pauline would 'leave little room for tea and coffee;' but that he found, on trial, 'the stowage of the vessel to be quite what it had been at starting.' It was, no doubt, from this custom of eating an English breakfast at nine o'clock, that he found himself so totally unqualified to do justice to a German dinner at one, P. M. As soon as his breakfast was over, he generally enjoyed the luxury of idling about the town; and in passing the shop of a blacksmith, who lived opposite to the sign of the Goldene Kette, the manner in which the man tackled and shod a vicious horse always amused him. On the outside wall of the house, two rings were firmly fixed, one close to the ground, to which the head of the patient was lashed; the other about five feet high, to which the hind foot, to be shod, stretched out to the utmost extent of the leg, was secured by a cord which passed through a cloven hitch fixed to the root of the poor creature's tail. The hind foot was consequently very much higher than the head; indeed, it was so exalted, and pulled so heavily at the tail, that the animal seemed to be quite anxious to keep all his other hoofs on *terra firma*.

'With one hoof,' says our author, 'in the heavens, it did not suit him to kick—with his nose pointing to the infernal regions, he could not conveniently rear; and as the devil himself was apparently pulling at his tail, the horse at last gave up the point, and quietly submitted to be shod.'—p. 180.

Ever and anon the tranquillity of the place would be disturbed by the arrival of some German grandee in his huge carriage:—

'For at least a couple of minutes before the thing appeared, the postilion, as he descended the mountain, was heard attempting to notify to the town the vast importance of his cargo, by playing on his trumpet a tune which in tone and flourish exactly resembled that which in London announces the approach of Punch. There is always something particularly harsh and discordant in the notes of a trumpet badly blown; but when placed to the lips of a great, lumbering German postilion, who, half-smothered in his big boots and tawdry finery, has, besides this crooked instrument, to hold the reins of two wheel horses, as well as of two leaders, his attempt, in such deep affliction, to be musical is comic in the extreme; and when the fellow at last arrived at the Goldene Kette, playing a tune which one expected every moment would make the head of Judy pop out of the

carriage, I could not help feeling that, if the money which that trumpet cost had been spent on a pair of better spurs, it would have been of much more advantage and comfort to the traveller; but German posting always reminds me of the remark which the Black Prince was one day heard to utter, as he was struggling with all his might to shave a pig.—*Bubbles*, p. 145.

We must here pause for a moment. Many of our countrymen have, we make no doubt, often joined in thus ridiculing the tawdry, heavy equipment of the continental postilion, especially his great, unmeaning, yellow worsted tassels, and certain other broad ornaments which seem better adapted to a four-post bedstead than to a horseman. Our traveller, however, who is no mean authority on such a subject, very shrewdly gives us the other side of the case:—‘Many years have elapsed,’ he says, ‘since I first observed that, somehow or other, the horses on the Continent manage to pull a heavy carriage up a steep hill, or even along a dead level, with greater ease to themselves than our English horses. If any unprejudiced person would only attentively remark with what little apparent fatigue three small, ill-conditioned horses will draw, not only his own carriage, but very often that huge, overgrown vehicle the French *Diligence*, or the German *Eil-wagen*, I think he would agree with me; but the whole equipment is so unsightly—the rope harness is so rude—the horses without blinkers look so wild—there is so much bluster and noise in the postilion—that, far from paying any compliment to the turn-out, one is very much disposed at once to condemn the whole thing, and, not caring a straw whether such horses be fatigued or not, to make no other remark than that, in England, one should have travelled at nearly twice the rate with one-tenth of the noise. But neither the rate nor the noise is the point—our superiority in the former and our inferiority in the latter cannot be doubted. The thing to account for, is, how such small, weak horses do actually manage to draw a heavy carriage up-hill with so much ease to themselves. Now, in English, French, and German harness, there exist, as it were, three degrees of comparison as to the manner in which the head of the horse is treated; for, in England, it is elevated, or borne up, by what we call the bearing-rein—in France, it is left as nature placed it (there being to common French harness no bearing-rein)—and, in Germany, the head is tied down to the lower extremity of the collar, or else the collar is so made that the animal is by it deprived of the power of raising his head. Now, passing over, for a moment, the French method, which is, in fact, the state of nature, let us for a moment consider which is better—to bear a horse’s head *up*, as in England, or to pull it *downwards*, as in Germany.’

Evidently

Evidently fired with a favourite theme he thus proceeds :—‘ In a state of nature, the wild horse, as *everybody knows* (?), has two distinct gaits or attitudes. If man, or any still wilder beast, come suddenly upon him, up goes his head ; and as he first stalks and then trots gently away—with ears erect, snorting with his nose, and proudly snuffing up the air, as if exulting in his freedom—as one foreleg darts before the other, we have before us a picture of doubt, astonishment, and hesitation, all of which feelings seem to rein him, like a troop-horse, on his haunches ; but attempt to pursue him, and the moment he defies you—the moment, determining to escape, he shakes his head, and lays himself to his work—how completely does he alter his attitude !—That instant down goes his head, and from his ears to the tip of his tail there is in his vertebræ an undulating action which seems to propel him, which works him along, and which, it is evident, you could not deprive him of without materially diminishing his speed. Now, in harness, the horse has naturally the same two gaits or attitudes, and it is quite true that he can start away with a carriage either in the one or the other ; but the means by which he succeeds in this effort—the physical powers which he calls into action, are essentially different :—in the one case he works by his muscles, and in the other by his own dead, or rather living, weight. In order to grind corn, if any man were to erect a steam-engine over a fine, strong, running stream, we should all say to him, “ Why do you not allow your wheel to be turned by cold water instead of hot ? Why do you not avail yourself of the *weight* of the water, instead of expending your capital in converting it into the power of steam ? In short, why do you not use the simple resource which nature has presented ready-made to your hand ? ” In the same way, the German might say to us, “ We acknowledge a horse *can* drag a carriage by the power of his muscles, but why do you not allow him to drag it by his *weight* ? ”

‘ Let any one observe a pair of English post-horses dragging a heavy weight up a hill, and he will at once see that the poor creatures are working by their muscles, and that it is by sheer strength that the resistance is overcome ; but how can it be otherwise ?—their heads are higher than nature intended them to be even in *walking* in a state of liberty, carrying no weight but themselves ; the balance of their bodies is, therefore, absolutely turned *against*, instead of leaning in favour of, their draught ; and if my reader will but pass his hands down the back sinews of our stage-coach or post-chaise horses, he will soon feel (though not so keenly as they do) what is the cruel and fatal consequence. It is true, that, in ascending a very steep hill, an English postilion will occasionally unhook his bearing-reins ; but the jaded creatures, trained for years

to work in a false attitude, cannot in one moment get themselves into the scientific position which the German horses are habitually encouraged to adopt. Besides this, we are so sharp with our horses—we keep them so constantly on the *qui vive*, or, as we term it, in hand, that we are always driving them from the use of their weight to the application of their sinews. That the figure and attitude of a horse working by his sinews are infinitely prouder than when he is working by his weight—(there may exist, however, false pride among horses as well as men)—I most readily admit; and, therefore, for carriages of luxury, where the weight bears little proportion to the powers of the noble animals employed, I acknowledge that the sinews are more than sufficient; but to bear up the head of a poor horse at plough, or at any slow heavy work, is, I conceive, a barbarous error, which ought not to be persisted in.

‘Whether there is most of the horse in a German, or of the German in a horse, is a nice point, on which people might argue a great deal; but the broad fact really is, that Germans live on more amicable terms with their horses, and understand their dispositions infinitely better, than the English: in short, they treat them as horses, while we act towards them, and drill them, as if they were men; and in case any reader should doubt that Germans *are* better horsemasters than we are, I beg to remind him of what is perfectly well known to the British army, namely, that in the Peninsular war the cavalry horses of the German Legion were absolutely fat, while those of our regiments were skin and bone.’—p. 158.

With regard to the management of horses in harness, perhaps the most striking feature to English eyes is, that the Germans entrust these sensible animals with the free use of their eyes.

‘As soon as, getting tired, or, as we are often apt to term it “lazy,” they see the postilion threaten them with his whip, they know perfectly well the limits of his patience, and that after eight, ten, or twelve threats, there will come a blow. As they travel along, one eye is always shrewdly watching the driver: the moment he begins his slow operation of lighting his pipe, they immediately slacken their pace, knowing as well as Archimedes could have proved, that he cannot strike fire and them at the same time; every movement in the carriage they remark; and, to any accurate observer, who meets a German vehicle, it must often be perfectly evident that the poor horses know and feel, even better than himself, that they are drawing a coachman, three bulky baronesses, their man and their maid, and that to do this on a hot summer’s day is no joke.’

Now, what is our method?

‘In order to break in the animal to draught, we put a collar round his neck, a crupper under his tail, a pad on his back, a strap round his belly, with traces at his sides; and, lest he should see that, though these things tickle and pinch, they have not power to do more, the

poor

poor intelligent creature is blinded with blinkers, and in this fearful state of ignorance, with a groom or two at his head, and another at his side, he is, without his knowledge, fixed to the pole and splinter-bar of a carriage. If he kicks, even at a fly, he suddenly receives a heavy punishment which he does not comprehend; something has struck him and has hurt him severely; but as fear magnifies all danger, so, for aught we know or care, he may fancy that the splinter-bar which has cut him is some hostile animal, and expect, when the pole bumps against his legs, to be again assailed in that direction. Admitting that in time he gets accustomed to these phenomena—becoming, what we term, steady in harness—still, to the last hour of his existence, he does not clearly understand what it is that is hampering him, or what is that rattling noise which is always at his heels:—the sudden sting of the whip is a pain with which he gets but too well acquainted, yet the “unde derivatur” of the sensation he cannot explain—he neither knows when it is coming nor what it comes from. If any trifling accident or even irregularity occurs—if any little harmless strap which ought to rest upon his back happens to fall to his side—the unfortunate animal, deprived of his eyesight, the natural lanterns of the mind, is instantly alarmed; and though from constant heavy draught he may literally, without metaphor, be on his last legs, yet if his blinkers should happen to fall off, the sight of his own dozing master, of his own pretty mistress, and of his own fine yellow chariot in motion, would scare him so dreadfully, that off he would probably start, and the more they all pursued him the faster would he fly! I am aware that many of my readers, especially those of the fairer sex, will feel disposed to exclaim, Why admire German horses? Can there be any in creation better fed or warmer clothed than our own? In black and silver harness, are they not ornamented nearly as highly as ourselves? Is there any amusement in town which they do not attend? Do we not take them to the Italian Opera, to balls, plays, to hear Paganini, &c., and don't they often go to two or three routs of a night? Are our horses ever seen standing before vulgar shops? And do they not go to church every Sunday, as regularly as ourselves? Most humbly do I admit the force of these observations; all I persist in asserting is, that horses are foolishly fond of their eyesight; like to wear their heads as nature has placed them; and have bad taste enough to prefer dull German grooms and coachmen, to our sharp English ones.—pp. 160-163.

But our author and his horses have been running away with us: we believe we had promised our readers never to return to the subject of ‘the road.’ The chapter entitled ‘The Bath’ is one from which we must draw a considerable extract—it opens quite a new sort of scene, and we advise our readers to compare it with a certain sketch of the English *Bath* in ‘Humphry Clinker:’—

‘The eager step with which I always walked towards the strong steel bath (about 25° of Reaumur) is almost indescribable. Health is such an inestimable blessing—it colours so highly the picture of life—
—it

—it sweetens so exquisitely the small cup of our existence—it is so like sunshine, in the absence of which the world, with all its beauties, would be, as it once was, without form and void—that one can conceive of nothing which a man ought more eagerly to do, than get between the stones of that mill which is to grind him young again—particularly when, as in this case, the operation is to be attended with no pain.

‘As soon as I was ready to enter the bath, the first feeling which crossed my mind, as I stood shivering on the brink, was a disinclination to dip even the foot into a mixture which looked about as thick as a horse-pond, and about the colour of mullagitawny soup: however, having come to Langenschwalbach, there was nothing to say but “en avant,” and so, descending the steps, I got into stuff so deeply coloured with the red oxide of iron, that the body, when a couple of inches below the surface, was invisible. The temperature of the water felt neither hot nor cold, but I was no sooner immersed in it, than I felt it was evidently of a strengthening, bracing nature, and almost might one have fancied oneself lying with a set of hides in a tan-pit. The half hour which every day I was sentenced to spend in this red decoction was by far the longest in the twenty-four hours, and I was always very glad when the chronometer, which I had hung on a nail before my eyes, pointed permission to extricate myself from the mess. While the body was floating, hardly knowing whether to sink or swim, it was very difficult for the mind to enjoy any sort of recreation, or to reflect for two minutes on any one subject; and, as half shivering I lay watching the minute-hand of the dial, it appeared the slowest traveller in existence.’—*Bubbles*, pp. 172, 173.

The Journalist goes on, truly enough, to state that these baths are very apt to produce head-ache, sleepiness, and other slight apoplectic symptoms; but that such effects entirely proceed from the silly habit of not immersing the head. The frame of man has beneficently been made capable of existing under the line, or near either of the poles of the earth; we know it can even exist in an oven in which meat is baking; but surely if it were possible to send one half of the body to Iceland, while the other was sitting on the banks of Fernando Po, the trial would be exceedingly severe, inasmuch as nature, never having contemplated such a vagary, has not thought it necessary to provide against it. Even the common pressure of water on the portion of the body which is immersed in it tends to push the blood towards that part (the head) which happens to be enjoying a rarer medium: but when it is taken into calculation that the mineral mixture of Schwalbach acts on the body, not only mechanically, by pressure, but medicinally, being a very strong astringent—there needs no wizard to account for the unpleasant sensations so often complained of. ‘For myself,’ says our traveller, ‘I resolved that my head should fare alike with the rest of my

my system ; in short, that it deserved to be strengthened as much as my limbs. It was equally old, had accompanied them in all their little troubles, and, moreover, often and often, when they had sunk down to rest, had it been forced to contemplate and provide for the dangers and vicissitudes of the next day. I therefore applied no half remedy, submitted to no partial operation, but resolved that if the waters of Langenschwalbach were to make me invulnerable, the box which held my brains should humbly, but equally, partake of the blessing.' When the reasons which had induced our author thus to immerse not only his *trunk* but his *box* were mentioned to the doctor whom he had consulted, he made no objection, but in silence shrugged up his shoulders. The fact is, in this instance, as well as in many others, the most skilful physician is obliged to prescribe no more than human nature is willing to comply with. German gentlemen are not much in the habit of washing their heads, and even if they were, they would certainly refuse to dip their curls into a mixture which stains them a deep red colour, upon which common soap has not the slightest detergent effect. One has only to look at the flannel dresses which hang in the yard to dry, to understand the whole case as to the fair sex. These garments having been several times immersed in the bath, are stained as deep a red as if they had been rubbed with ochre or brick-dust, yet the upper part of the flannel is quite as white as ever—indeed, by comparison, appears infinitely whiter ; in short, without asking to see the owners, it must be quite evident that at Schwalbach young ladies, or even old ones, could never make up their minds to stain any part of their fabric which towers above the evening gown,—and that it would be useless for any poor doctor to prescribe to *them* more than a pie-bald application of his remedy. Although, of course, in coming out of the bath the patient rubs himself dry and, apparently, perfectly clean, yet the rust, by exercise, comes out again profusely—nay, the very bed-linen is discoloured ; and if the head has been immersed, the pillow in the morning looks as if a rusty thirteen-inch shell had been reposing on it.

'To the servant who has cleaned the bath, filled it, and supplied it with towels, it is customary to give each day six kreutzers, amounting to two-pence ; and, as another example of the cheapness of German luxuries, I may observe, that if a person chooses, instead of walking, to be carried in a sedan chair, and brought back to his *hof*, the price fixed for the two journeys is—three-pence !

'Having now taken the bath, the next part of the daily sentence was "to return to the place from whence you came," and there to drink two more glasses of water from the Pauline. The weather having been

been unusually hot, in walking to the bath I was generally very much overpowered by the heat of the sun, but on leaving the bath to walk to the well I always felt as if his rays were not as strong as myself; one really fancied that they glanced from the frame as from a polished cuirass. The glass of cold sparkling water which, under the mid-day sun, I received after quitting the bath from the healthy-looking old goddess of the Pauline, was delicious beyond the powers of description. It was infinitely more refreshing than iced soda water; and the idea that it was doing good instead of harm—that it was medicine, not luxury—added to it a flavour which the mind, as well as the body, seemed to enjoy. What with the iron in my skin, and the warmth which this strengthening mixture imparted to my waistcoat, I always felt an unconquerable inclination to face the hill again.’—*Bubbles*, p. 182.

We now touch upon what Dr. Samuel Johnson pronounced to be the chief business of every Englishman’s day. If our reader be either a *gourmand* or a *gourmet*, we advise him to skip a page or two of what now follows—to the rest of the world we offer no apology for an extract from a chapter headed ‘*Dinner*’:—

‘During the fashionable season at Langenschwalbach, the dinner-hour at all the salles is one o’clock. From about noon scarcely a stranger is to be seen; but a few minutes before the bell strikes one, the town exhibits a picture curious enough, when it is contrasted with the simple costume of the villagers, and the wild-looking country which surrounds them. From all the *hofs* and lodging-houses, a set of demure, quiet-looking, well-dressed people are suddenly disgorged, who, at a sort of funeral pace, slowly advance towards the Allee Saal, the Goldene Kette, the Kaiser Saal, and one or two other houses “où on dîne.” The ladies are not dressed in bonnets, but in caps, most of which are quiet, the rest being of those indescribable shapes which are to be seen at London or Paris. Whether the stiff stand-up frippery of bright red ribands was meant to represent a house on fire, or purgatory itself—whether those immense yellow ornaments were intended for reefs of coral, or not—it is out of an old man’s department even to guess; ladies’ caps being riddles, only to be explained by themselves.

‘With no one to affront them—with no fine powdered footmen to attend them—with nothing but their own quiet conduct to protect them, old ladies, young ladies, elderly gentlemen and young ones, were seen slowly and silently picking their way over the rough pavement. They seemed to be thinking of anything in the dictionary but the word *dinner*;—and when one contrasted their demeanour with the enormous quantity of provisions they were placidly about to consume, one could not help admitting that these Germans had certainly more self-possession, and could better muzzle their feelings, than the best-behaved people in the universe.

‘Seated at the table of the Allee Saal, I counted one hundred and eighty people at dinner in one room. To say in a single word whether

ther the fare was good or bad would be quite impossible, it being so completely different from any thing ever met with in England. To my simple taste the cookery is most horrid; still there were now and then some dishes, particularly sweet ones, which I thought excellent. With respect to the made-dishes, of which there were a great variety, I beg to record a formula which is infallible: the simple rule is this—let the stranger taste the dish, and if it be not sour, he may be quite certain that it is greasy; again, if it be not greasy, let him not eat thereof, for then it is sure to be sour. With regard to the order of the dishes, that too is unlike any thing which Mrs. Glasse ever thought of. After soup, which all over the world is the alpha of the gourmand's alphabet, the barren meat from which the said soup has been extracted is produced; of course it is dry, tasteless, withered-looking stuff, which a Grosvenor-square cat would not touch with its whiskers; but this dish is always attended by a couple of satellites—the one, a quantity of cucumber stewed in vinegar; the other, a black greasy sauce: and if you dare to accept a piece of this flaccid beef, you are instantly thrown between Scylla and Charybdis, for so sure as you decline the indigestible cucumber, souse comes into your plate a deluge of the sickening grease. After the company have eaten heavily of messes which it would be impossible to describe, in comes some nice salmon—then fowls—then puddings—then meat again—then stewed fruit—and, after the English stranger has fallen back in his chair, quite beaten, a leg of mutton majestically makes its appearance! The pig who lives in his sty would have some excuse, but it is really quite shocking to see any other animal overpowering himself at mid-day with such a mixture and superabundance of food. Yet only think what a compliment all this is to the mineral waters of Langenschwalbach! If the Naiads of the Pauline can be of real service to a stomach full of vinegar and grease, how much more effectually ought they to tinker up the inside of him who has sense enough to sue them in *formâ pauperis*!—pp. 198-201.

Our traveller's physician was told that he had given up dining in public, as he preferred a single dish at home; and he was asked whether eating so much was not very bad for those who were drinking the waters? The poor doctor again shrugged up his shoulders—and what else could he have done? Of course he was obliged to feel the pulse of his own fellow-citizens as well as that of the stranger; and he might as well have gone into the fields to burn the crops, as wickedly blight the golden harvest which Langenschwalbach had calculated on reaping from the intemperance of its consumptive guests.

'Our dinner,' says our author, 'is now over. The company which comes to the brunnens for health, and which daily assembles at dinner, is of a most heterogeneous description, being composed of princes, dukes, counts, barons, &c. down to the petty shopkeeper, and even the Jew of Frankfort, Maynz, and other neighbouring towns; in short,

short, all the most jarring elements of society at the same moment enter the same room, to partake together of the same one shilling and eight-penny dinner. Still, all those invaluable forms of society which connect the guests of any private individual were most strictly observed; and this happy combination was apparently effected without any effort. No one seemed to be under any restraint, yet there was no freezing formality at one end of the table, nor rude boisterous mirth at the other. With as honest good appetites as could belong to any set of people under the sun, we particularly remarked that there was no scrambling—to be sure, here and there an eye was seen twinkling a little brighter than usual, as it watched the progress of any dish which appeared to be unusually sour or greasy; but there was no impatience, nothing to interrupt for a single moment the general harmony of the scene: and although every moment I felt less and less disposed to attempt to eat what for some time had been gradually coagulating in my plate, yet, leaning back in my chair, I certainly did derive very great, and, I hope, very rational enjoyment, from looking upon so pleasing a picture of civilized life.'—*Bubbles*, pp. 204-5.

The remarks which follow are cleverly expressed, and there is a good deal of truth in them; but we think the truth is only one-sided. Let our readers judge:—

'In England we are too apt to designate by the general term "society" the particular class, clan, or clique in which we ourselves may happen to move; and if that little speck be sufficiently polished, people are generally quite satisfied with what they term "the present state of society." Yet there exists a very important difference between this ideal civilization of a part or parts of a community, and the actual civilization of the community as a whole; and surely no country can justly claim for itself that title, until not only can its various members move separately among each other, but all of them meet and act, if necessary, together.

'In England, each class of society, like our different bands of trades, is governed by its own particular rules. There is a class of society which has very gravely, and, for aught I care, very properly, settled that certain kinds of food are to be eaten with a fork—that others are to be launched into the mouth with a spoon—and that to act against these rules (or whims) shows "that the man has not lived in the world." At the other end of society, there are, one has heard, also rules of honour, prescribing the sum to be put into a tin money-box, so often as the pipe shall be filled with tobacco; with various other laws of the same dark caste or complexion. These conventions, however, having been firmly established among each of the many classes into which our country-people are subdivided, a very considerable degree of order is everywhere maintained; and therefore, let a foreigner go into any sort of society in England, he will find it is apparently living in happy obedience to its own laws; but if any chance or convulsion brings these various classes of society,

each

each laden with its own laws, into general contact, a sort of Babel confusion instantly takes place, each class loudly calling its neighbour to order, in a language it cannot comprehend; in short, they resemble a set of regiments, each of which, having been drilled according to the caprice or fancy of its colonel, appears in very high order on its own parade, but which, when all are brought together, form an unorganized and undisciplined army. In support of this theory, is it not undeniably true, that it is practically impossible for all ranks and classes to associate together in England, with the same ease and inoffensive freedom which characterize similar meetings on the Continent? And yet a German duke, or magnate of any order, is as proud of his rank as an English one, and rank is as much respected in his country as it is in our country.

‘In England, as we all know, we have all sorts of manners, and a man actually scarcely dares to say which is the true idol to be worshipped. We have very noble aristocratic manners—we have the short stumpy manners of the old-fashioned English country gentleman—we have superfine dandified manners—black stock military manners—your free and easy manners (which by the by, on the Continent, would be translated “*no manners at all*,”)—we have the ledger-manners of a steady man of business—the last-imported monkey, or ultra-Parisian manners—manners, not only of a schoolboy, but of the particular school to which he belongs; and lastly, we have the parti-coloured manners of the mobility, who very falsely flatter themselves that on the throne they would find the “ship ahoy!” manners of a true British sailor.

‘Now, with respect to all these motley manners, these “black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey,” which are about as different from each other as the manners of the various beasts collected by Noah in his ark, it may at once be observed, that (however we ourselves may admire them) there are very few of them indeed which are suited to the Continent; and consequently, though Russians, Prussians, Austrians, French, and Italians, to a certain degree, can any where assimilate together, yet, somehow or other, our manners (never mind whether better or worse) are different. Which therefore, I am seriously disposed to ask of myself, are the most likely to be right—the manners of “the right little, tight little island,” or those of the inhabitants of the vast continent of Europe?’—*Bubbles*, pp. 207-10.

We are surprised that it should not have occurred to this writer, that it is owing to the comparative paucity of titled distinctions in England,—the political and legal equality in rank of the country gentleman of long descent, refined education, and vast estates, and the merest *parvenu*,—that the lines and demarcations of social intercourse have assumed in this country a more definite character than elsewhere. We are far from denying that the thing may have been pushed too far; but, under such circumstances, we believe it to be inconsistent with human nature that something of the kind should not have appeared. Again; if it be, as we admit it is,

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quite true, that men and women of different classes of society mingle at a continental *table d'hôte* much more easily and pleasantly than we see exemplified among the fortuitous assemblages in an English steamboat, does our author need to be reminded that our after all superficial inferiority ought to be considered along with certain effects of a rather different description, which result from the same cause—namely, the more domestic habits which have for ages distinguished us above the continental nations? If it were the custom of Englishmen of twenty classes to dine daily at a *table d'hôte*, there is no doubt they would soon learn to mix together more agreeably than they do at present when some very unusual occurrence congregates them, never to be again congregated, around the same board. But does any one wish seriously that we should give up the old-fashioned predilection for dining each man, however humbly, in the bosom of his own family? We confess that we should look upon such a change in the manners and customs of our countrymen as a most unhappy one; and, indeed, it has often occurred to us that the recent club-house mania here in London is much to be regretted, chiefly for its tendency to bring about, among a few particular classes of men, something like the effect we have alluded to.

‘ It being yet only three o’clock in the day, and as people did not begin to drink the waters again until about six, there was a long, heavy interval, which was spent very much in the way in which English cows pass their time, when, quite full of fine red clover, bending their fore knees, they lie down on the grass to ruminate.

‘ As it was very hot at this hour, the ladies, in groups of two, three, and four, with coffee before them, on small square tables, sat out together in the open air, under the shade of the trees. Most of them commenced knitting; but at this plethoric hour one could not help observing that they made several hundred times as many stitches as remarks. A few of the young men, with cigars in their mouths, meandered in dandified silence through these parties of ladies; but almost all the German lords of the creation hid themselves in holes and corners to enjoy smoking their pipes,—and surely nothing can be more filthy, nothing can be a greater waste of time and intellect, than this horrid habit. If tobacco were even a fragrant perfume, instead of stinking as it does, still the habit which makes it necessary to a human being to carry a large bag in one of his coat-pockets and an unwieldy crooked pipe in the other, would be unmanly: besides creating an artificial want, it encumbers him with a real burden, which, both on horseback and on foot, impedes his activity and his progress; but when it turns out that this said artificial want is a nasty, vicious one,—when it is impossible to be clean if you indulge in the habit,—when it makes your hair and clothes smell most loathsomely,—when you absolutely pollute the fresh air as you pass through it,—when, besides all this, it corrodes the teeth, injures the stomach, and fills with red inflammatory particles the
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naturally cool, clear, white brain of man,—it is quite astonishing that these Germans, who can act so sensibly during so many hours of the day, should not have strength of mind enough to trample their tobacco bags under their feet, throw their reeking sooty pipes behind them, and learn (I will not say from the English, but from every bird and animal in a state of nature) to be clean; though certainly, whatever faults there may be in our manners, our cleanliness is a virtue which, above every nation I have ever visited, preeminently distinguishes us in the world. During the time which was spent in this stinking vice, I observed that people neither interrupted each other nor did they very much like to be interrupted,—in short, it was a sort of siesta with the eyes open, and with smoke coming out of the mouth. Sometimes, gazing out of the window of his hof, we saw a German baron in a tawdry dressing-gown and scull-cap, (with an immense ring on his dirty fore-finger,) smoking, and pretending to be thinking; sometimes we winded a creature, who, in a similar attitude, was seated on the shady benches near the Stahl brunnen; but these were exceptions to the general rule, for most of the males had vanished, we knew not where, to convert themselves into automatons which had all the smoky nuisance of the steam-engine without its power.’—*Bubbles*, pp. 216-219.

Our author says pretty truly, that man is the only unclean animal—perhaps no unsubdued living creature is ever happy for a moment when not perfectly *clean*. He is also quite right in saying that the use of tobacco is carried to a most disgusting and unhealthy extent in Germany; but no such *counterblast* as the above ‘bubble’ will produce any abatement of the nuisance. The universal answer will be, ‘The gentleman does not smoke—so much the worse for him. He prefers his bottle of port and his snuff-box to Johannesberg and a Meerschaum. *De gustibus non disputandum*.’ As regards ourselves, we have only one remark to offer; and that is, that we heartily wish the regulation, which almost all over Germany forbids *smoking in the streets*, were introduced in England. At certain times of every day Regent Street, so well entitled to form the principal *promenade* of London, is rendered intolerable to all decent persons by the eternal whiffing and spitting of Spanish Patriots and shopboys in fine waistcoats.

‘About half-past five or six o’clock “the world” began to come to life again; in a short time the walks to the three brunnsens in general, and to the Pauline in particular, were once more thronged with people; and as slowly and very slowly they walked backwards and forwards, we again saw German society in its most amiable and delightful point of view. A few of the ladies, particularly those who had young children, were occasionally accompanied through the day by a nice, steady, healthy-looking young woman, whose dress (being without cap or bonnet, with a plain cloth shawl thrown over a dark cotton gown) at once denoted that she was a ser-

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vant. The distinction in her dress was marked in the extreme, yet it was pleasing to see that there was no necessity to carry it farther, the woman appearing to be so well behaved that there was little fear of her giving offence. Whenever her mistress stopped to talk to any of her friends, this attendant became a harmless listener to the conversation; and when a couple of families, seated on a bank, were amusing each other with jokes and anecdotes, one saw by the countenances of these quiet-looking young people, who were also permitted to sit down, that they were enjoying the story quite as much as the rest. In England fine people would of course be shocked at the idea of thus associating with, or rather sitting in society with their servants, and on account of the manners of our servants it certainly would not be agreeable,—however, if we had but one code, instead of having fifty thousand, (for I quite forgot to insert in my long list the manners of a fashionable lady's maid,) this would not be the case, for then English servants, like German servants, would learn to sit in the presence of their superiors without giving any offence at all. But besides observing how harmlessly these German menials conducted themselves, I must own I could not help reflecting what an advantage it was, not only to them, but to the humble home to which, when they married, they would probably return,—in short to society,—that they should thus have had an opportunity of witnessing the conduct and listening to the conversation of quiet, sensible, moral people, who had had the advantages of a good education. Of course, if these young creatures were put upon high wages,—tricked out, moreover, with all the cast-off finery of their mistresses—and, if laden with these elements of corruption, and hopelessly banished from the presence of their superiors, they were day after day, and night after night, to be stewed up together with stewards, butlers, &c., in the devil's frying pan—I mean that den of iniquity a house-keeper's room,—of course these strong, bony, useful servants would very soon dress as finely as heart could wish, and give themselves all those narrow-minded airs for which an English lady's-maid is so celebrated even in her own country; but in Germany, good sense and honesty have as yet firmly and rigidly prescribed not only the dress which is to distinguish servants from their masters, but that, with every rational indulgence, with every liberal opportunity of raising themselves in their own estimation, they shall be fed and treated in a manner and according to a scale, which still bear a due relation to the humble station and simple habits in which they were born and bred. Of course, servants trained in this manner cost very little; but I suspect they lay by in proportion a much larger share of their earnings than ours do. They are certainly not, like them, clothed in satin, fine linen, and superfine cloth,—nor, like Dives himself, do they fare sumptuously every day,—but I believe they are all the happier, and more at their ease, for being kept to their natural station in life, instead of being permitted to ape an appearance for which their education has not fitted them, and to repeat fine sentiments which they do not understand.'—*Bubbles*, pp. 223-6.

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We are happy to say that we have, in various instances, observed the relation between master and man, and more frequently between mistress and maid, in England, in as healthy a state as any admirer of the Germans, even our sarcastic author himself, could wish to discover it. Nevertheless, in the greater and graver part of the above-quoted, as well as in the following observations, we are obliged reluctantly to concur. 'But,' says the traveller, 'our servants are quite right to receive high wages—wear veils, kid-gloves, and superfine cloth—give themselves airs—mock the manners of their lords and ladies—and to farcify below stairs the comedy of errors which they catch an occasional glimpse of above; in short, to do as little, consume as much, and be as expensive and troublesome as possible. No liberal person can blame *them*; it is, I fear, upon our heads that all their follies must rest; we have no one but ourselves to blame; and until a few of the principal families in England, for the character and welfare of the country, agree together to lower the style and habits of their servants, and, by "a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together," to break the horrid system which at present prevails, the distinction between the honest ploughman who whistles along the fallow, and his white-faced, powder-headed, silver-laced, scarlet-breeched, golden-gartered brother in London, must be as strikingly ridiculous as ever.'

'If once the system were to be blown up, thousands of honest, well-meaning servants would, I believe, rejoice; and while the wealthiest classes would in fact be served at least as well as ever, the middle ranks, and especially all people of small incomes, would be relieved beyond description by the removal of an unnatural and unnecessary burden, which but too often embitters all their little domestic arrangements. There are no points of contrast between Germany and England more remarkable than that, in the one country, people of all incomes are supported and relieved in proportion to the number of their servants, while, in the other, they are tormented and oppressed; again, that in the one country servants humbly drest, and humbly fed, live in a sort of exalted and honourable intercourse with their masters, while, in the other, servants highly powdered, and grossly fed, are treated *de haut en bas* in a manner which is not to be seen on the continent.

'The enormous wealth of England is the wonder of the world; yet every man who looks at our debt, at our poor-rates, at the immense fortunes of individuals, and at the levelling unprincipled radical spirit of the age, must see that there exist among us elements which may possibly, some day or other, be thrown into furious collision. The great country may yet live to see distress; and, in the storm, our commercial integrity, like an overweighted vessel, may, for aught we know, founder and go down stern foremost. I therefore most earnestly say, should this calamity ever befall us, let not foreigners be entitled, in
preaching

preaching over our graves, to pronounce that we were a people who did not know how to enjoy prosperity—that our money, like our blood, flew to our heads—that our riches corrupted our minds—and that it was absolutely our enormous wealth which sunk us.’—p. 228.

Let us once more return to the promenade of simple Langenschwalbach:—

‘In constantly passing the people on the promenade, one occasionally heard a party talking French. During the military dominion of Napoleon that language, of course, flooded the high duchy of Nassau as deeply as almost all the rest of Europe; a strong ebb or reaction, however, has of late years taken place, and in Prussia, for instance, the common people do not like even to hear the language pronounced. On the other hand, thanks to Scott, Byron, Crabbe, and other victims of M. Galignani, not yet, like them, resting in their graves, our language is beginning to make an honest progress, and even in France it is becoming fashionable to display, in literary society, a flower or two from the *jardin Anglais*.

‘As a passing stranger, the word I heard pronounced on the promenade the oftenest was “Ja, ja!”—it really seemed to me that German women, to all questions, answer in the affirmative, for “Ja, ja,” was repeated by them, I know, from morning till night, and, for aught I know, from night till morning.

‘As I looked at the various figures and faces, I could not help feeling that it was quite impossible for the Goddess Pauline to cure them all. There is a tall, gaunt, brown, hard-featured, lantern-jawed officer, *à demi solde*—the sort of fellow that the French call “*un gros maigre*”—drinking by the side of a red-faced, stuffy, dumpy, stunted little man, who seems framed on purpose to demonstrate that the human figure, like the telescope, can be made portable. What in the whole world can be the matter with that very nice, fresh, healthy-looking widow? or what does that huge, unwieldy man, in a broad-brimmed hat, require from the Pauline? (surely he is already about as full as he can hold!) That poor, sick girl has just borrowed the glass from her aunt. Can the same prescription be good both for her and her withered, wrinkled, skinny, scraggy duenna? A couple of nicely-dressed children are extending their little glasses to drink the water with milk; and see! that gang of countrymen, who have stopped their carts on the upper road, are racing and chasing each other down the bank to crowd round the brunnen! Is it not strange that in such a state of perspiration they can drink such deadly cold water with impunity? But this really is the case; whether it be burning hot or raining a deluge, this simple medicine is always agreeable, and no sooner is it swallowed than, like the fire in the grate, it begins to warm its new mansion.

‘Such was the scene daily witnessed. All the drinkers seemed to be satisfied with the water, which can have only one virtue—that of strengthening the stomach—yet it is this solitary quality which has made it a remedy for almost every possible disorder of body and mind; for

for though people with an ankle resting on a knee, sometimes mysteriously point to their toes, and sometimes very solemnly lay their hands upon their foreheads, yet I firmly believe that almost every malady of the poor human frame is, either by highways or byways, connected with the stomach:—

“ The *woes* of every other member
Are founded on your belly-timber ;”

and I must own I never see a fashionable physician mysteriously consulting the pulse of his patient, or, with a silver spoon on his tongue, importantly peering down his throat, but I feel a desire to exclaim —“ Why not tell the poor gentleman at once, Sir, you’ve eaten too much, you’ve drunk too much, and you’ve not taken exercise enough ?” That these are the real causes of every one’s illness, there can be no greater proof than that those savage nations who live actively and temperately have only one disorder—death! The human frame was not created imperfect—it is we ourselves who have made it so—there exists no donkey in creation so overladen as our stomachs, and it is because they groan under the weight so cruelly imposed upon them, that we are seen driving them before us in such herds to one little brunnen.’

The above reminds us of Voltaire’s definition:—‘ A physician is an unfortunate gentleman who is every day requested to perform a miracle—namely, to reconcile health with intemperance.’

At this time there were twelve hundred visitors at Schwalbach—an immense number for so small a town. Still the habits of the people were so quiet, that it did not at all bear the appearance of an English watering-place; and our traveller says, ‘ he never before existed in a society where people were left so completely to go their own ways. Whether he strolled on the promenade or about the town—whether he mounted the hills or rambled into distant villages—no one seemed to notice him any more than if he had been born there; and yet, out of the twelve hundred strangers, he happened to be, for some time, the only specimen of old England.’

We must now present our readers with a chapter of natural history. Perhaps, for a busy man, the most salutary feature in a short residence at any of these ‘ health-springs,’ is neither more nor less than the temptation it forces upon him to occupy his mind with the observation and gentle consideration of matters out of his own habitual sphere.

‘ Every morning, at half-past five o’clock, I hear, as I am dressing, the sudden blast of an immense, long wooden horn, from which always proceed the same four notes. I have got quite accustomed to this wild *reveille*; and the vibration has scarcely subsided—it is still ringing among the distant hills—when, leisurely proceeding from almost every door in the street, behold—a pig! Some, from their jaded, care-worn, dragged appearance, are evidently leaving behind

them a numerous litter; others are great, tall, monastic, melancholy-looking creatures, which seem to have no other object left in this wretched world than to become bacon; while others are thin, tiny, light-headed, small, brisk, petulant piglings, with the world and all its loves and sorrows before them. Of their own accord these creatures proceed down the street to join the herdsman, who occasionally continues to repeat the sorrowful blast from his horn. Gregarious, or naturally fond of society, with one curl in their tails, and with their noses almost touching the ground, the pigs trot on, grunting to themselves and to their comrades—halting only whenever they come to anything they can manage to swallow. I have observed that the old ones pass all the carcasses which, trailing to the ground, are hanging before the butchers' shops, as if they were on a sort of *parole d'honneur* not to touch them. The middle-aged ones wistfully eye this meat, yet jog on also: while the piglings, who (so like mankind) have more appetite than judgment, can rarely resist taking a nibble; yet no sooner does the dead calf begin to move, than, from the window immediately above, out pops the head of a butcher, who, drinking his coffee whip in hand, inflicts a prompt punishment sounding quite equal to the offence.

'As I have stated, the pigs, generally speaking, proceed of their own accord; but shortly after they have passed, there comes down our street a little, bare-headed, bare-footed, stunted dab of a child, about eleven years old—a Flibbertigibbet sort of creature, which in a drawing one would express by a couple of blots, the small one for her head, the other for her body, while, streaming from the latter, there would be a long line, ending in a flourish, to denote the immense whip which the child carried in its hand. This little goblin page, the whipper-in, or aide-de-camp of the old pig-driver, facetiously called at Langenschwalbach the "Schwein-General," is a being no one looks at, and who looks at nobody;—but such a pair of eyes for a pig! The urchin knows every house from which a pig ought to have proceeded: she can tell by the door being open or shut, and even by footmarks, whether the creature has joined the herd, or is still snoring in its sty: a single glance determines whether she should pass a yard or enter it; and if a pig, from indolence or greediness, be loitering on the road, the sting of the wasp could not be sharper or more spiteful than the cut she gives it.

'When I joined the herd this morning, they really appeared to have no hams at all: their bodies were as flat as if they had been squeezed in a vice; and when they turned sideways, their long, sharp noses and tucked-up bellies gave to their profile the appearance of starved greyhounds. As I gravely followed this grunting, unearthly-looking herd of unclean spirits through that low part of Langenschwalbach which is solely inhabited by Jews, I could not help fancying that I observed them holding their very breaths, as if a loathsome pestilence were passing; for, though fat pork be a wicked luxury—a forbidden pleasure, which your Jew has been supposed occasionally in secret to indulge in, yet a charitable Christian may easily imagine that
such

such very lean, ugly pigs have not charms enough to lead Moses astray.

' Besides the little girl who brought up the rear, the herd was preceded by a boy of about fourteen, whose duty it was not to let the foremost—the most enterprising, or, in other words, the most empty pigs—advance too fast. In the middle of this drove, surrounded like a shepherd by his flock, slowly stalked the SCHWEIN-GENERAL, a wan, spectre-looking old man, worn out, or nearly so, by the arduous and every-day duty of conducting, against their wills, a gang of exactly the most obstinate animals in creation. A single glance at his countenance was sufficient to satisfy one that his temper had been soured by vexatious contrarieties and "untoward events." In his left hand he held a staff to help himself onwards, while round his right shoulder hung one of the most terrific whips that could possibly be constructed. At the end of a short handle, turning upon a swivel, there was a lash about nine feet long, formed like the vertebrae of a snake, each joint being an iron ring, which, decreasing in size, was closely connected with its neighbour by a band of greasy leather. The pliability, the weight, and the force of this iron whip rendered it an argument which the obstinacy even of the pig was unable to resist. Yet, as the old man proceeded down the town, he endeavoured to speak kindly to the herd; and as the bulk of them preceded him, jostling each other, grumbling and grunting on their way, he occasionally exclaimed, in a low, hollow, worn-out tone of encouragement, "Nina! Anina!"

' If any little savoury morsel caused a contention, stoppage, or constipation on the march, the old fellow slowly unwound his dreadful whip, and by merely whirling it round his head, like reading the riot act, he generally succeeded in dispersing the crowd; but if they neglected this solemn warning—if their stomachs proved stronger than their judgments, and if the group of greedy pigs still continued to stagnate—"Arriff!" the old fellow exclaimed, and rushing forwards, the lash whirling round his head, he inflicted, with strength which no one could have fancied he possessed, a smack that seemed absolutely to electrify the ringleader; but no wonder, poor fellow! for it would almost have cut a piece out of a door."

The author goes on to descant upon the cruelty of this procedure; but we are afraid every one who has had any experience in such affairs will agree that so long as there shall exist upon the surface of this earth either pigs or authors, neither pig-whipping nor reviewing can ever completely be abolished. We proceed with the *narrative* :—

' As soon as the herd began gradually to ascend the rocky, barren mountain, which appeared towering above them, the labours of the Swine-General and his staff became greater than ever. However, in due time the drove reached the ground which was devoted for that day's exercise; the whole mountain being thus taken in regular

succession. No wonder, poor reflecting creatures, that they had come unwillingly to such a spot! for there appeared, literally, to be nothing for them to eat, but hot stones and dust; however, they dexterously began to lift up with their snouts the largest of the loose stones. Their tough wet snouts seemed to be sensible of the quality of every thing they touched, and thus out of the apparently barren ground they managed to get fibres of roots, to say nothing of worms, beetles, or any other travelling insects they met with. As they slowly advanced working up the hill, their ears most philosophically shading their eyes from the hot sun, I could not help feeling how little we appreciate the delicacy of several of their senses, and the extreme acuteness of their instinct. There exists, perhaps, in creation, no animal which has less justice and more injustice done to him by man than the pig. Gifted with every faculty of supplying himself, and of providing even against the approaching storm, which no animal is better capable of foretelling, we begin by putting an iron ring through the cartilage of his nose, and having thus barbarously deprived him of the power of searching for and analysing his food, we generally condemn him for the rest of his life to solitary confinement in a sty.—While his faculties are still his own, only observe how with a bark or snort he starts if you approach him, and mark what shrewd intelligence there is in his bright twinkling little eye; but with pigs, as with mankind, idleness is the root of all evil. The poor animal, finding that he has absolutely nothing to do—having no enjoyment—nothing to look forward to but the pail which feeds him, naturally, most eagerly, or, as we accuse him, most greedily greets its arrival. Having no natural business or diversion within reach—nothing to occupy his brain—the whole powers of his system are directed to the digestion of a superabundance of food: to encourage this, Nature assists him with sleep, which, lulling his better faculties, leads his stomach to become the ruling power of his system—a tyrant, that can bear no one's presence but his own. The poor pig, thus treated, gorges himself—sleeps—eats again—sleeps—awakens in a fright—screams—struggles against a blue apron—screams fainter and fainter—turns up the whites of his little eyes . . . and . . . dies!—p. 255.

But to return to the General, whom, with his horn, his whip, and our author, we have left on the steep side of a barren mountain. In this situation do his troops remain every morning for four hours, enjoying little else than air and exercise: at about nine or ten o'clock they begin their march homewards, and nothing can form a greater contrast than their entry into their native town does to their exit from it:—

‘They no sooner reached the first houses of the town, than a sort of “sauve qui peut” motion took place—away each started towards his dulce domum, and it was really curious to stand still and watch how very quickly they cantered by, greedily grunting and snuffling,

as

as if they could smell with their stomachs as well as their noses the savoury food which was awaiting them.

'At half-past four the same four notes of the same horn were heard again—the pigs once more assembled—once more tumbled over the hot stones on the mountain—once more remained there for four hours, and in the evening once again returned to their styas. Every day of their existence, summer and winter, is spent in the way I have described. The squad consists of about one hundred and fifty, and the poor old General receives about thirteen pence for six months' drilling of each recruit. His income, therefore, is about twenty pounds a-year, out of which he has to pay the board, lodging, and clothing, of his two aide-de-camps; and when one considers how unremittingly this poor fellow-creature has to contend with the gross appetites, sulky tempers, and obstinate dispositions of the swinish multitude, surely not even the Member for Middlesex would wish to reform his emoluments.'

We have stayed so long at Schwalbach that we cannot afford to dwell much upon our author's equally detailed picture of the sayings and doings of another of his favourite watering-places—*Schlungen-bad*, i. e. the Serpent's-bath. In some book we had read years ago that this name was only given in allusion to the wonderful effects of the water in purifying the skin of all unseemlinesses and corruptions, so that ladies resorting to this bath might be likened to those wise charmers which annually rub off the old coat and present themselves in a new one. It appears, however, that not only is the neighbourhood remarkable for the number of real snakes in the grass, but that serpents were the first, and are still frequent, visitors of the wells of *Schlungen-bad*. There is no town—but the company are all pent up, in the sequestered little valley, among groves and forests, in a couple of enormous lodging houses:—

'This secluded spot, to which such a number of people annually retreat, consists of nothing but an immense old building or "bad-haus"—a new one—with two or three little mills, which, fed, as it were, by the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table, are turned by the famous spring of water after fine fashionable visitors have done washing themselves in it.

'The old "bad-haus" is situated on the side of the hill, close to the Macadamized road; and to give some idea of the scale on which these sort of German houses are constructed, in this rambling *bath-house* I counted four hundred and forty-three windows, and, without ever twice going over the same ground, the passages measured four hundred and nine paces, which is, as nearly as possible, a quarter of a mile! Below this immense barrack, and on the opposite side of the road, is the new "bad-haus," pleasantly situated in a shrubbery. This building contains one hundred and seventy-two windows.'

After having passed, in the two establishments, an immense
number

number of rooms, each furnished by the duke with white window curtains, a walnut-tree bed with bedding, a chestnut-tree table, an elastic spring sofa, and three or four walnut-tree chairs, the price of each room (on an average from ten-pence to two shillings a-day) being painted on the door, our author complimented the good—or, to give her her proper title, the ‘bad’—lady who attended him, on the plain but useful order in which they appeared, in return for which she very obligingly proceeded to give him the legend of the discovery of this famous spring. This same legend forms a chapter of some moment in the history of the little duchy of Nassau.

‘Once upon a time,’ it seems, ‘there was a heifer, with which everything in nature seemed to disagree. The more she ate the thinner she grew—the more her mother licked her hide, the rougher and the more staring was her coat—not a fly in the forest would bite her—never was she seen to chew the cud—but, hide-bound and melancholy, her hips seemed actually to be protruding from her skin. What was the matter with her no one knew—what could cure her no one could divine—in short, deserted by her master and her species, she was, as the faculty would term it, given up.

‘In a few weeks, however, she suddenly reappeared among the herd, with ribs covered with flesh—eyes like a deer—skin sleek as a mole’s—breath sweetly smelling of milk—saliva hanging in ringlets from her jaw! Every day seemed to confirm her health; and the phenomenon was so striking, that the herdsman, having watched her, discovered that regularly every evening she wormed her way in secret into the forest, until she reached and refreshed herself at a spring of water—haunted by harmless *serpents*, when full grown about four feet in length.

‘The circumstance, it seems, had been almost forgotten by the peasant, when a young Nassau lady began to show exactly the symptoms of the heifer. Mother, sisters, friends, father, all tried to cure her, but in vain; and the physician actually

“Had ta’en his leave with sighs and sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow,”

when the herdsman happening to hear of her case, prevailed upon her at last to try the heifer’s secret remedy; she did so, and, in a very short time, to the utter astonishment of her friends, she became one of the stoutest young women in the duchy. What had suddenly cured one sick lady was soon deemed a proper prescription for others, and all cases meeting with success, the spring gradually rose into notice and repute. I may observe, by-the-by, that even to this day horses are brought by the peasants to be bathed; and I have good authority for believing, that, in cases of slight consumption of the lungs (a disorder common enough among horses), the animal recovers his flesh with surprising rapidity. Nay, I have seen even pigs bathed, though I must own that *they* appeared to have no other disorder except hunger.’

The

The traveller established himself in the new 'bath-house,'—and he says,

'The cell of the hermit can hardly be more peaceful. It is true it was not only completely inhabited, but teeming with people, many of whom are known in the political world. For instance, among its inmates were the widow of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, a Prince of Hesse Homburg, occasionally the Princess Royal of Prussia, &c. &c. No part of the building was exclusively occupied by these royal guests; but paying for their rooms no more than the prices marked upon the doors, they ascended the same staircase, and walked along the same passages, with the humblest inmates of the place. The silence and apparent solitude which reigned in this new "bad-haus," were to us always a subject of astonishment and admiration.

'A *table d'hôte* dinner, at a florin for each person, was daily prepared for all, or any, who might choose to attend it; and for about the same price, a dinner, equally good, with knives, forks, table-cloth, napkins, &c., would be forwarded to any guests who, like ourselves, were fond of the luxury of solitude. Coffee and tea were cheap in proportion; and if one could be contented with good, sound, light Rhine-wine (*ordinaire*), the cost is never a shilling the bottle.'—*Bubbles*, pp. 277-80.

We quote these petty details with pleasure. We think them highly instructive. How many of our countrymen are always raving about the cheapness of the continent, and how many every year break up their establishments in England to go in search of it; yet, if we had but sense, or rather courage enough to live at home as economically and as rationally as princes and people of all ranks live throughout the rest of Europe, how unnecessary would be the sacrifice, and how much real happiness would be the result! But, indeed, if we look to humbler classes the thing is far worse. We perceive every year hundreds of families transporting themselves to the back-woods of Canada, who, if they could only submit *here* to the fiftieth part of the inconveniences of the log-house existence, need never have torn their heart-strings asunder by separating themselves from the scenes and the friends of their youth!—But we are wandering from the wonderful water of Schlangenbad.

About as warm as milk, it is infinitely softer, and after dipping the hand into it, if the thumb be rubbed against the fingers, it may be said to feel like satin. It is no trifle to live in a skin which puts all people in good humour—at least with themselves.

'The effect produced upon the skin by lying about twenty minutes in the bath, I one day,' says our author, 'happened to overhear a short fat Frenchman describe to his friend in the following words—
"Monsieur, dans ces baigns on devient absolument amoureux de soi-même!"

même !” I cannot exactly corroborate this Gallic statement, yet one cannot deny that the limbs gradually appear as if they were converted into marble, and that the skin assumes a sort of glittering phosphoric whiteness.

‘The Count de Grunne, the Dutch ambassador at Frankfort, having in the healthy autumn of his life come to Schlangenbad with his young wife, was so enchanted with the loveliness of the country, the mildness of the air, and the exquisite softness of the water, that, quite unable to contain himself, on a black marble column near the baths he has caused to be sculptured, as emblems of himself and his companion, two naked schlangens, eating leaves (apparently a salad) out of the same bowl, with the following pathetic inscription :—

En
Reconnaissance
Des délicieuses Saisons
Passées Ici Ensembles
Par
CHARLES C^{te}. DE GRUNNE.
Et
BETSI C^{tesse}. DE GRUNNE.
1830.’

—*Bubbles*, p. 285.

We must now conclude with a few paragraphs from our author’s account of his visit to the source of the Seltzer water—to all sojourners in hot climates one of the most healthful of luxuries. Some like the water pure and unmixed, others dash a little sugar only in the glass, Germans generally prefer it with Rhine-wine, and French voluptuaries with Champagne; while many of the softer sex appear to be of opinion that the most delicious of all compounds is Seltzer water and milk. We do not enter into this controversy.

‘The moment we entered the great gate of the enclosure, which, surrounded by a high stone wall, occupies about eight acres of ground, our first impression was, that we had discovered a new world inhabited by brown stone bottles, for in all directions were they to be seen—rapidly moving from one part of the establishment to another—standing actually in armies on the ground—or piled in immense layers or strata. Such a profusion and such a confusion of bottles, it had never entered human imagination to conceive.

‘On approaching a large circular shed, covered with a slated roof, but open on all sides, we found the single brunnen, or well, from which this celebrated water is forwarded to almost every city in the world. A small crane with three arms, to each of which there was suspended a square iron crate or basket, a little smaller than the brunnen, stands about ten feet off; and while peasant girls with a stone bottle (holding three pints) dangling on every finger of each hand, are rapidly filling one crate containing seventy bottles, a man turns the third by a winch, until it hangs immediately over the brunnen, into which it then rapidly descends. The air in these seventy bottles being immediately displaced

displaced by the water, a great bubbling of course takes place; but in about twenty seconds this having subsided, the crate is raised; and while seventy more bottles descend from another arm of the crane, a fresh set of girls bear off these full bottles, one on each finger of each hand, and range them in several long rows, upon a large table or dresser. No sooner are they there, than two men with surprising activity put a cork into each, while two drummers, with a long stick in each of their hands, hammering them down, appear as if they were playing upon musical glasses. Another set of young women now instantly carry them off, four or five in each hand, to men who with sharp knives slice off the projecting part of the cork; and this being over, the poor jaded bottles are delivered over to women, each of whom actually covers three thousand a day with white leather, which they firmly bind with packthread round the corks, —then a man seated beside, without any apology, dips each of their noses into boiling hot rosin: before they have recovered from this operation the Duke of Nassau's seal is stamped upon them—and off they are hurried, sixteen and twenty at a time, to magazines where they at length repose in readiness for exportation. When it is considered that a three-armed crane is drawing up bottles seventy at a time, from three o'clock in the morning till seven o'clock at night (meal-hours excepted), it is evident that without very excellent arrangement some of the squads either would be glutted with more work than they could perform, or would stand idle with nothing to do. No one, therefore, dares either to hurry or stop: the motto of the place might be that of old Goethe's ring with the star upon it—*ohne hast, ohne rast—Anglicè, haste not, rest not!*

Having followed a set of bottles from the brunnen to the store, where we left them resting from their labour, we strolled to another part of the establishment, where were empty bottles calmly waiting for their turn to be filled. We here counted twenty-five bins of bottles, each four yards broad, six yards deep, and eight feet high. A number of young girls were carrying (each thirty-four of them at a time) on their heads to an immense trough, which was kept constantly full by a large fountain-pipe of beautiful clear fresh water. The bottles were filled brim-full (as we conceived for the purpose of being washed), and were then ranged in ranks, or rather solid columns, of seven hundred each.

'We had no sooner, as we thought, bidden adieu to bottles—than we saw, like Birnham Wood coming to Dunsinane, bottles approaching us in every possible variety of attitude. It appears that all the inhabitants of Nieder Selters are in the habit of drinking in their houses this refreshing water; but as the brunnen is in requisition by the Duke all day long, it is only before or after work that a private supply can be obtained: no sooner, therefore, does the evening bell ring, than every child in the village is driven out of its house to take empty bottles to the brunnen. The children really looked as if they were made of bottles. Some wore a pyramid in baskets on their heads; some were laden with them, hanging over their shoulders before and behind

behind—some carried them strapped round their middle—all had their hands full, and the little urchin that could scarcely walk came hugging in its arms one single bottle. The road to the brunnen is actually strewn with fragments, and so are the ditches; and when the reader considers, besides all he has so patiently heard, that bottles are not only expended and exported, but actually *made* at Nieder Selters, he must admit that no writer can possibly do justice to that place, unless every line of his description contains at least once the word bottle.

‘As soon as I reached the village inn, I found there all the slight accommodation I required: a tolerable dinner soon smoked on the table before me; and feeling that I had seen quite enough for one day of brown stone bottles, I ventured to order (merely for a change) a long-necked glass bottle of a vegetable fluid superior to all the mineral water in the world.

‘In the morning, previous to returning to the brunnen, I strolled for some time about the village; and the best analysis I can offer of the Selters water, is the plain fact, that the inhabitants who have drunk it all their lives, are certainly by many degrees the healthiest and ruddiest-looking peasants I have anywhere met with in the Duchy of Nassau.’

Next day being Sunday, the travellers had the locality of the brunnen to themselves:—

‘In the middle of the great square were the stools on which the cork-covering women had sat, while, at some distance to the left, were the solid regiments of uncorked bottles, which I had seen filled brim-full with pure crystal water the evening before. On approaching this brown-looking army, I was exceedingly surprised at observing, from a distance, that several of the bottles were noseless, and I was wondering why such ones should ever have been filled, when, on getting close to these troops, I perceived, to my utter astonishment, that about one-third of them were in the same mutilated state. The devastations which had taken place resembled the riddling of an infantry regiment under a heavy fire, yet few of our troops, even at Waterloo, lost so great a proportion of their men as had fallen in twelve hours among these immoveable phalanxes.

‘The governor was good enough to inform me, that bottles in vast numbers being supplied to the duke from various manufactories, in order to prove them they are filled brim-full (as I had seen them) with water, and being left in that state for the night they are the next morning visited by an officer of the autocrat, whose wand of office is a thin, long-handled little hammer. It appears that the two prevailing sins to which stone bottles are prone, are having cracks and being porous, in either of which cases they of course in twelve hours leak a little. The officer, who is judge and jury in his own court-yard, carries his own sentences into execution with a rapidity which even our Lord Chancellor himself can only hope eventually to imitate. Glancing his hawk-like eye along each line, the instant he sees a bottle not
brim-full,

brim-full, without listening to long-winded arguments, he at once decides "that there can be no mistake, that there shall be no mistake," and thus, at one tap of the hammer, off goes the culprit's nose—"So much for Buckingham!"—*Bubbles*, p. 320.

The bottles filled for exportation in 1832 were, according to the governor's book—*large*, one million thirty-three thousand six hundred and sixty-two; *small*, two hundred and sixty-one thousand five hundred and twenty-one: and besides this there is a *gratis* consumption on the spot, and its immediate vicinity, of at least half a million of bottles. The large bottles, when full, are sold at the brunnen for thirteen florins a hundred. The duke's profit in 1832, deducting all expenses, appeared to be as nearly as possible fifty thousand florins; and yet this brunnen was sold to his highness's ancestor for a single butt of wine!

We might now proceed to the boiling Brunnen of Wiesbaden, to the Monastery of Eberbach, and to various other equally interesting points in the little Duchy of Nassau, but it is time we should say to our traveller—Farewell! We are enabled to testify that his descriptions are correct, and the unusually long quotations we have borrowed from them sufficiently express our opinion of the rough graphic merit they possess. We may add that the volume is illustrated by a few very clever sketches, taken by Burges's Patent Paneidolon, a newly-invented instrument, which, if we are to judge from the specimens before us, will be a valuable acquisition to amateurs at home or abroad. We certainly think the author would do well to extend this little work, and publish it,—and that if he does so, the more of these sketches he gives us, the better.

ART. III.—*Present State of the Poor-Law Question.* By C. Wetherell. 1833.

2. *Extracts from the Information received by His Majesty's Commissioners as to the Administration and Operation of the Poor-Laws.* Published by Authority. 1833.
3. *Reply of the Commissioners for inquiring into the Poor-Laws to a Letter from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the Labour-Rate.* Printed for the House of Commons, June 19th, 1833.

ANOTHER year has passed away without producing a single measure directed towards the reform of the glaring abuses of the English poor-laws. To what may we attribute this apparent indifference to evils of such enormous magnitude on the part of those whose first duty and paramount interest it would seem to be to correct them? Not, certainly, to any want of information

formation on the subject. The land rings with it. If universal experience—if the innumerable publications with which the press has lately teemed on this matter—if the reports of five or six parliamentary committees, within about as many years—had not previously conferred sufficient notoriety, or thrown sufficient light upon it, the volume of Extracts from the Report of the Poor-Law Commissioners, of which a large number of copies have been circulated gratuitously through the country, must have excited an universal conviction of the necessity for immediate interference by the legislature, and afforded to those who have to deal with the question ample materials for forming an opinion upon the course to be pursued. But no! we are to wait still longer. The Poor-Law Commission, though it has been sitting above a twelvemonth, has not yet, it seems, been able to report, or to print the remainder of the voluminous evidence they have collected. Another year is to commence, at least—perhaps to terminate—before one step is taken towards the correction of a system so notoriously illegal in its administration, pernicious in its moral influence, and ruinous in its economical results.

We were from the first inclined to doubt—and our readers will remember the assertion of our suspicion—whether the appointment of this commission was not merely a *ruse* of the present ministry for the purpose of delaying the consideration of a question which they were either too indolent, or did not feel themselves competent to encounter.* That suspicion has certainly not been weakened by subsequent occurrences. Had delay *not* been the object aimed at, why did not the commission report in time for the adoption of some corrective measures by the legislature during the past session? It is difficult to conceive what but intentional delay could have so protracted the appearance of their report. The

* In fact this practice has quite become methodised into a system. When any troublesome or difficult subject calls imperatively for the attention of government, and they can no longer venture to shut their ears to the demand for its consideration, the expedient is to appoint a commission of inquiry. This answers a double purpose—first, that of gaining time—which is everything to indolent or incapable men with a load of business before them to which they feel themselves unequal—secondly, the creation of pleasant and profitable jobs for a dozen or two of friends and retainers. We fear the commission of inquiry into the state of the Irish poor, which was promised early in the past session, but *is only just appointed*, will add another to the existing illustrations of this precious system. When the necessity of a poor-law for Ireland, in the interests of both islands, is urged in the course of next session upon government, the answer will be ready, ‘Wait till our Commission reports,’ and the session will, of course, end without the Irish commission reporting, just as the last session terminated without a report from the English commission. While matters of the most pressing urgency are thus postponed from year to year, other measures that not only would bear, but *require* delay for their mature consideration, are with a desperate rashness planned, proposed, and carried in breathless haste, and without the pretence of adequate deliberation. Witness the Abolition of Slavery and the Bank Charter Renewal Acts of last session.

travelling commissioners returned from their tours of inspection before the end of 1832. The *latest* of their reports is dated in January 1833. Surely *three months* from the termination of their inquiries would have been amply sufficient for the arrangement of the evidence, and the formation of an opinion by the central commissioners. But no; nine months more have now elapsed, and no report! Will not even the full period of ordinary gestation mature the embryo wisdom of these gentlemen? or is it another *quarter-day* that they wait for? This might account for *their* reluctance; but why were they not required by their superiors to expedite the business upon which they were engaged—unless those superiors were themselves, for their own ends, a party to the delay?

Meantime they have published the volume of 'Extracts' to which we have already referred. This was an unusual and not a little remarkable proceeding. Were the real object of the commissioners solely what it ought to be, namely, the placing before the government and parliament, with as little delay as possible, the necessary data for legislating on this momentous subject, would not the proper course have been to hasten the publication of the entire body of evidence with the report the commission should determine upon, instead of consuming time in the preparation and publication of a volume of 'Extracts' from that evidence; which, though all-sufficient as an exposure of the evils of the present system, could not be taken as the ground-work of legislation, so long as the commission chose to keep back still more matter, as well as their own opinion upon the remedial measures proper to be adopted. The effect, therefore, of this, we suspect, illegal, and confessedly imperfect publication, could only be, and of course—whether so intended or not—has been, to delay all proceedings in the way of cure for another twelve months at least, and to create in the meantime a strong, but, we fear, neither a very correct nor salutary impression on the public mind.

However high the opinion we entertain of several of the personages included in the central commission, yet there were elements in its composition which, from the first, we could not contemplate without distrust and alarm. One gentleman, to whom, in fact, the lead and management of the commission, with the arrangement of the evidence, and the drawing up of the reports and other documents, has, we believe, been entrusted throughout—we mean Mr. Senior—had previously committed himself, not in one only but a series of publications, to a determined (and, in our humble opinion, a most hasty and unfounded) hostility to the principle and entire system of the British poor-law. He had declared himself, *ex cathedra*, as a professor of political economy, of the opinion of Mr. Malthus and Mr. Ricardo, that the only effective way

way of improving the poor-law is to *abolish* it *in toto*. His arguments in support of this opinion had been repeatedly refuted; with the usual effect of refutations—namely, that of making their author more resolutely adhere to them. Now, we do think, with all respect for his undoubted ability, that, under these circumstances, Mr. Senior should have been the last person to be placed as a leading member in a royal commission entrusted with the delicate and important task—a task requiring the utmost impartiality and freedom from prejudice or interest—of inquiring into the working of the poor-law and the mode of improving its operation. Whatever opinion a theoretical political economist may form and proclaim from his closet, no statesman—no practical man at all conversant with the subject, can contemplate for a moment as a thing within the scope of possibility—not to speak of its policy or justice—the abolition of the poor-law of England, or any approach towards such a revolution in the rights of the poorer classes and the tenure of property in this country. Any one, therefore, having this extravagant object in view as a desirable and practicable means, must have been wholly unfitted for the commission.

It should have been evident, indeed, that Mr. Senior, carrying such decided opinions—not to say prejudices—into the commission—opinions on the justice of which his reputation as a political economist (and he is, or was, a *professor* of the science) has been over and over again staked—would naturally endeavour to *work* the commission so as to make out a case in favour of his own declared and published views against the principle of the poor-law. We do not mean the slightest disrespect towards this gentleman or his colleagues, when we say that this is precisely what appears, in some degree at least, to have taken place. It was quite beyond his power to avoid being unwittingly biassed in his conduct by his pledged and strongly entertained opinions. It must have been equally impossible for them to escape being influenced by an exceedingly active, energetic, and able coadjutor, to whom, from his habits of business, his reputation as a writer, and his previous acquaintance with the subject, they would naturally refer the drawing-up of their reports, and the arrangement of their proceedings. In what has already appeared of their reports and proceedings, this inevitable bias is more or less apparent. The appointments of the sub-commissioners who were to travel and collect evidence were made, we cannot but think, with a certain leaning to this object. Their evidence, and their occasionally most pompously imbecile comments upon it, shew that the greater number, if not all, of these gentlemen—some of them, we suspect, *very young* gentlemen—went upon their
tour

tour prepossessed with opinions having a marvellous coincidence with the published doctrines of Mr. Senior. The selection of extracts from their evidence, as well as the extracts themselves, exhibit a similar leaning in all the parties concerned. And the result is, as might have been anticipated—if it were not intended—the creation of a general, though erroneous, impression against the principle of the poor-law: whilst we are quite confident that, had the inquiry been conducted in a spirit of complete impartiality, it would have led to the clear and universal acknowledgment at once of the excellence of the principle of that law, and of the abominations of its practical administration.

Much as we regret the false and unfavourable impression which has been disseminated by the circumstances we have referred to, and the increased difficulty thus created in the way of an effectual remedy, we do not hesitate to believe that the opinion of the public, as well as of the commissioners,—perhaps even of Mr. Senior himself, for we trust he is still open to conviction—will ultimately settle down in the right direction. It is only those who are content to skim over the ‘Extracts,’ and either take up with the obviously preconceived notions of some of the itinerant commissioners, or gather a hasty conclusion from a limited number of facts, that can permanently retain such an impression as we have alluded to. Those who will take the trouble to study more carefully even this selection of observations, will unavoidably be induced to draw for themselves that great and important distinction which we have lost no opportunity for years past of urging as the main point to be kept in view in the consideration of this subject—the distinction, namely, between the abuse and the use of the poor-law—between the letter, spirit and early practice of the law, and its recent indefensible infraction—between the law itself and the faults of its administration—between the poor-law of Elizabeth, as acted upon through the whole of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the poor-law of the justices of the south of England, as acted on by them *during the last thirty years only!*

The principal feature of this latter practice—the ‘allowance system’—we have repeatedly shown to be unauthorised by any statute, and consequently illegal. It is opposed in spirit as well as in letter to the original and real poor-law; and even the facts selected by the commissioners exhibit the working of this abuse in all its varied forms of mischief. The following are some only of the heads under which the index refers to the effects of the allowance system as illustrated by evidence collected from different quarters. It offers an instructive commentary in a condensed shape:—

‘Allowance.—Scale of, to able-bodied, exhibiting the inducement to improvident marriages; illustrated by eleven references to agricultural,

cultural, seven to manufacturing, parishes. Much greater to able-bodied than to infirm. Great partiality in awarding. Greater to paupers than the earnings of industrious and independent labourers; five references. Once received is ever after clung to. Given when unnecessary; five references. Persons receiving often live extravagantly. Given to make up time lost by labourers; five references. Given to labourers for getting work. Given to able-bodied without work being required; twelve references. Large amounts annually received by the same individuals and families; three references. Largest portion of population of Lenham receiving. In Bucks, given to all who ask it. Given without reference to character; eight references. Receivers of, frequently thieves and prostitutes: three references.

' Allowance extorted by violence.—Has been extorted by violence and fires; ten references. Increasing since the riots. Demanded for children, though large wages earned by father. Demanded for second child, though unnecessary. Demanded by those who have been profligate in expenditure of large previous earnings. Whilst the labourers in Sussex can extort, they refuse to work.

' Allowance reduces the whole labouring population to pauperism.—Has been substituted for wages in whole parishes, the whole being made paupers instead of a few; seven references. Induces farmers to discharge their men in order to receive them back as paupers, the parish paying part of the wages; also manufacturers in Durham. In agricultural parishes, encouraged by the farmers, as enabling them to throw a portion of their wages on the tithe-owner, shopkeeper, &c. Destroys the ratio between wages and work; five references. General distribution of, prevents the degree of any redundancy of population from being ascertained; three references. Invariably demoralizes the labourers; nine references. Increase of, has diminished inclination to emigrate. Induces the labourer to refuse allotments of land. Induces extravagant habits on the part of labourers, mechanics, and weavers; seven references. Has destroyed the veracity, industry, frugality, and domestic virtues of the labourer; fifteen references. Where very common, vice and profligacy rapidly increase; three references. Makes labourers possessing small property desirous of dissipating it, in order to be entitled to; three references. System of, induces the opinion that destitution, however produced, constitutes a claim to be supported by the community; five references. Has engendered the opinion that dependence on parish is preferable to independent labour; eleven references. Causes destruction of reciprocal feeling between parents and children; eleven references. Induces men to desert wives and children; four references. Ultimately renders helpless the persons receiving. Large portion of given to paupers, spent in beer and gin shops. Leads to early and improvident marriages. The unquestioned title of a widow to, whatever may be her earnings, one of the inducements to early marriage. In Sussex, the ultimate cause of the riots and fires; six references.

' Allowances—

'*Allowance—effects on Capital.*—Extent of, has reduced, and is reducing, the small rate-payers to being themselves paupers; three references. In the south counties gradually destroying capital. After ruining capitalists, reacts upon labourers, in leaving them destitute.

'*Allowance system spreading.*—The vigilance of the best select vestries and assistant overseers inadequate to check the increasing demand for. Increased at Tamworth, with decreasing population. All the evils of existing, and being gradually extended, in *Durham and Northumberland.*'

We have here, in a brief form, a fearful catalogue of the mischiefs produced by this system; and when we repeat that this odious practice is unwarranted by the law—is an illegal encroachment on the just application of the poor-fund, brought about by the interested manœuvring of the larger rate-payers in vestry,—connived at or sanctioned by the magistracy, either from carelessness, mistaken humanity, or, in some cases, a common interest with the employers of labour in shifting a part of its expense from themselves upon other parties—can there remain a doubt as to the necessity of the *immediate* and decisive interference of the legislature to terminate such a destructive abuse of an in itself wholesome law? Fortunately the evidence of the commissioners, which supplies us with such strong proofs of the enormous evil of the practice, affords equally convincing proofs of the facility with which it may be stopped, and all its baneful consequences mitigated immediately, and by degrees removed. We quote, as before, from the Table of Contents:—

'*Allowance system discontinued without producing distress; eight references; discontinuance of has improved the moral character of labourers—nine references.*'

We select a few of the examples here referred to. Mr. Majendie reports the case of Stanford Rivers, a purely agricultural parish, containing a population of 905, upon 4320 acres of a good quality of land; not over-peopled therefore, but at one time pauperised by the allowance system to a great extent:—

'In the year 1821 the expenditure amounted to 1191*l.*, composed of the following items:—Weekly Pay, 389*l.*; Pauper Allowances, extra, 186*l.*; Workhouse, 312*l.*; Bills, 62*l.*; Incidental Expenses, 242*l.*; total, 1191*l.*

'In the year 1824 a select vestry was established, which effected some reduction; and in 1825, a gentleman of the name of Andrews, the occupier of a considerable farm, determined, with the concurrence of the rest of the parishioners, and the support of the very intelligent and experienced magistrate, Mr. Oldham, to make a bold effort to put down pauperism. The weekly pay was at once struck off: and in the year ending March, 1826, the account stood

thus:—Pauper Allowances, 127*l.*; Workhouse Expenditure, 256*l.*; Medical, 42*l.*; Incidental, 73*l.*; County Rates, 62*l.*; total, 560*l.*

‘At the commencement of the new system, very numerous applications were made to the select vestry, but they were strictly examined: where relief was necessary, in cases of illness or real distress, it was liberally granted; but refused, unless considered requisite; and the labourers, by degrees, learnt to depend on their own resources. The rates gradually diminished, and the money expended on the poor alone, which in 1825 amounted to 834*l.*, was in 1828 only 196*l.* The vestry determined that all capable of work should be employed, and that no relief should be given but in return for labour.

‘The labourers improved in their habits and comforts. During the four years that this system was in progress, there was not a single commitment for theft, or any other offence.’—pp. 37, 38.

Mr. Chadwick reports as follows, of two other parishes—

‘The Rev. H. C. Cherry, the Rector of Burghfield, near Reading, stated that “the whole of the single labourers, including those who were on the parish, as well as those who were independent, hailed the notification” (that rates would no longer be allowed in aid of wages) “with great satisfaction, as they considered that it would render wages in future more proportioned to their labour, and that single men would have a better chance.” Mr. Cliff, the assistant-overseer of the same parish, says: “Whilst the allowance system went on, it was a common thing for young people to come to me for parish relief two or three days after they were married;—nay, I have had them come to me just as they came out of church, and apply to me for a loaf of bread to eat, and for a bed to lie on that night. But this sort of marriages is now checked, and in a few years the parish will probably be brought about. If the former system had gone on, we should have been swallowed up in a short time. . . . Similar effects had been produced by the allowance system in Swallowfield” [no bad title for the system itself]; “but, by the abatement of the cause, the effects have ceased.”’—pp. 236, 237.

The same commissioner reports generally that—

‘In the instances of individuals, as well as in several whole parishes, wherever the influence of the present system has been removed, the rise of the condition of the people has been proportionate to the removal of that influence or their previous depression. In Cookham, where the change was the most extensive, the parochial expenditure was reduced from 3133*l.* to 1155*l.*, and the general condition of the labouring classes improved. Mr. Russell, the magistrate of Swallowfield, stated to me, that in riding through Cookham, he was so much struck with the appearance of comfort observable in the persons and residences of some of the labouring classes of that village, that he was led to make inquiries into the cause. The answers he received, determined him to exert his influence to procure a similar change of system in Swallowfield.

‘In

' In Swallowfield, where it was partially effected, the rates were reduced from 9s. and 10s. in the pound to 5s. 8d., and during the last year to 3s. 8d. in the pound.'—p. 337.

Mr. Henry Stuart relates the case of the parish of Little Livermere, consisting only of one farm. When the present tenant, Mr. Rodwell, came into possession about five years ago, he found that the labourers had been in the habit of having their wages made up to a scale proportioned to their families, so that it was quite immaterial to them what was the nominal rate of wages. He refused to continue this practice, but—

' offered them such wages as he considered just, and engaged to keep them, their wives, and children in constant employment. This caused great dissatisfaction for some time, and there were constant threats held out against him, and appeals made to the magistrates, from whom many verbal messages were received, but to which no regard was paid, as work was always to be had. . . . Mr. Rodwell has a thorough knowledge of the whole economy of rural life, and his opinion can be relied upon. He describes, that though only five years have elapsed since all allowance to able-bodied men has been discontinued, he can perceive an improvement in the general character and condition of his labourers.'—pp. 148, 149.

An instance is given of a young man belonging to this parish, applying to Mr. Rodwell for a house, backed by repeated notes from the magistrates, which were regularly put into the fire by Mr. Rodwell, the man being offered work at wages sufficient to enable him to hire lodgings, which he refused.

' At length finding the overseer inexorable, the man at last returned to his work and found lodgings for himself. . . . The landlord's seat being within the parish, settlements are frequently acquired by persons living in his service. As, however, nothing is given out of the parish to a person who is able to work, those who require relief are obliged to earn it by their labour within the parish. The *butlers and grooms* are in this way generally got rid of within a week, as *relief is invariably administered in the shape of task-work.*'

Examples of the same nature were produced before the committee of the House of Commons on the poor-laws in 1828. And we may observe, in passing, on the evidence published by the present commissioners, that though it has attracted much attention to the evils of the poor-law administration, it has neither thrown much new light on the subject, nor suggested any new modes of evil or new methods of cure, other than what had been fully produced before the legislature by the committees of 1817, 1821, 1826, 1828, and 1830.

We may refer, for instance, to the evidence given before the committee of 1828, by Mr. Hale, a gentleman who acted as treasurer of the poor-rates of Spitalfields, and principal manager

of its parochial business for some five-and-twenty years. The sagacity of this gentleman from the very commencement of the allowance system, in the scarcity of 1800 and 1801, penetrated its real character and foresaw its pernicious results. He 'always set his face against it,' and so long as he remained in office, no labourer ever received any money from the parish to make up the amount of his wages.

'I always refused to give relief to persons who were employed by independent masters. I advised the parish officers to say to such applicants, "Rather than give you a single shilling, as part wages, *if you are to be a pauper*, we will take care of you, but have the whole of your labour." The effect of this was, they seldom applied for any relief at all; and though we had a greater number of *poor people* congregating together in Spitalfields than in the same given space in any other part of the empire, yet our list of *paupers* was much less in proportion than in other manufacturing towns.'

It seems, however, that in 1826, the contagion of this economical pestilence forced its way into Spitalfields in spite of the strenuous resistance which Mr. Hale opposed to it.

'They have now,' he says, 'got upon a system of reducing the price of labour, and eking it out of the rate, and many men have in consequence been driven to apply for parochial relief, and thus they have increased the number of paupers.'

Unable any longer to stem the torrent, Mr. Hale seems to have retired from the management of the affairs of the parish, and to have withdrawn even from the neighbourhood which he had in vain struggled to save from the contamination of this destructive system. He had, however, the satisfaction of being instrumental to the successful adoption of his principle in another populous manufacturing place.

'Several years ago, they reduced the wages so low in Coventry, that, though in full work, the poor weavers were obliged to have weekly relief from the parish. Some of the leading gentlemen applied to me to know what to do. I advised them to come to an agreement *not to give any more relief to people that were fully employed out of doors*, and they informed the journeymen they relieved, that if they could not live by their wages, they must give up their work, and the parish would take care of them and find them some sort of employment. Work was then given up to a great extent, *so that the masters were soon obliged to raise the wages again*.

'What became of the poor?—They took them into the workhouse, and some were, I believe, employed on the roads and other places. The plan was quite successful. The parish officers came to a determination; "I will not relieve you so long as you have work elsewhere." "Why? I am starving." "Then, give up your work, and we will relieve and employ you." The result was, the masters were

soon

soon obliged to give the advance of wages again. The rates, moreover, were comparatively lowered, and the moral condition of the parish improved.*

Mr. Lister Ellis detailed to the same committee the complete success of another such experiment, in a purely agricultural parish near Carlisle. This gentleman also described the beneficial change that had been wrought in Liverpool, by a similar reform enforced through the adoption of a select vestry in 1821-2. Previous to that time upwards of

‘8000*l.* had been annually given to paupers out of the workhouse, many of whom were able to work, and did work for whom they pleased, but having once got a “pension-ticket,” that is to say, a card giving them a claim for a weekly allowance, it continued without intermission all their lives.’

The select vestry determined on peremptorily refusing relief *in money* to any one who was capable of labour. But labour was offered to such as were willing to work. The discipline of the workhouse was at the same time rendered more severe. The result was, that—whereas in 1821, 4117 paupers were relieved at an expense to the parish of 36,013*l.*—in 1827 the number of paupers had been reduced to 2607, and their cost to 19,395*l.*, notwithstanding that a vast increase of population had in the mean time taken place.† It appears from the report of Mr. Henderson given in the ‘Extracts,’ that the select vestry of Liverpool continue to act upon the improved system with the most favourable results:—

‘No regular relief is given to able-bodied men having families, when fully employed. No rents are ever paid by the parish.’ ‘The select vestry strictly scrutinize every claim for relief; and the workhouse is used as a test of the real necessities of applicants. Some who pretend to be starving, refuse. Others, really in want, solicit admission.’

The workhouse is one of the largest establishments of the kind in the kingdom, and its management appears, from Mr. Henderson’s report, to be well worthy of minute attention. The great principle is to preserve order and strict discipline with a considerable degree of confinement, and to exact a full measure of work from all in proportion to their ability. This is a system intolerable to the lazy, the dissolute, and the impostor, while to those who are really unable to provide for themselves, it offers all that the letter or the principle of the law requires, viz. a resource from starvation. It is in fact a strict execution of the law of Elizabeth. The aged people and the young are made comfortable. The total number of paupers is about seventeen hundred. The total cost of the establishment about three shillings

* Report of Select Committee on Poor Laws, 1828, p. 32. † Ibid. p. 54.

weekly

weekly per head. That of clothing and provisions alone two shillings and twopence halfpenny.*

These instances, and many more might be adduced, of a successful reformation in the abuses of the poor-laws, in parishes of every kind—large as well as small, agricultural and manufacturing—a reformation carried into effect, in every case, suddenly and without preparation, but, in all, with the most beneficial results immediately consequent upon the change, prove demonstrably how exaggerated are the fears which some entertain as to the danger of putting a sudden and general stop to these abuses, and especially to the allowance system. On the contrary, we are convinced that it will prove much more easy to effect such a change generally and at once throughout the country, than successively in separate parishes. There does appear to be some danger of exciting discontent—perhaps insurrection—among the pauperized inhabitants of a single parish, if they alone are subjected to a more strict and severe treatment than they have been accustomed to, from which they observe the paupers of the neighbouring parishes to continue exempt. We know, in fact, of instances where great dissatisfaction, and threatened riots, have been excited by such partial attempts at parochial reform. Inequality of treatment is regarded by the poor as the criterion of injustice. Where all suffer alike they generally submit with patience, as to an unavoidable and necessary state of things. But that the same law should allow the labourers in one parish to claim from the rates a regular allowance of several shillings per week beyond their wages, and not in the next parish, naturally seems to the poor a pregnant proof of injustice and oppression, against which their spirit indignantly revolts.

We might remark on the injustice likewise inflicted by such partial reforms on the rate-payers and employers of labour in different parishes. The latter, for instance, in a parish where the making up wages out of rates has been stopped, must necessarily raise the wages of their labourers much beyond the rate paid by the farmers or other employers in neighbouring parishes, who meet them at an unfair advantage in the common markets—the one party having been obliged to pay the whole wages of his labourers, while the other has been allowed to shift a part of his payments for labour upon the shoulders of the householders, shopkeepers, and clergymen of his parish. In fact, this unfair inequality in the position of those farmers or manufacturers who commence a reform in their parochial abuses, as compared with their competitors in parishes where the abuses still continue, is sufficient to prevent, unless under peculiar circumstances, the accomplishment of any

* Extracts, p. 350.

such

such piecemeal and voluntary reforms. Improvements have, indeed, hitherto taken place only where some strong-minded and determined individual, by extraordinary energy and perseverance, and with the support of the little holders and rate-payers, has succeeded in overcoming this natural resistance of the larger employers to a change which, by redressing the injustice they have previously perpetrated on their neighbours, occasions them, in the first instance, to suffer in the manner we have pointed out.

Far from believing that the *systematic* termination of the allowance scheme would be attended with any difficulty through the resistance of the labouring-class, we are confident that such a change, restoring the market for labour to its natural condition, would be universally hailed by them as the greatest boon. It is a complete mistake to suppose, as some appear to do, that the labourers of England prefer pauperism to independent industry. Where parochial dependence has become common, it has been *forced* upon them by the persevering efforts of the administrators of the poor-laws, who, conspiring with the employers of labour to lower the rate of wages, have *prevented* the labourer from obtaining employment, and consequently a maintenance, *except on condition of his becoming a pauper*. Mr. Hale justly observes, as the result of his long experience,—

‘ A poor man will rise up early, he will sit up late, he will eat the bread of carefulness, he will undergo the most severe privations before he will take a single shilling, so long as he can carry his head independently, and say, “ Thank God, I have never been a pauper ; thank God, not one of my family ever took anything from the parish ! ” That man will starve himself almost, and he will go without food till he is broken down ; but let him once take the first shilling and his independence is lost—the barrier is broken down—his poverty descends to indigence—he feels himself degraded—he is a lost member of society—and he deteriorates in his morals.’ *

If this is a true statement of the feeling generally entertained by our peasantry towards parochial dependence (and we are convinced of its truth after no narrow experience of our own), is it to be expected that they will be found to resist the abolition of a system which degrades them in their own estimation—which compels them, from early childhood, to draw their maintenance from the poor-rate, and to receive the very wages of their labour from the hands of a surly overseer at a vestry pay-table, as an eleemosynary and contested grant ? We are confident that even in the districts which have been most demoralized by the long continuance of this system, the great body of the labourers would hail with gratitude the return to the natural laws of employ-

* Report of Committee, 1828, p. 33.

ment, which will leave them at liberty to make their own bargains face to face with their employers, to increase their wages by increased exertion, and to receive them with the proud and grateful consciousness of having earned them in full, by selling to their employer an equivalent in labour. We believe that the working population would be content to receive even a less sum in this satisfactory shape than is now doled out to them in the odious and repulsive form of parish relief and wages confounded together. But no such sacrifice would be required of them. The abolition of the allowance system would have the opposite effect of considerably *increasing* the aggregate sum now divided among the labouring population of the parishes in which it prevails. Nothing can be more certain than that, of all the parties whom this vile practice robs, the poor themselves—the labouring poor—are those who are most shamefully defrauded. Its tendency is to reduce the aggregate receipts of that whole class to the *minimum* on which—man, woman, and child—they can be maintained alive. The labourer with a large family has meted out to him, by a bread scale, the precise sufficiency for their support, reckoned by the head. The labourer without a family has his bare necessities similarly supplied, *but he gets no more*. The latter receives his 3s. or 4s. a week, where the former obtains 12s. or 15s. But this is certain, that were relief no longer permitted to those who work for private employers, the wages of the single labourer would rise directly to a level with those of the married man with a considerable family. The free competition of labourers being restored, there would be but one rate of wages; or, at least, any variation that occurred would be determined by a difference in the character and industry of the labourer—no longer by the number of his children. The aggregate sum now paid by employers to their labourers would be considerably increased, and restitution would be made *to the class* of the difference of which they have been most unjustly deprived by an illegal stretch of local authority. While the single labourers, and such as have moderate families, would profit greatly by the necessary increase of their earnings, even the man whose family is so large that no rise of wages which can be contemplated as the consequence of the change could be sufficient to maintain it, would not be deteriorated in his circumstances. He is now ‘upon the parish;’ he would continue upon it. The only change in his position would be from working, as a pauper, on account of a farmer or manufacturer, to working, still as a pauper, on account of the parish. And it should be remembered that, if this situation of a parish workman has anything humiliating in its character, it will then be borne at least by the right party—by him whose incumbrances of a wife and large infant family would
naturally,

naturally, and, in the absence of the poor-law, reduce him to a state of far greater suffering—and that the only alternative is to substitute in his place the unmarried and unburdened labourer, who even in the absence of any legal provision for the poor, would be sure of obtaining an ample maintenance for himself by his industry. In truth, the great pressure of the present system falls on the unmarried men, who are denied all employment for half the year, on the plea that a single man can live upon his wits, whereas a married man, with a family, *must* have a certain rate of maintenance, and whatever he can earn in wages is saved in parish pay to him. It is thus upon the single men that the burthen of supporting the large families is really, though indirectly, made to fall; and it is thus that they are driven either to marry as speedily as possible, and get a family, as the only recognized claim for constant employment, or to support themselves by poaching and crime. This is the education which the existing abuse of the poor-law provides for the rising generation of labourers throughout the kingdom.

On all these, and other grounds which it were useless here to go over again, we trust there will be no dallying or compounding with this execrable abuse; but that without delay, and as the first, and by far the most indispensable reform of the administration of the poor-law, it will be at once and universally *prohibited, under heavy penalties on the overseers or vestries that practise it*. Had a declaratory enactment to this effect been passed in 1828, as was recommended by the committee of the House of Commons which sat in that year,* we are convinced that *the riots of 1830 would never have occurred*, and the perilous example then set of a general rise of wages obtained through violence and intimidation would never have been seen; the evils which the commissioners inform us are ‘steadily and rapidly progressive,’ and ‘becoming every year and every day more overwhelming in magnitude and less susceptible of cure,’ would have received such a complete check, as must not merely have saved us from all the subsequent accumulation of pauperism, but by restoring the labour-market to its natural and healthy condition, would have materially reduced the mass of pauperism which a long continuance of this baleful system had previously engendered.

The position in which the magistracy of the country will be placed until a complete reform be effected in this system, is indeed fearful to contemplate, and must be most harrowing to their feelings. The evil is too widely spread, and too deeply rooted, to be removed by their exertions unassisted by the legislature; and they will therefore be compelled, in the absence of that assistance, to continue enforcing a system of parochial relief which has

* See the Report of 1828, p. 9.

been declared by the highest authorities to be unwarranted by any statute, and to have the effect of demoralizing and depressing the labouring class, so as to be notoriously the cause (and it may almost be said the justification) of their discontent and insubordination. And having thus, by an acknowledged abuse of the ministerial functions entrusted to them, driven the poor man into insurrection,* these same magistrates have imposed upon them the duty of ordering out the civil and military force against him, and afterwards sit in judgment on and condemn him for the offence they have themselves forced him to commit. This is a dilemma in which it is not for the safety, the peace, or the honour of the country that the magistracy of England should be continued one instant longer than is absolutely unavoidable. We trust that the winter which must intervene before this state of things can be remedied, will bring with it no necessity for the deplorable contingency to which we have referred. But if it do not, we shall owe the circumstance to good fortune, or rather to the merciful dispensation of an overruling Providence—not to the wisdom of our institutions, or the care of those who preside over their administration.

It is understood that the remedial suggestions of the commission will be drawn up by Mr. Chadwick—a sub-commissioner whose report, printed at great length in the *Extracts*, is full of interesting matter collected with much care, tact, and discrimination;—and will, at least, closely correspond with those which he thus briefly sketches out:—

‘Of the evils resulting from the existing system of poor-laws in England, that which consists merely in the amount of the rates, an evil great when considered by itself, but trifling when compared with the moral effects which I am deploring, might be much diminished by the combination of workhouses, and by substituting a rigid administration and contract management for the existing scenes of neglect, extravagance, jobbing, and fraud.

‘By an alteration, or even, according to the suggestion of many witnesses, an abolition, of the law of settlement, a great part, or, according to the latter suggestion, the whole of the enormous sums now spent in litigation and removals, might be saved; the labourers might be distributed according to the demand for labour; the immigration from Ireland of labourers of inferior habits be checked; and the oppression and cruelty to which the unmarried labourers, and those who have acquired any property, are now subjected, might, according to the extent of the alteration, be diminished, or utterly put an end to.

* The Duke of Wellington, very shortly after his retirement from office, attributed in his place in Parliament the rural rebellion of 1830 mainly to the *maladministration* of the poor-laws by country magistrates.

‘ If no relief were allowed to be given to the able-bodied, or to their families, except in return for adequate labour, or in a well-regulated workhouse, the worst of the existing sources of evil, the allowance system, would immediately disappear; a broad line would be drawn between the independent labourers and the paupers; the number of paupers would be immediately diminished in consequence of the reluctance to accept relief on such terms; and would be still further diminished in consequence of the increased fund for the payment of wages occasioned by the diminution of rates, and would ultimately, instead of forming a constantly increasing proportion of our whole population, become a small, well-defined part of it, capable of being provided for at an expense less than one-half of the present poor-rates.

‘ The proposed changes would tend powerfully to promote providence and forethought, not only in the daily concerns of life, but in the most important of all points, marriage.’

It is gratifying to us to find the immediate abolition of the allowance system here insisted upon so strongly. We might have wished this suggestion to have taken precedence of every other, as being by far the most important and indispensable of any. But fully agreeing in the propriety of the alteration of the present complicated and expensive system of settlement, and the substitution of some simpler mode, we will not dispute about the order in which these two great improvements of the poor-law may be mentioned by the commission, so that their simultaneous adoption be recommended.

Some law of local settlement is an essential element in a poor-law. Were paupers to be supported out of some general national fund, there can be little doubt that the extravagance and carelessness of those administering the fund, would far exceed even that which is at present so justly reprobated. The more limited the area of settlement, the more direct will be the interest of those who administer the distribution of the rate in its economy—the greater their vigilance in preventing the extension of pauperism, detecting imposture, and discouraging parochial dependence. On the other hand, the disadvantages of a limited settlement are the unavoidable impediment it places in the way of the equalization of the supply to the demand for labour throughout the country, and the extent of litigation between parishes on settlement questions. But when it is considered that the existing law of settlement has long influenced the relative value of property in different parishes to such an extent, that estates of equal quality and size, in two neighbouring parishes, are of most unequal value in the market, owing to the unequal pressure of the poor-rate upon them,—it will be seen, that even were the disadvantages of parochial settlement greater than they really are, it would be impossible

possible to alter the law in this respect, and equalize to any extent the burden of poor-rate upon parishes, without the most intolerable injustice, amounting in many instances to a complete revolution in the ownership of landed property.

It is not, therefore, the extent of area within which settlements are to be confined, but the mode only of acquiring settlement within the present parochial divisions, that is susceptible of alteration; and in this view we think it would be highly advisable to sweep away, *prospectively* of course, all the embarrassing laws respecting settlement by service, by apprenticeship, renting, and estate, and to enact, that for the future, residence alone, for a term of years, shall confer a settlement in any parish: (two would, we consider, be preferable to the Scotch term of three years :) and that in default of proof of such residence, the settlement be in the place of *birth*: when this cannot be ascertained, in the place of settlement of the parents.

An improvement in the management of workhouses is highly necessary. They should be made places of strict confinement and hard labour to the able-bodied, with moderate diet and a total denial of all indulgences, in order to render a residence within their walls as irksome and distasteful as possible, and the last resource of those only who cannot, by their utmost exertions, obtain a maintenance elsewhere. At the same time, we do not think that relief should be given solely at the workhouse to those who, from undoubted infirmity or extreme age, are known to be incapable of supporting themselves. Above all, who will not say with Crabbe—

‘ It grieves me to behold
Those ever virtuous, helpless now and old;
Those who, by sickness and misfortune tried,
Gave want its worth, and poverty its pride—
I own it grieves me to behold *them* sent
From their old home.—’Tis pain—’tis punishment.’

Such paupers can be maintained more cheaply in their own cottages, or those of their relatives than in the workhouse; nor are they fit subjects for the necessarily severe, and almost penal, discipline of that establishment, whose terrors should be reserved as a test of doubtful cases only.

We trust that the opportunity will not be lost for requiring the parish accounts to be kept in a methodical and accurate form, such as will convey clear and correct information to those who audit them, as well as to parliament and statisticians investigating the subject, on the real character of the several payments. At present, all is confusion and perplexity. Each parish—nay, every successive overseer—has his own method of entering and keeping his

his accounts—intelligible to no one but himself. Overseers should be directed, *under penalties*, to keep their accounts in folio books printed according to forms given in the act.* They should moreover be required to reduce the rate or valuation of property in their respective parishes, on which the assessment for the relief of the poor, and other parochial purposes, is levied, either to the full rack, or real rental, or to some uniform proportion determined in the act—say, for instance, the rack-rental for *land*, and two-thirds for *houses* and other *buildings*, as nearly as may be. And such valuation should be revised periodically at such intervals as may be expedient to accommodate the assessment to the changes in the value of property.

The last recommendation of Mr. Chadwick is as follows:—

‘It is essential to the working of every one of these improvements, that the administration of the poor-laws should be entrusted, as to their general superintendence, to one central authority with extensive powers, and, as to their details, to paid officers, acting under the consciousness of constant superintendence and strict responsibility.’

In this, too, we heartily concur. If, however, it were contemplated to take from the magistracy the administration of the poor-law, and especially the adjudication of appeals from the local officers (the overseers or vestrymen), we should decidedly object to such a change. We have not been backward in exposing the defective administration of this law by the magistracy. But, acting as they have hitherto done, free from all control or responsibility, nay, even deprived of all guidance to their discretion—each endowed with absolute power in his own limited sphere, to interpret the vague expressions of ancient acts of parliament, according to the dictates of his caprice, or mistaken feelings, or erring judgment—it would indeed be strange if they had not fallen into frequent errors. Nor is it wonderful that, under these circumstances, they should have occasionally employed their power rather to the supposed improvement of their

* We would suggest that these books should consist of,—1. The Register, in which the name of the pauper should be entered alphabetically, with his age, residence, family, and the circumstances which render him chargeable, carefully noted in appropriate columns. 2. The Weekly Pay-Book, in which should be entered the sums paid to the paupers, distinguishing them into four classes, viz. Resident, Non-resident, Bastards, and Parish Labourers:—which latter class should be again subdivided into men, women, boys, and girls, in order to afford an accurate view of the amount and nature of the surplus labour at any time on the parish. 3. The Day-Book, in which all payments should be entered in the gross as soon as made, and all receipts noted in the cash-account as soon as taken. 4. The Ledger, in which the sum of all payments and receipts should be posted methodically, under their different heads, once a month. Abstracts of each year’s accounts should be transmitted by the overseer to the clerk of the peace for the county, or some superintending officer, whose duty it should be to register it, and take measures for printing, in one collective view, the annual abstracts of the several parishes in each county.

own rentals than for its legitimate purposes. Still this affords no ground for believing that the same body, if acting under the control and superintendence of a superior authority, and by the aid of general rules for the guidance of their discretion, would continue to tread the same faulty path, or to abuse the power confided to them. It is not now we have to learn for the first time that checks and responsibility are necessary to insure the effective performance of public duties.

In a former article we pointed out the necessity of securing a more uniform and judicious administration of the poor-law, and recommended for this object that the magistrates of each county, at quarter-sessions, should be required annually to consider and publish regulations for the guidance of individual magistrates, as well as of overseers and vestries. We still think that these general directions should emanate from the quarter-sessions bench. At the same time, it would be most desirable for that court to receive instructions from, and be superintended by, some central board, or other special authority emanating from the Home Office, with a view to render the practice of the different counties as uniform as their local peculiarities may render advisable, and to bring all to approximate as closely as possible to the best model. There have been rumours of an intention to recommend the appointment of special salaried commissioners, sitting each in his peculiar district, for the decision of poor-law cases, in place of the existing magistracy. Some such suggestion may have entered the head of a briefless barrister, to whom a snug commissionership of this nature would be exceedingly agreeable, but can hardly be entertained for a moment by any other person. The large number of these officers that would be required, and the enormous expense of their salaries, put such a scheme entirely out of the question, and spare us the trouble of proving how much less reliance could be placed on the discretion of persons having no interest in the economy of the immense funds they would have to dispense, than on that even of the present authorities; who, at least, are deeply interested in the due administration of the poor-rate, since it is upon them, as a body, that the tax principally falls.

When the administration of the poor-law has been cleared of its existing vices, when a methodical and uniform system of management and book-keeping is adopted, and a broad line drawn between independent labourers and able-bodied paupers compelled to resort to their parishes for work, the real surplus of labour, if there be any, in each parish, will be accurately ascertained, and means must then be resorted to for disposing of it to the greatest advantage, or with the least loss.

We

We are inclined to believe that the redundancy, so severely felt at present, will, under this improved system, be found to disappear to a great extent, and to be local rather than general. That so long as Ireland pours in upon us its hordes of starving bog-trotters, driven over to this country by the absence of any relief from utter destitution in their own, it will be hopeless to expect materially to reduce the redundancy of labour in the parishes of the south and west of England, appears but too evident. *Delenda est Carthago!* This barbarizing immigration *must* be checked, or all measures to prevent the spread of pauperism in Britain will be ineffectual. We can hardly, however, imagine that another session will be allowed to pass without the enactment of a law compelling the Irish landowners to relieve the infirm and employ the destitute population of their estates; which estates are notoriously as much in want of the expenditure of labour in their improvement, as the miserable beings now dragging out a miserable existence in idleness and beggary upon them are in want of employment. But we will not be tempted to diverge into this topic, which we have elsewhere fully treated. It is enough to repeat our conviction that the extension of the poor-law to Ireland, in its principle and most important provisions, is a first and indispensable step towards any effectual improvement of the working of that law in Britain. This accomplished, and a permanent excess of labour being still ascertained to exist, the question how to deal with it may, we think, be answered thus:—

The excess can all be ultimately, indeed within a very few years, removed to the fertile and unoccupied wastes of our colonies, where labour is grievously deficient and highly priced. This has been shown repeatedly by unanswered, and, we presume we may, therefore, say, unanswerable, arguments. That it would be good economy in parishes to pay the entire expense of the emigration of their surplus poor, has been proved by numerous experiments, as well as by close calculation. That it would be equally profitable to government to undertake the cost of an extensive and methodical scheme of colonization, repaying itself for the transport of a new labouring population to its colonies by the increased sales of waste lands, and the increased revenues, which such a scheme must speedily and unquestionably occasion, we have demonstrated over and over again. Under such circumstances, an equitable division of the expense between government and the parishes whose poor are assisted to emigrate, appears the fairest principle. Both of these parties must reap a profit from the scheme far exceeding the amount of their outlay; and with this view we trust that, in any bill introduced for the amelioration of the

the poor-laws, parishes will be allowed to apply a portion of their rates, under certain restrictions, to aid the emigration of their redundant labourers.

But since emigration can scarcely be expected to remove the whole surplus within a considerable period, it remains to devise means for employing them in the interim in the most profitable manner, or rather with the least pecuniary loss to their parishes, and the least injury to their own moral and industrious character. For this purpose the chief requisites are system and organization. Parish labourers should no longer be left, as now, to the sham employment of the overseer, who, serving the office grudgingly, and being himself fully engaged in general with his own business, is neither competent nor willing to take the trouble to find profitable employment for them, and contents himself with ordering them into the quarry or the gravel-pit—the parish pound or the market-place—in order that he may be satisfied that, though they do no work for the parish, they do none for themselves or any other party. An immense waste of labour is in this way continually taking place in country parishes, where it might be usefully employed, but for the total absence of judgment, system, and a proper scheme of management and superintendence—things which cannot proceed from the discordant elements of a parish vestry. Moreover, the overseers and vestrymen of agricultural parishes are, for the most part, tenants at will, having but a temporary interest in their occupations, and therefore indisposed to bestir themselves in finding out means for employing labour in permanent improvements, the benefits of which will not be sensible for a considerable time.

The landowners (who after all are the real rate-payers) would, from their superior intelligence and deeper interest, be more fitly entrusted with the task of setting on foot such works of general or local utility as may give employment to the surplus labour of the parishes in which their estates lie. If in every county, or rather, perhaps, in every petty sessions' division, a committee or *board of works* were formed out of the magistracy and a certain number of landowners of the district, elected for the purpose by the parish vestries—such a body might, we think, be able to devise means of employment for the parish paupers within their district, on a broad scale of general utility, and of such a nature as not to interfere with the ordinary demand for routine labour. The board might receive tenders from individuals desirous of having works of this character performed; and such undertakings being conducted under paid superintendents, by large gangs of parish labourers, it would not be difficult to obtain full work from them. Arrangements might easily be established by which the board, acting
through

through its secretary or surveyor, should charge against each parish the maintenance or necessary pay of its pauper labourers while employed, and place to its credit the proceeds of their labour. New roads, or alterations in the old, railroads, canals, drainage levels, inclosures, or plantations of wastes, and other improvements of a public or private nature, would probably be undertaken for this purpose; and the result would be, if not a return to the full amount of the sums expended, at least the creation of many useful and valuable works, by an expenditure which is now absolutely thrown away; at the same time that a check would be given to the demoralization and habitual idleness that are now stamped into the character of such labourers as are unfortunately driven to apply to their parishes for temporary employment. The pay of these surplus parish labourers should be kept perfectly distinct from that of the infirm paupers. And it is questionable whether much benefit would not arise from levying one-half, if not the whole of it (under the name of labour-rate as distinguished from poor-rate) upon the owners instead of the occupiers of rateable property. All rates, we are aware, ultimately come out of rent; but landlords themselves appear scarcely to be sensible of this, and to need the stimulus of direct taxation to make them take the requisite steps; which none can so well take as themselves, for relieving their estates from the burthen of a redundant population.

Indeed, so little exertion seems to be made by the generality of land-owners to check the rapid growth of the poor-rate, that we can hardly suppose them alive to the fact, that of the total sum of eight millions and upwards annually levied under that name, seven-tenths, or *more than five millions and a half*, are a deduction from the rental of their estates, (only three-tenths being levied from the vast mass of property of other kinds,)—that the paupers have by law a prior claim to the remainder, if their necessities require it; and that the process by which that remainder is daily encroached upon as pauperism increases, must, from its very nature—unchecked by vigorous exertions on their part—proceed in an accelerated ratio. There are parishes in England whose *whole* rental has been already swallowed up by the poor-rate, and whose lands, being no longer capable of defraying the cost of cultivating them, *and* of supporting the settled poor, are thrown out of cultivation, and their entire labouring population out of work; in which case the whole charge of their maintenance is transferred to the neighbouring parishes as an addition to their own poor-rate. Should *their* rental, in turn, (as is highly probable,) prove insufficient to support this double burthen, *their* lands likewise must go out of cultivation, and *their* labourers out of work, and the combined and accumulated charge of poor-rate be transferred to

others, which can hardly fail to sink in the same manner under it. Once commenced, the tendency of this process evidently is to spread on all sides like a plague-sore, with accelerated rapidity, annihilating rent—extinguishing cultivation—throwing entire parishes out of tillage, and adding hundreds of farmers and thousands of labourers to the daily swelling lists of pauperism. Landlords must be up and stirring if they desire to avoid the same fate.

Let not the land-owners, however, imagine that they can escape the catastrophe that awaits them, by a compounding with the present system after the manner of the 'labour-rate' scheme. We heartily agree in the reprobation with which the poor-law commissioners view the principle of the act now happily about to expire, which gave a temporary sanction to that iniquity. It went to legalize and encourage the worst parts of the allowance-system. Its tendency is to reduce the whole labouring population to the condition of *serfs*, adscript to the soil of their parishes—nay, even of particular farms; compelled to work for particular masters, who are in their turn compelled to employ particular labourers. Freedom of contract between master and man has been always justly considered the *sine quâ non* of their industry and mutual benefit; and this the labour-rate entirely destroys. It is well known that the best, almost the only good, labourers now left in the country, are those who reside in parishes where they have no legal settlement, and consequently are aware that their employment depends entirely on their character and conduct. The immediate effect of the labour-rate, wherever adopted, is to cause the discharge of these men; their masters being practically *fined* in the amount of their wages for employing ex-parishioners. They are sent back to their parishes, there to unlearn their industrious habits upon the highways or in the gravel-pits. The general adoption of the scheme (and if permitted in any parishes, all must come into it in self-defence) can only be to destroy what industry and independence are left among labourers, and reduce the whole to one common level of servile sluggishness.

Before concluding we would earnestly recommend to the consideration of the Poor-law Commissioners the proposal which several years since was made in this Review, for the substitution of a compulsory system of savings-banks for the poor-rate. The more we have examined the subject, the more thoroughly have we been persuaded of the practicability and inestimable advantages of some such commutation. One of the worst features of the poor-law—the worst, indeed, by far—is what Mr. Hale so strongly dwells upon, that the acceptance of parish relief, however necessary it may be rendered by unavoidable casualty, destroys that honest pride of independence which is the main stay of industry.

industry. But were relief to be obtained in distress, not from a public charitable provision like the poor-rate, but from a fund composed of a portion of the earnings of the labourer himself, laid up by the providence of the state for this very purpose—to accumulate at interest until it was needed—no more degradation would be felt in applying for it, under temporary calamity, than in the case of the members of a benefit society, or the subscribers to a health-insurance office. The poor man would retain his sense of self-respect, and with it his moral character and his pride of industrious independence. All the hateful effects of pauperism would cease, while the advantages of the present system would be preserved.

Many laudable attempts have been made of late to combine and extend the advantages of savings-banks and benefit societies. But experience has proved, what might have been foreseen, that while the poor-law holds out the certainty of relief under every casualty, it is hopeless to expect that the labouring class will voluntarily submit to privation, and pay for that which they are sure of obtaining gratuitously when they require it. In Hampshire, Wiltshire, Dorset, and several other counties, benefit societies were founded a few years since on a wide scale, and under judicious regulations, offering to the poor the means of insuring themselves against want in every shape, upon the most safe and equitable terms. But we believe in every instance these institutions have fallen still-born to the ground from the want of contributors; and we shall be very greatly mistaken if the advantages offered by the late Annuity Act are not equally disregarded. The benefit-clubs which do succeed in obtaining members are only, in truth, apologies for convivial meetings. The depositors in savings-banks belong to the class of domestic servants and artisans, rather than to the inferior class of labourers. The feeling is all but universal among the latter, ‘Why should we sacrifice our money only to relieve the parish from the necessity of providing for us in sickness and infirmity?’ So long as the poor-law exists, (and no one is so insane, it is to be hoped, as to desire its abolition without providing any substitute,) the only mode whereby the advantages of these excellent institutions can be extended to the labouring class, will be by *enforcing* their contributions—by a law which shall compulsorily take a portion of the earnings of every labourer during his years of health and vigour to provide for his season of exhaustion or sickness.

In employing these phrases, we are, however, putting the plan in its very worst aspect. A tax upon wages would, of course, be levied from, and paid by, the employers of labour; and would in reality be a poor-rate, under a better form and on a fairer and more equitable system. It would be a contribution from masters

to a fund for assuring their labourers from destitution ; and would throw the expense of maintaining the aged, impotent, and sick poor, precisely where it ought in justice to fall—viz., on the persons who have profited by their labour, or that of their natural protectors, while capable of work. At present it happens, not unfrequently, that a capitalist—a manufacturer, for example—hires the services of a large number of labourers for a certain time, for the bare cost of maintaining them while in health and the prime of life ; and, after reaping a profit from their exertions, shifts upon the landed property in his neighbourhood the burthen of maintaining them, so soon as accident, sickness, or the natural exhaustion of their strength in the course of a life of toil, deprive them of their value as instruments of gain. The plan proposed, in addition to its other advantages, accomplishes the desirable object of charging the support of the aged and infirm part of the labouring population on the employers of labour, exactly in proportion to the amount of labour they purchase from the able-bodied. It adjusts the burthen with perfect precision upon the parties who are in equity liable to it, and seems to be an improvement of the poor-laws completely in harmony with their spirit and intention.

The amount of contribution required for the purpose of insuring sufficient relief, under every casualty, to supersede the necessity of parish assistance, is so trifling that, whether it would really fall to be paid by the master or the labourer, (and we are aware that political arithmeticians will differ upon this point,) can matter little. It is clear from Mr. Becher's tables, that a weekly payment of sixpence, or but *one penny* for every working day, commencing from the age of twenty, will assure to every labourer a weekly allowance, in sickness, of ten shillings *bed-lying*, and five shillings *walking*, pay,—an annuity of five shillings weekly after the age of sixty-five,—and a payment of ten pounds to his relatives on his death ! Were every labourer in the kingdom assured of relief to this extent in case of need, the poor-rate would well-nigh be extinguished. And how little would the payment required for this object be felt by the parties themselves ! *

A contribution of this kind might very properly be required from every householder in the kingdom, for every member of

* Were the adoption of this scheme confined only to those labourers who are now under the age of twenty, it would begin immediately to lessen the poor-rate, and extinguish it wholly after the lapse of a single generation. But it might be applied to labourers of all ages, and the amount of relief insured to them on the occurrence of casualty lessened in due proportion to the age of each ; by which the parish-pay to them when in want of it would be diminished *pro tanto* : or finally, the payments made on account of every labourer above twenty might be kept separate, as in the savings-banks, and the sum accumulated in his name disbursed to him when the necessity arises, which to that extent would relieve his parish from the burthen of his maintenance.

his family or household not working as a servant or labourer for another party. Even the wealthiest are sometimes reduced to pauperism ; and it is only just that they likewise should contribute their quota to the fund on which, at some time or other, they may be forced to lean for sustenance.

The poor-rate would, under such an alteration as is here proposed, cease very shortly altogether, and be superseded by a General Benefit Society, for the mutual insurance of all the members of the community against destitution. Providence will thus be methodized and guaranteed. The thoughtless and extravagant will be compelled to contribute, while they are able, to that fund upon which they fall back for maintenance whenever their means of self-support are exhausted. Will it be objected that the benefits which all acknowledge to flow from every *voluntary* system of mutual assurance—whether against fire, casualty, old age, or want of employment, disappear when the contribution is made compulsory ? We cannot see why this should be so. Government itself, with its vast machinery of taxation, is but a great system of compulsory mutual assurance against the evils of internal disorder and external violence. And may not a tax be levied with equal justice for a mutual assurance against want and extreme distress ? Nay, a tax is imposed at present for this very end, but frequently on the wrong parties, and always in a form which gives it a false and mischief-working character. We would have it shifted on the right shoulders, and make it appear what it really is, or ought to be—a mutual assurance of the members of society against destitution. As for the trouble, the expense, or the difficulty of carrying such a scheme into execution, we conceive that, when methodically and earnestly set about by competent persons, it would be worked with far greater facility than the present clumsy and mismanaged system, and at a tithe of its expense. The same machinery by which it is proposed to work the Government Annuity Act will be all-sufficient for this purpose.

Our proposal is but indirectly to *compel* every individual to take that prudent step which the framers of the Annuity Act (vainly, as we think) wish every one to take *spontaneously*. We need not enlarge on the vast security against political disturbance and agrarian attacks on property, funded or otherwise, which would accompany a state of things in which every individual in the community shall be possessed of a stake to the amount of his contributions in the accumulated annuity fund, and be thus bound, as it were, in recognizances to that amount for the preservation of order and the general protection of property.

- ART. IV.—1. *Journal of a West India Proprietor*. By the late Matthew G. Lewis. London. 1 vol. 8vo. 1833.
 2. *Domestic Manners in the West Indies*. By Mrs. Carmichael, London. 2 vols. 12mo. 1833.

IT would be a poor piece of business to set about reviewing, in a serious tone, a couple of new books on the subject of the British West Indies. The reflections to which the whole treatment of our colonists during the last ten years, by successive parliaments and governments, must give rise in every impartial bosom, are of a painful kind; the ignorance, the rashness, the blind audacity of too many influential persons—the mean shuffling and intrigue of others—and the hot, heavy, dogged stupidity of the perhaps not ill-meaning agitators, to whose pertinacity the present ministry has at last succumbed—are features in our recent history, on which future times will pause with mingled wonder, contempt, and pity. But the irrevocable step has at length been taken—and we therefore turn to these volumes without the smallest intention of hanging on them a political dissertation. We are to treat them merely as pictures of manners—records of a state of society that has existed in our sugar islands, and which, whether the future course of events shall prove as unhappy as most thinking men seem to anticipate, or as fortunate for all parties concerned, as Mr. Stanley instructs ‘the ministerial manifesto’ to prophesy, will undoubtedly be curious and valuable in the eyes of the next generation.

The first-named of these books is in many respects, indeed, a curiosity: it is a posthumous production of the author of *The Monk*, and we are inclined to say, the best of all the creatures of his pen. Why it has been kept lying *perdu*, during the fifteen years that have elapsed since Mr. Lewis’s death, we are not told; but sure we are, the delay has been extremely injurious not only to the reputation of the author, but to what is (or was) of much higher consequence, the cause of the body he belonged to—the West India proprietors. Had this book been published in 1818, or 1819, it might have turned many an enemy of the colonists into a friend. Now, like the excellent work of Mrs. Carmichael, it comes too late to be of any use in that point of view; but it does not come too late to vindicate the talents of Mr. Lewis from the oblivious disparagement into which, from various circumstances, but especially from some scoffing sneers in Lord Byron’s diaries, they had been allowed to fall.

And yet Lord Byron had a sincere regard for the man. On hearing of his death, he says—

‘Lewis was a good man, a clever man, but a bore;—a d—d bore, one
 may

may say. My only revenge, or consolation, used to be setting him by the ears with some vivacious person who hated bores especially, Madame de Stael or Hobhouse for example. But I liked Lewis, he was a jewel of a man, had he been better *set*—I don't mean *personally*, but less tiresome, for he was tedious as well as contradictory to everything and everybody. He was a man of many words. Poor fellow: he died a martyr to his new riches—of a second visit to Jamaica.

'I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
Dark Musgrave were alive again'—

that is,

'I would give many a sugar-cane,
Monk Lewis were alive again.'

To this page of Lord Byron's diary, Sir Walter Scott stuck the following note:

'I would pay my share! How few friends one has whose faults are only ridiculous! His visit was one of humanity—to ameliorate the condition of his slaves. He was one of the kindest and best creatures that ever lived. His father and mother lived separately. Mr. Lewis allowed his son a handsome income, but reduced it by more than one-half, when he found that he paid his mother a moiety of it. Mat restricted himself in all his expenses and shared the diminished income with her as before. He did much good by stealth, and was a most generous creature.'—*MS.*

Again; Byron, in his 'Detached Thoughts,' has this anecdote—

'Lewis, at Oatlands, was observed one morning to have his eyes red and his air sentimental: being asked why? he replied, that when people said anything kind to him it affected him deeply, "and just now the Duchess (of York) has said something so kind to me, that"—here tears began to flow: "Never mind, Lewis," said Colonel Armstrong to him, "never mind—don't cry—*she could not mean it.*"' Here Sir Walter Scott has another *note*, viz.—

'Lewis *was* fonder of great people than he ought to have been, either as a man of talent, or as a man of fashion. He had always dukes and duchesses in his mouth, and was pathetically fond of any one that had a title. You would have sworn he had been a *parvenu* of yesterday—yet he had lived all his life in good society. . . . I had a good description from Mr. T—— T—— of Fox, in his latter days, suffering the fatigue of an attack from Lewis. The great statesman was become bulky and lethargic, and lay like a fat ox which for some time endures the persecution of a buzzing-fly, rather than rise to get rid of it, and then at last he got up and heavily plodded his way to the other side of the room. . . . Mat had queerish eyes—they projected like those of some insects, and were flattish on the orbit. His person was extremely small and boyish. He was indeed the least man I ever saw to be strictly well and neatly made. I remember a picture of him, by Saunders, being handed round at Dalkeith House. The artist had ingeniously flung a dark folding mantle around the form, under which

was

was half-hid a dagger, a dark lantern, or some such cut-throat ap-
purtenance. With all this the features were preserved and ennobled.
It passed from hand to hand, into that of Henry, Duke of Buccleuch,
who, hearing the general voice affirm that it was very like, said aloud,
"Like Mat Lewis! Why that picture's like a MAN!" He looked, and lo!
Mat Lewis's head was at his elbow. . . This boyishness went through
life with him. He was a child and a spoiled child—but a child of
high imagination, and so he wasted himself on ghost-stories and Ger-
man romances. He had the finest ear for the rhythm of verse I ever
met with—finer than Byron's.—*MS.*

One more quotation:—On the lines in 'English Bards and
Scotch Reviewers'—

'Oh wonder-working Lewis! Monk or bard,
Who fain would make Parnassus a churchyard,' &c.

Lord Byron's editor gives us the following note:—

'Matthew Gregory Lewis, M.P. for Hindon, never distinguished
himself in parliament; but mainly in consequence of the clever use
he made of his knowledge of the German language, then a rare
accomplishment, attracted much notice in the literary world at a
very early period of his life. His *Tales of Terror*—the drama of
the *Castle Spectre*—the romance called the *Bravo of Venice* (which
is, however, little more than a version from the Swiss *Zschokke*)—
but above all, the impious and libidinous novel of *The Monk*, in-
vested the name of Lewis with an extraordinary degree of cele-
brity, during the poor period which intervened between the ob-
scuration of Cowper, and the full display of Scott's talents in the *Lay*
of the *Last Minstrel*—a period which is sufficiently characterized by
the fact, that Hayley then passed for a poet. Next to that solemn
coxcomb, Lewis was for several years the fashionable versifier of the
time; but his plagiarisms, perhaps more audacious than had ever
before been resorted to by a man of real talents, were by degrees un-
veiled; and writers of greater original genius, as well as of purer taste
and morals, successively emerging, Monk Lewis, dying young, had
already outlived his reputation.'—*Life and Works of Byron*, vol. vii.
p. 241.

Unless the present '*Journals of a West India Proprietor*' had
at length seen the light, the few scattered sentences which we have
been stringing together, and Sir Walter Scott's introduction to his
'*Lay of the Last Minstrel*,' in which, with his usual candour and
sense, he pleads the veniality of so boyish a transgression as *the*
Monk, and so gracefully acknowledges his own obligations to its
author's early admonitions respecting purity of rhymes—would prob-
ably have been all that posterity would ever have cared to read on
the subject of M. G. Lewis. But we are mistaken if the impres-
sion of the posthumous work be not such as to call forth, from some
quarter, a distinct summary of the life of this very clever and amia-
ble,

ble, though conceited and affected, man. If he has left many letters, and they at all resemble his diaries, the materials for such a biography will be copious and highly valuable; and perhaps the public might not be indisposed to welcome a selection from his early writings, thus prefaced. The literary name of Lewis is one that can never be altogether forgotten; and it appears to us to be the duty of his relations to take care that his personal character shall not rest with posterity on merely a few *obiter dicta* of Scott and Byron.

And yet, we believe, these Journals, of themselves, would take good care of the author's reputation, as to many of the most important parts of a human character. In them the kindly, gentle, warmly-benevolent disposition of the man is manifest everywhere; together with a shrewd common sense and sagacity, which few might have looked for in one so devoted to the veriest 'cloudland' of imagination—and, moreover, not a little of that practical *tact* in the details of business, for which the evening life of a London diner-out would, in general, be considered as poor a preparation as the morning reveries of a Germanized romancer. As to the literary merits of the posthumous book, we have already expressed our high notion of them—and, indeed, on that point, there can, we think, be little difference of opinion. The graphic power displayed, whether in sketching scenery, manners, or incidents, appears to us not only high but first-rate; such as entitles the '*West India Proprietor*' to be ranked with Washington Irving, in such pieces as the '*Visit to Palos*,'—with Mr. Matthews, in the very best pages of the '*Diary of an Invalid*,'—nay, we hardly hesitate to say, with Miss Edgeworth, in the brightest chapters of '*Castle Rackrent*,'—or Lord Byron himself, in his *lighter* letters from Venice and Ravenna. The quiet humour, and the plain sterling English of these pages, are equally delightful.

The narrative of the Monk's first voyage to the West Indies is in itself a charming performance. Familiar as we are with Captain Hall's '*Fragments*,' and newly risen from the perusal of '*Tom Cringle's Log*,'* it is easy even for us to detect some inaccuracies in his use of sea-terms; but this is a trifle. Nay, perhaps, perfect accuracy would have rather diminished than improved the pleasure of the reader. His very blunders help to keep before us the idea of a fondled little dandy-lion of forty, fresh from his own

* We are happy to see that this work—perhaps the most brilliant series of Magazine papers of the time—has at length been published in a separate form. It was at least as worthy of such a distinction as '*The Ayrshire Legatees*,' or '*The Subaltern*,' or the '*Diary of a late Physician*,' or '*Peter Simple*,' or the '*Old Bailey Experiences*'—productions, each of which has now taken a merited place of its own in the English library.

luxurious chambers in the Albany,—the brilliant talk of Melbourne-House dinners,—and the sarcastic tittle-tattle of Lydia White's *soirées*. He sailed for the West Indies in November, 1815.

'November 19. (Sunday.) At one this morning, a violent gust of wind came on; and, at the rate of ten miles an hour, carried us through the chops of the channel formed by the Scilly Rocks and the Isle of Ushant. But I thought that the advance was dearly purchased by the terrible night which the storm made us pass—the wind roaring, the waves dashing against the stern, till at last they beat in the quarter gallery; the ship, too, rolling from side to side, as if every moment she were going to roll over and over! Mr. J—— was heaved off one of the sofas, and rolled along till he was stopped by the table. He then took his seat upon the floor as the more secure position; and, half an hour afterwards, another heave chucked him back again upon the sofa. The captain snuffed out one of the candles, and both being tied to the table, could not relight it with the other: so the steward came to do it; when a sudden heel of the ship made him extinguish the second candle, tumbled him upon the sofa on which I was lying, and made the candle which he had brought with him fly out of the candlestick, through a cabin window at his elbow; and thus we were all left in the dark. Then the intolerable noise! the crackling of bulkheads! the sawing of ropes! the screeching of the tiller! the trampling of the sailors! the clattering of the crockery! Every thing above deck and below deck, all in motion at once! Chairs, writing-desks, books, bundles, fire-irons and fenders, flying to one end of the room; and the next moment (as if they had made a mistake) flying back again to the other with the same hurry and confusion! 'Confusion worse confounded!' Of all the inconveniences attached to a vessel, the incessant noise appears to me the most insupportable! As to our live stock, they seem to have made up their minds on the subject, and say with one of Ariosto's knights (when he was cloven from the head to the chine), "*or convien morire*." Our fowls and ducks are screaming and quacking their last by dozens.'—*Lewis*, p. 9.

Contrast with this what follows, when the gale has abated—

'I understand that in these latitudes nothing can be expected but heavy gales or dead calms, which calms are by far the most disagreeable of the two: the wind steadies the ship; but when she creeps as slowly as she does at present (scarcely going a mile in four hours), she feels the whole effect of the sea breaking against her, and rolls backwards and forwards with every billow as it rises and falls. In the meanwhile, everything seems to be in a state of the most active motion, except the ship. While we are carrying a spoonful of soup to our mouths, the remainder takes the "glorious golden opportunity" to empty itself into our laps, and the glasses and salt-cellars carry on a perpetual domestic warfare during the whole time of dinner, like the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. Nothing is so

common

common as to see a roast goose suddenly jump out of its dish in the middle of dinner, and make a frisk from one end of the table to the other; and we are quite in the habit of laying wagers which of the two boiled fowls will arrive at the bottom first.

'N.B. To-day the fowl without the liver wing was the favourite, but the knowing ones were taken in; the uncarved one carried it hollow.'—*Ibid.* p. 15.

We turn a leaf or two, and light on this agreeable medley of gossip :—

'Reading Don Quixote this morning, I was greatly pleased with an instance of the hero's politeness, which had never struck me before. The Princess Micomicona having fallen into a most egregious blunder, he never so much as hints a suspicion of her not having acted precisely as she has stated, but only begs to know her reasons for taking a step so extraordinary. "But pray, Madam," says he, "why *did* your ladyship land at Ossuna, seeing that it is not a seaport town?"

'I was also much charmed with an instance of conjugal affection, in the same work. Sancho being just returned home, after a long absence, the first thing which his wife, Teresa, asks about, is the welfare of the ass. "I have brought him back," answers Sancho, "and in much better health and condition than I am in myself." "The Lord be praised," said Teresa, "for this his great mercy to me!"

'I had no idea of the expense of building and preserving a ship: that in which I am at present cost 30,000*l.* at its outset. Last year the repairs amounted to 14,000*l.*; and in a voyage to the East Indies they were more than 20,000*l.* In its return last year from Jamaica it was on the very brink of shipwreck. A storm had driven it into Bantary Bay, and there was no other refuge from the winds than Bear Haven, whose entrance was narrow and difficult; however, a gentleman from Castletown came on board, and very obligingly offered to pilot the ship. He was one of the first people in the place, had been the owner of a vessel himself, was most thoroughly acquainted with every inch of the haven, &c. &c., and so on they went. There was but one sunken rock, and that about ten feet in diameter; the captain knew it, and warned his gentleman-pilot to keep a little more to the east-ward. "My dear friend," answered the Irishman, "now do just make yourself *asy*; I know well enough what we are about; we are as clear of the rock as if we were in the Red Sea, by Jasus;—upon which the vessel struck upon the rock, and there she stuck. The captain fell to swearing and tearing his hair. "God damn you, sir! didn't I tell you to keep to eastward? Dam'me, she's on the rock!" "Oh! well, my dear, she's now on the rock, and, in a few minutes, you know, why she'll be *off* the rock: to be sure, I'd have taken my oath that the rock was two hundred and fifty feet on the other side of her, but——" —"Two hundred and fifty feet! why, the channel is not two hundred and fifty feet wide itself! and as to getting her off, bumping against this rock, it can only be with a great hole in her side." "Poh! now, bother,

bother, my dear! why sure——" "Leave the ship, sir; dam'me, sir, get out of my ship this moment!" Instead of which, with the most smiling and obliging air in the world, the Irishman turned to console the female passengers. "Make yourselves *asy*, ladies, pray make yourselves perfectly *asy*; but, upon my soul, I believe your captain's mad; no danger in life! only make yourselves *asy*, I say; for the ship lies on the rock as safe and as quiet, by Jasus, as if she were lying on a mud bank!" Luckily the weather was so perfectly calm, that the ship having once touched the rock with her keel bumped no more. It was low water; she wanted but five inches to float her, and when the tide rose she drifted off, and with but little harm done. The gentleman-pilot then thought proper to return on shore took a very polite leave of the lady-passengers, and departed with all the urbanity possible; only thinking the captain the strangest person that he had ever met with; and wondering that any man of common sense could be put out of temper by such a trifle.—*Ibid.* p. 20.

The Journal is every now and then enlivened with a snatch of rhyme—and not a few of the little pieces thus introduced will, we are sure, be made prize of forthwith by the musical composers. What a sweet thing would not Mrs. Arkwright or Mr. Moscheles make of '*The Helmsman*!'—for theirs surely is the art, so beautifully described by Mr. Coleridge, of 'music curling round and round the meaning like honeysuckle, until at last it overtops it.'—

'Hark! the bell! it sounds midnight!—all hail, thou new heaven!

How soft sleep the stars on their bosom of night!

While o'er the full moon, as they gently are driven,

Slowly floating the clouds bathe their fleeces in light.

The warm feeble breeze scarcely ripples the ocean,

And all seems so hush'd, all so happy to feel!

So smooth glides the bark, I perceive not her motion,

While low sings the sailor who watches the wheel.

'Tis so sad . . . 'tis so sweet . . . and some tones come so swelling,

So right from the heart, and so pure to the ear,—

That sure at this moment his thoughts must be dwelling

On one who is absent, most kind and most dear.

Oh may she, who now dictates that ballad so tender,

Diffuse o'er your days the heart's solace and ease,

As yon lovely moon, with a gleam of mild splendour,

Pure, tranquil, and bright, over-silvers the seas!—p. 29.

These verses have certainly a very graceful rhythmical movement, and justify so far Sir Walter Scott's eulogy of the Monk's ear; though, if we had been to class it with the *most* delicate of the time, we should have thought of Moore, or his friend the elder bard we have just been quoting, rather than even of Lord Byron.

Next

Next comes a new view of our old acquaintance, 'John Shark's' amiable character:—

'As I am particularly fond of proofs of conjugal attachment between animals (in the human species they are so universal that I set no store by them), an instance of that kind which the captain related to me this morning gave me great pleasure. While lying in Black River harbour, Jamaica, two sharks were frequently seen playing about the ship; at length the female was killed, and the desolation of the male was excessive:—

"Che faro senz' Eurydice?"

What he did *without* her remains a secret, but what he did *with* her was clear enough; for scarce was the breath out of his Eurydice's body, when he stuck his teeth in her, and began to eat her up with all possible expedition. Even the sailors felt their sensibility excited by so peculiar a mark of posthumous attachment; and to enable him to perform this melancholy duty the more easily, they offered to be his carvers, lowered their boat, and proceeded to chop his better half in pieces with their hatchets; while the widower opened his jaws as wide as possible, and gulped down pounds upon pounds of the dear departed as fast as they were thrown to him, with the greatest delight and all the avidity imaginable. I make no doubt that all the while he was eating, he was thoroughly persuaded that every morsel which went into his stomach would make its way to his heart directly! "She was perfectly consistent," he said to himself; "she was excellent through life, and really she's extremely good now she's dead!" and then, "unable to conceal his pain,"

"He sigh'd and swallow'd, and sigh'd and swallow'd,
And sigh'd and swallow'd again."

I doubt whether the annals of Hymen can produce a similar instance of post-obitua! affection. Certainly Calderon's "*Amor despues de la Muerte*" has nothing that is worthy to be compared to it; nor do I recollect in history any fact at all resembling it, except perhaps a circumstance which is recorded respecting Cambletes, King of Lydia, a monarch equally remarkable for his voracity and uxoriousness; and who, being one night completely overpowered by sleep, and at the same time violently tormented by hunger, ate up his queen without being conscious of it, and was mightily astonished the next morning to wake with her hand in his mouth, the only bit that was left of her. But then, Cambletes was quite unconscious what he was doing; whereas the shark's mark of attachment was evidently intentional.—
p. 32-34.

This is the last extract we shall make from the voyage. Let us now suppose Mr. Lewis safely landed on the coast of Jamaica—where, of course, nothing but sights and sounds of woe and cruelty can await him:—

'January 1, 1816.—At length the ship has squeezed herself into this champagne bottle of a bay! Perhaps, the satisfaction attendant upon
our

our having overcome the difficulty, added something to the illusion of its effect; but the beauty of the atmosphere, the dark purple mountains, the shores covered with mangroves of the liveliest green down to the very edge of the water, and the light-coloured houses with their lattices and piazzas completely embowered in trees, altogether made the scenery of the bay wear a very picturesque appearance. And, to complete the charm, the sudden sounds of the drum and banjee called our attention to a procession of the *John-Canoe*, which was proceeding to celebrate the opening of the new year at the town of Black River. The *John-Canoe* is a merry-andrew dressed in a striped doublet, and bearing upon his head a kind of pasteboard house-boat, filled with puppets, representing, some sailors, others soldiers, others again slaves at work on a plantation, &c. Nothing could look more gay than the procession which we now saw with its train of attendants, all dressed in white, and marching two by two (except when the file was broken here and there by a single horseman), and its band of negro music, and its scarlet flags fluttering about in the breeze, now disappearing behind a projecting clump of mangrove trees, and then again emerging into an open part of the road, as it wound along the shore towards the town of Black River.

——— “Magno telluris amore
Egressi optatâ Trôes potiuntur arenâ.”

I had determined not to go on shore, till I should land for good and all at Savannah la Mar. But although I could resist the “telluris amor,” there was no resisting *John-Canoe*.’—p. 50-52.

Nor was the *John-Canoe* affair the only sickly attempt of these poor oppressed creatures to disguise their misery. Other mockeries were, it seems, a-foot.

‘It seems that, many years ago, an admiral of the red was superseded on the Jamaica station by an admiral of the blue; and both of them gave balls at Kingston to the “*Brown Girls* ;” for the fair sex elsewhere are called the “*Brown Girls*” in Jamaica. In consequence of these balls all Kingston was divided into parties: from thence the division spread into other districts; and ever since, the whole island, at Christmas, is separated into the rival factions of the Blues and the Reds, who contend for setting forth their processions with the greatest taste and magnificence. This year, several gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Black River had subscribed very largely towards the expenses of the show; and certainly it produced the gayest and most amusing scene that I ever witnessed, to which the mutual jealousy and pique of the two parties against each other contributed in no slight degree. The champions of the rival Roses,—the Guelphs and the Ghibellines,—none of them could exceed the scornful animosity and spirit of depreciation with which the Blues and the Reds of Black River examined the efforts at display of each other. The Blues had the advantage beyond a doubt; this a Red girl told us that she could not deny; but still, “though the Reds were beaten, she would not be a

Blue

Blue girl for the whole universe!" On the other hand, Miss Edwards (the mistress of the hotel from whose window we saw the show) was rank Blue to the very tips of her fingers, and had, indeed, contributed one of her female slaves to sustain a very important character in the show; for when the Blue procession was ready to set forward, there was evidently a hitch, something was wanting; and there seemed to be no possibility of getting on without it—when suddenly we saw a tall woman dressed in mourning (being Miss Edwards herself) rush out of our hotel, dragging along by the hand a strange uncouth kind of a glittering tawdry figure, all feathers, and pitchfork, and painted pasteboard, who moved most reluctantly, and turned out to be no less a personage than Britannia herself, with a pasteboard shield covered with the arms of Great Britain, a trident in her hand, and a helmet made of pale blue silk and silver. The poor girl, it seems, was bashful at appearing in this conspicuous manner before so many spectators, and hung back when it came to the point. But her mistress had seized hold of her, and placed her by main force in her destined position. The music struck up; Miss Edwards gave the goddess a great push forwards; the drumsticks and the elbows of the fiddlers attacked her in the rear; and on went Britannia willy-nilly!"

These cunning victims did not, it appears, neglect some attempts to persuade their oppressors that they could sympathize, in their own way, with the glories of Britain.

'The Blue girls called themselves "the Blue girls of Waterloo." Their motto was the more patriotic; that of the Red was the more gallant:—"Britannia rules the day!" streamed upon the Blue flag; "Red girls for ever!" floated upon the Red. The first song was "Logie of Buchan;" but the second was in praise of the hero of heroes; so I gave the songstress a dollar to teach it to me, and drink *the duke's* health—

"Come, rise up, our gentry,	For one and one makes two,
And hear about Waterloo;	But one alone must be.
Ladies, take your spy-glass,	Then singee, singee Waterloo,
And attend to what we do;	None so brave as he!"

—and then there came something about green and white flowers, and a duchess, and a lily-white pig, and going on board of a dashing man-of-war; but what they all had to do with the duke, or with each other, I could not make even a guess.'—p. 53.

A play ensued; and these amateur *blues* got up 'The Fair Penitent.'

'They were all quite perfect, and had no need of a prompter. As to Lothario, he was by far the most comical dog that I ever saw in my life, and his dying scene exceeded all description; Mr. Coates himself might have taken hints from him! As soon as Lothario was fairly dead, and Calista had made her exit in distraction, they all began dancing reels like so many mad people; and nothing could be more light, and playful, and graceful, than the extempore movements of the

the girls. Indeed, through the whole day, I had been struck with the precision of their march, the ease and grace of their action, the elasticity of their step, and the lofty air with which they carried their heads—all, indeed, except poor Britannia, who hung down hers in the most ungoddess-like manner imaginable.'

The good-natured Monk was completely taken in by all this mummery. The charming poetess had not yet sung—

'Yes, I am gay and smiling now,—
But little dost thou know
How oft a light and careless brow
Is darkened o'er by woe.'

He looked not below the surface, and thus he writes:—

'I never saw so many people who appeared to be so happy. In England, at fairs and races, half the visiters at least seem to have been only brought there for the sake of traffic, and to be too busy to be amused; but here nothing was thought of but real pleasure; and that pleasure seemed to consist in singing, dancing, and laughing, in seeing and being seen, in showing their own fine clothes and in admiring those of others. There were no people selling or buying; no servants and landladies bustling and passing about; and, at eight o'clock, as we passed through the market-place, where was the greatest illumination, and which of course was most thronged, I did not see a single person drunk; nor had I observed a single quarrel through the course of the day; except, indeed, when some thoughtless fellow crossed the line of the procession, and received by the way a good box of the ear from the queen or one of her attendant duchesses. Everybody made the same remark to me;—"Well, sir, what do you think Mr. Wilberforce would think of the state of the negroes, if he could see this scene?" and certainly, to judge by this one specimen, of all beings that I have yet seen, these were the happiest. As we were passing to our boat, through the market-place, suddenly we saw Miss Edwards dart out of the crowd, and seize the captain's arm.—"Captain! captain!" cried she, "for the love of heaven, only look at the *red* lights! Old iron hoops, nothing but old iron hoops, I declare! Well! for my part!" and then, with a contemptuous toss of her head, away frisked Miss Edwards triumphantly.'

—p. 59.

Mr. Lewis was rowed next morning to Savannah la Mar, where he found his trustee and a whole cavalcade waiting to conduct him to his own mansion-house of Cornwall. The road was excellent, and he had only five miles to travel in the curricule which had been prepared for him. As to the negroes, the same determined spirit of deception was still at work:—

'As soon as the carriage entered my gates, the uproar and confusion which ensued sets all description at defiance. The works were instantly all abandoned; everything that had life came flocking to the house from all quarters; and not only the men, and the women,

men, and the children, but, "by a bland assimilation," the hogs, and the dogs, and the geese, and the fowls, and the turkeys, all came hurrying along by instinct, to see what could possibly be the matter, and seemed to be afraid of arriving too late. Whether the pleasure of the negroes was sincere may be doubted; but certainly it was the loudest that I ever witnessed: they all talked together, sang, danced, shouted, and, in the violence of their gesticulations, tumbled over each other, and rolled about upon the ground. Twenty voices at once inquired after uncles, and aunts, and grandfathers, and great-grandmothers of mine, who had been buried long before I was in existence, and whom, I verily believe, most of them only knew by tradition. One woman held up her little naked black child to me, grinning from ear to ear,—“Look, massa, look here! him nice lilly neger for massa!” Another complained,—“So long since none come see we, massa; good massa come at last.” As for the old people, they were all in one and the same story,—now they had lived once to see massa, they were ready for dying to-morrow, “them no care.”

‘The shouts, the gaiety, the wild laughter—their strange and sudden bursts of singing and dancing—and several old women, wrapped up in large cloaks, their heads bound round with different-coloured handkerchiefs, leaning on a staff, and standing motionless in the middle of the hubbub, with their eyes fixed upon the portico which I occupied—formed an exact counterpart of the festivity of the witches in *Macbeth*. Nothing could be more odd or more novel than the whole scene; and yet there was something in it by which I could not help being affected; perhaps it was the consciousness that all these human beings were my *slaves*;—to be sure, I never saw people look more happy in my life; and I believe their condition to be much more comfortable than that of the labourers of Great Britain; and, after all, slavery, in *their* case, is but another name for servitude, now that no more negroes can be forcibly carried away from Africa, and subjected to the horrors of the voyage, and of the seasoning after their arrival: but still I had already experienced, in the morning, that Juliet was wrong in saying, “What’s in a name?” For soon after my reaching the lodging-house at Savannah la Mar, a remarkably clean-looking negro lad presented himself with some water and a towel; I concluded him to belong to the inn; and, on my returning the towel, as he found that I took no notice of him, he at length ventured to introduce himself, by saying,—“Massa not know me; *me your slave!*”—and really the sound made me feel a pang at the heart. The lad appeared all gaiety and good-humour, and his whole countenance expressed anxiety to recommend himself to my notice; but the word “slave” seemed to imply, that, although he did feel pleasure then in serving me, if he had detested me he must have served me still. I really felt quite humiliated at the moment, and was tempted to tell him,—“Do not say that again; say that you are my negro, but do not call yourself my slave.”

What follows is dated some days later—after a grand feast given in honour of his arrival.

‘It was particularly agreeable to me to observe, as a proof of the good treatment which they had experienced, so many old servants of the family, many of whom had been born on the estate, and who, though turned of sixty and seventy, were still strong, healthy, and cheerful. Many manumitted negroes, also, came from other parts of the country on hearing of my arrival, because, as they said,—“if they did not come to see massa, they were afraid that it would look ungrateful, and as if they cared no longer about him and Cornwall, now that they were free.” So they stayed two or three days on the estate, coming up to the house for their dinners, and going to sleep at night among their friends in their own former habitations, the negro huts; and when they went away, they assured me that nothing should prevent their coming back to bid me farewell, before I left the island. All this may be palaver; but certainly they at least play their parts with such an air of truth, and warmth, and enthusiasm, that, after the cold hearts and repulsive manners of England, the contrast is infinitely agreeable.

“Je ne vois que des yeux toujours prêts à sourire.”

‘I find it quite impossible to resist the fascination of the conscious pleasure of pleasing; and my own heart, which I have so long been obliged to keep closed, seems to expand itself again in the sunshine of the kind looks and words which meet me at every turn, and seem to wait for mine as anxiously as if they were so many diamonds.

‘It is now one in the morning, and I hear them still shouting and singing.’—*Lewis*, p. 60-63.

This noisy festival gave Mr. Lewis a violent headache, and it was late in the next day (Saturday) before he could muster nerve for a little excursion in his curricula. In the course of his evening drive, among other melancholy things that he details, he

‘met the negroes returning from the mountains with baskets of provisions sufficient to last them for the week.—By law (he adds) they are only allowed every other Saturday for the purpose of cultivating their own grounds, which indeed is sufficient; but by giving them every alternate Saturday into the bargain, it enables them to perform their task with so much ease as almost converts it into an amusement; and the frequent visiting their grounds makes them grow habitually as much attached to them as they are to their houses and gardens. It is also advisable for them to bring home only a week’s provisions at a time, rather than a fortnight’s; for they are so thoughtless and improvident, that when they find themselves in possession of a larger supply than is requisite for their immediate occasions, they will sell half to the wandering higglers, or at Savanna la Mar, in exchange for spirits; and then, at the end of the week, they find themselves entirely unprovided with food, and come to beg a supply from the master’s storehouse.’—p. 83.

Emancipation

Emancipation will, of course, bring perfect prudence in its train; or if it fails to do so, the employer of the free-labourer will no doubt grant the 'supplies' we have been reading about, just as freely as he has hitherto done in his capacity of 'master.' We copy what follows from the entry of the 16th of January:—

'I never witnessed on the stage a scene so picturesque as a negro village. I walked through my own to-day, and visited the houses of the drivers, and other principal persons; and if I were to decide according to my own taste, I should infinitely have preferred their habitations to my own. Each house is surrounded by a separate garden, and the whole village is intersected by lanes, bordered with all kinds of sweet-smelling and flowering-plants; but not such gardens as those belonging to our English cottages, where a few cabbages and carrots just peep up and grovel upon the earth between hedges, in square narrow beds, and where the tallest tree is a gooseberry bush: the vegetables of the negroes are all cultivated in their provision-grounds; those form their *kitchen-gardens*, and *these* are all for ornament or luxury, and are filled with a profusion of oranges, shaddocks, cocoa-nuts, and peppers of all descriptions.'

Another entry says—

'Besides the profits arising from their superabundance of provisions, which the better sort of negroes are enabled to sell regularly once a week at Savannah la Mar to a considerable amount, they keep a large stock of poultry, and pigs without number; which latter cost their owners but little, though they cost me a great deal; for they generally make their way into the cane-pieces, and sometimes eat me up an hogshead of sugar in the course of the morning.'

And again he tells us:—

'The negro-houses are composed of wattles on the outside, with rafters of sweet-wood, and are well plastered within and whitewashed; they consist of two chambers, one for cooking and the other for sleeping, and are, in general, well-furnished with chairs, tables, &c., and I saw none without a four-post bedstead, and plenty of bedclothes; for, in spite of the warmth of the climate, when the sun is not above the horizon the negro always feels very chilly. I am assured that many of my slaves are very rich (and their property is inviolable), and that they are never without salt provisions, porter, and even wine, to entertain their friends and their visitors from the bay or the mountains. As I passed through their grounds, many little requests were preferred to me: one wanted an additional supply of lime for the whitewashing his house; another was building a new house for a superannuated wife (for they have all so much decency as to call their sexual attachments by a conjugal name), and wanted a little assistance towards the finishing it; a third requested a new axe to work with; and several entreated me to negotiate the purchase of some relation or friend belonging to another estate, and with whom they were anxious to be re-united: but all their requests were for additional indulgences; not

one complained of ill-treatment, hunger, or over-work.'—*Lewis*, pp. 110, 111.

These horrible statements are but too well confirmed, fifteen years afterwards, by the testimony of Mrs. Carmichael, whose husband was a planter of St. Vincent's, but evidently in a much poorer way as to pecuniary means than Mr. Lewis :—

'Every field negro has two pounds of excellent salt fish served out weekly, and head people have four pounds. A pound and a half is allowed for every child, from the day of its birth until twelve years of age, when full allowance is given. This is the most favourite food of the negro, and they prefer it to salt beef or pork, a small piece of which they relish occasionally.

'The fruit trees upon an estate are, by common consent, the perquisite of the negroes belonging to it. The West Indian islands differ as to their productiveness in fruit, but, generally speaking, there is a great variety of fruits, according to their season; and upon every property the negroes make a considerable sum by the sale of the fruit.

'There is not one slave upon an estate who cannot raise an abundance of fruits, roots, and vegetables—far more than he can use for his own consumption. The great majority have their grounds fully stocked; some, however, are lazy, and will not work their grounds to the extent that they might do; while runaways do no work at all, either for their masters or themselves, and live by plundering the provision-grounds of industrious negroes. There is not an instance of a negro who works well for his owner, who has not his provision-grounds in the greatest order, and full of all sorts of supplies, both for himself and the market. Every individual has his own ground, and every mother has a fixed portion more for each child.

'There are few estates which are not situate in the vicinity of some river. These streams abound in mullet, cray-fish—resembling a small lobster—eels, and mud fish. The negroes are not prevented from having the full benefit of fishing; and I have many a time paid a slave eighteen-pence for fresh-water fish, which he had caught and brought to town during the *two hours allotted for his dinner*. I once asked a negro who brought me some mullet in this way, how he managed to have anything to eat and catch fish also? He immediately informed me, "he wife cook a victual, no him;" at the same time apparently astonished at my supposing that he could be so silly as not to have a wife to cook for him.

'When I say that any industrious negro may save 30*l.* sterling yearly with ease, I really mean *save*; for, besides this, he will purchase all those little articles he requires,—candles, soap, now and then salt pork and beef, &c., besides plenty of fine dresses for himself, his wife or wives, and children; for good negroes have no small pride in dressing their family, as they call it, "handsome."—*Carmichael*, vol. i. p. 179.

We may place beside these extracts a scrap from the *second* journal of Mr. Lewis.

'Feb.

' Feb. 17, 1817.—Some of the free *people of colour* possess slaves, cattle, and other property left them by their fathers, and are in good circumstances ; but few of them are industrious enough to increase their possessions by any honest exertions of their own. As to the *free blacks*, they are almost uniformly lazy and improvident, most of them half-starved, and only anxious to live from hand to mouth. Some lounge about the highways with pedlar-boxes, stocked with various worthless baubles ; others keep miserable stalls provided with rancid butter, damaged salt-pork, and other such articles : and these they are always willing to exchange for stolen rum and sugar, which they secretly tempt the negroes to pilfer from their proprietors ; but few of them ever make the exertion of earning their livelihood creditably. Even those who profess to be tailors, carpenters, or coopers, are for the most part careless, drunken, and dissipated, and never take pains sufficient to attain any dexterity in their trade. As to a free negro hiring himself out for plantation labour, no instance of such a thing was ever known in Jamaica, and probably no price, however great, would be considered by them as a sufficient temptation.'—*Lewis*, pp. 347, 348.

We proceed to a few details as to the accommodations and modes of life usual in 1816 (Mrs. Carmichael's picture of 1830 is a very different one) among the West India planters themselves :—

' A man must be destitute of every spark of hospitality, and have had "*Caucasus horrens*" for his great-grandmother, if he can resist giving dinners in a country where Nature seems to have set up a superior kind of "*London Tavern*" of her own. They who are possessed by the "*ciborum ambitiosa fames, et lautæ gloria mensæ*," ought to ship themselves off for Jamaica out of hand ; and even the lord mayor himself need not blush to give his aldermen such a dinner as is placed on my table, even when I dine alone. Land and sea turtle, quails, snipes, plovers, and pigeons and doves of all descriptions—of which the ring-tail has been allowed to rank with the most exquisite of the winged species, by epicures of such distinction, that their opinion almost carries with it the weight of a law,—excellent pork, barbecued pigs, pepperpots, with numberless other excellent dishes, form the ordinary fare ; while the poultry is so large and fine, that if the Dragon of Wantley found "*houses and churches to be geese and turkeys*" in England, he would mistake the geese and turkeys for houses and churches here.

' As to fish, it is only to be wished that their names equalled their flesh in taste ; for it must be owned, that nothing can be less tempting than the sounds of Jew-fish, hog-fish, mud-fish, snappers, god-dam-mies, groupas, and grunts ! I never sit down to table without wishing for the company of Queen Atygatis of Scythia, who was so particularly fond of fish, that she prohibited all her subjects from eating it on pain of death, through fear that there might not be enough left for her majesty.'—*Lewis*, pp. 100, 101.

Mr.

Mr. Lewis thus describes Cornwall House and its *environs* :—

‘ It is of wood, partly raised upon pillars; it consists of a single floor: a long gallery, called a piazza, terminated at each end by a square room, runs the whole length of the house. On each side of the piazza is a range of bed-rooms, and the porticoes of the two fronts form two more rooms, with balustrades, and flights of steps descending to the lawn. The whole house is virandoeed with shifting Venetian blinds to admit air; except that one of the end rooms has sash-windows—on account of the rains, which when they arrive are so heavy, and shift with the wind so suddenly from the one side to the other, that all the blinds are obliged to be kept closed; consequently, the whole house is in total darkness during their continuance, except the single sash-windowed room. There is nothing underneath except a few store-rooms and a kind of waiting-hall; for none of the domestic negroes sleep in the house, all going home at night to their respective cottages and families.

‘ Cornwall House itself stands on a dead flat; and the works are built in its immediate neighbourhood, for the convenience of their being the more under the agent’s personal inspection (a point of material consequence with them all, but more particularly for the hospital). This dead flat is only ornamented with a few scattered bread-fruit and cotton trees, a grove of mangoes, and the branch of a small river, which turns the mill. Several of these buildings are ugly enough; but the shops of the cooper, carpenter, and blacksmith, some of the trees in their vicinity, and the negro-huts embowered in shrubberies, and groves of oranges, plantains, cocoas, and pepper-trees, would be reckoned picturesque in the most ornamented grounds. A large spreading tamarind fronts me at this moment, and over-shadows the stables, which are formed of open wickerwork; and an orange-tree, loaded with fruit, grows against the window at which I am writing.

‘ On three sides of the landscape the prospect is bounded by lofty purple mountains; and the variety of occupations going on all around me, and at the same time, give an inconceivable air of life and animation to the whole scene, especially as all those occupations look clean—even those which in England look dirty. All the tradespeople are dressed either in white jackets and trousers, or with stripes of red and sky-blue. One band of negroes are carrying the ripe canes on their heads to the mill; another set are conveying away the *trash*, after the juice has been extracted; flocks of turkeys are sheltering from the heat under the trees; the river is filled with ducks and geese; the coopers and carpenters are employed about the puncheons; carts, drawn some by six, others by eight oxen, are bringing loads of Indian corn from the fields; the black children are employed in gathering it into the granary, and in quarrelling with pigs as black as themselves, who are equally busy in stealing the corn whenever the children are looking another way: in short, a plantation possesses all the movement and interest of a farm, without its dung, and its stench, and its dirty accompaniments.’

‘ Certainly,

'Certainly, as far as I can as yet judge, if I were now standing on the banks of Virgil's Lethe, with a goblet of the waters of oblivion in my hand, and asked whether I chose to enter life anew as an English labourer or a Jamaica negro, I should have no hesitation in preferring the latter. For myself, it appears to me almost worth surrendering the luxuries and pleasures of Great Britain, for the single pleasure of being surrounded with beings who are always laughing and singing, and who seem to perform their work with so much *nonchalance*, taking up their baskets as if it were perfectly optional whether they took them up or left them there; sauntering along with their hands dangling; stopping to chat with every one they meet; or if they meet no one, standing still to look round, and examine whether there is nothing to be seen that can amuse them, so that I can hardly persuade myself that it is really *work* that they are about. The negro might well say, on his arrival in England—"Massa, in England everything work!" for here nobody appears to work at all.

'I am told that there is one part of their business very laborious, the digging holes for receiving the cane-plants, and which I have not as yet seen; but this does not occupy above a month (I believe) at the utmost, at two periods of the year; and on my estate this service is chiefly performed by extra negroes, hired for the purpose; which, although equally hard on the hired negroes (called a jobbing gang), at least relieves my own, and after all, puts even the former on much the same footing with English day-labourers.'

The following passage may at first sight look like joking on a solemn subject; but we believe it will, on consideration, be felt to be only the conventional disguise of sentiments which all men must respect.

'If I could be contented to *live* in Jamaica, I am still more certain, that it is the only agreeable place for me to die in; for I have got a family mausoleum, which looks for all the world like the theatrical representation of the "tomb of all the Capulets." Its outside is most plentifully decorated "with sculptured stones,"—

"Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones."

Within is a tomb of the purest white marble, raised on a platform of ebony; the building, which is surmounted by a statue of Time, with his scythe and hour-glass, stands in the very heart of an orange grove, now in full bearing; and the whole scene this morning looked so cool, so tranquil, and so gay, and is so perfectly divested of all vestiges of dissolution, that the sight of it quite gave me an appetite for being buried. It is a matter of perfect indifference to me what becomes of this little ugly husk of mine, when once I shall have "shuffled off this mortal coil;" or else I should certainly follow my grandfather's example, and, die where I might, order my body to be sent over for burial to Cornwall; for I never yet saw a place where one could lie down more comfortably to listen for the last trumpet.'

What

What follows is one of the last entries in the first of Mr. Lewis's note-books:—

'The Reporter of the African Institution asserts, in a late pamphlet, that in the West Indies the breeding system is to this day discouraged, and that the planters are still indifferent to the preservation of their present stock of negroes, from their confidence of getting fresh supplies from Africa. Certainly the negroes in Jamaica are by no means of this Reporter's opinion, but are thoroughly sensible of their intrinsic value in the eyes of the proprietor. On my arrival, every woman who had a child held it up to show me, exclaiming, "See, massa, see! here nice new neger me bring for work for massa;" and those who had more than one did not fail to boast of the number, and make it a claim to the greater merit with me. Last week, an old watchman was brought home from the mountains almost dead with fever; he would neither move, nor speak, nor notice any one for several days. For two nights I sent him soup from my own table; but he could not even taste it, and always gave it to his daughter. On the third evening, there happened to be no soup at dinner, and I sent other food instead; but old Cudjoe had been accustomed to see the soup arrive, and the disappointment made him fancy himself hungry, and that he could have eaten the soup if it had been brought as usual: accordingly, when I visited him the next morning, he bade the doctress tell me that massa had sent him no soup the night before. This was the first notice that he had ever taken of me. I promised that some soup should be ordered for him on purpose that evening. Could he fancy anything to eat *then*?—"Milk! milk!" So milk was sent to him, and he drank two full calabashes of it. I then tried him with an egg, which he also got down; and at night, by spoonfuls at a time, he finished the whole basin of soup; but when I next came to see him, and he wished to thank me, the words in which he thought he could comprise most gratitude were bidding the doctress tell me he would do his best not to die yet; he promised to *fight hard* for it. He is now quite out of danger, and seems really to be grateful. When he was too weak to speak, on my leaving the room he would drag his hand to his mouth with difficulty, and kiss it three or four times to bid me farewell; and once, when the doctress mentioned his having charged her to tell me that he owed his recovery to the good food that I had sent him, he added, "And him kind words too, massa; kind words do neger much good, much as good food." In my visits to the old man, I observed a young woman nursing him with an infant in her arms, which (as they told me) was her own, by Cudjoe. I therefore supposed her to be his wife: but I found that she belonged to a *brown* man in the mountains; and that Cudjoe hired her from her master, at the rate of thirty pounds a year!

'I hope this fact will convince the African Reporter, that it is possible for some of this "oppressed race of human beings"—"of these our most unfortunate fellow-creatures,"—to enjoy at least *some* of

of the luxuries of civilized society; and I doubt whether even Mr. Wilberforce himself, with all his benevolence, would not allow a negro to be quite rich enough, who can afford to pay thirty pounds a year for the hire of a kept mistress.'—*Lewis*, p. 217-219.

The mention of negro sicknesses in the above passage reminds us of an amusing story told by Mrs. Carmichael, and which we must quote:—

'We were better situated at Laurel-Hill than most planters, as regarded the sick list, because Dr. C. lived upon the estate; but notwithstanding this, they sometimes were cunning enough to baffle massa, misses, and the doctor too. Let one instance suffice:—one woman, C., came perpetually up, morning after morning, to the doctor; her pulse was good, her skin cool, not the least appearance of sickness about her, excepting her tongue—and that tongue certainly did astonish the doctor, for such a tongue he had never either read of or seen. Every morning it was of a perfectly different colour; all the browns, greens, and shades of white had been exhausted, when, to the horror of the doctor, a perfectly bright blue tongue was thrust out. He was now convinced how matters stood; so taking a wet clean towel, he told her to put out her tongue: she rather objected to this ordeal, but the doctor insisted upon it; and having washed the dye off, C. showed as clean and healthy a tongue as possible, and for a good while after she did not skulk from work, for the good negroes quizzed her unmercifully. Many such cases are continually occurring on every estate. It ought to be remarked, that skulkers never appear on a Sunday, holiday, or on their own day; or, if skulking the day before, they uniformly recover on those days.'—*Carmichael*, vol. ii. p. 202-4.

Had we been treating, in a serious manner, of the great subject to which this sensible woman's work refers, we should have made much more use of her interesting and instructive volumes, which, describing things much more recently than Mr. Lewis's *Diaries*, would of course carry more immediate weight with them. But, as we said at starting, there is now no practical good to be expected from the expositions of a thousand witnesses. *Jacta est alca*. We therefore apologize to Mrs. Carmichael for dismissing her labours with a notice extremely inadequate to their merits.

The good-natured Lewis made it his business to converse freely with his negroes, and nothing can be more interesting than the accounts of their native African superstitions, which he jots down from their own lips—his stories of their *duppy*, or ghosts, in particular: but we shall stick to prosaic realities. Nay, of the numberless highly-amusing stories of actual Jamaica life, introduced in the course of his volume, we shall content ourselves with one specimen—namely, the adventurous career of a certain (happily so called) *Plato*, a runaway negro, captain of a troop of banditti,

ditti, established among the Moreland mountains, at no great distance from the plantation of Cornwall :—

‘ He robbed very often, and murdered occasionally ; but gallantry was his everyday occupation. Indeed, being a remarkably tall athletic young fellow, among the beauties of his own complexion he found but few Lucretias ; and his retreat in the mountains was as well furnished as the harem of Constantinople. Every handsome negress who had the slightest cause of complaint against her master took the first opportunity of eloping to join *Plato*, where she found freedom, protection, and unbounded generosity ; for he spared no pains to secure their affections by gratifying their vanity. Indeed, no Creole lady could venture out on a visit, without running the risk of having her handbox run away with by *Plato* for the decoration of his sultanas ; and if the maid who carried the handbox happened to be well-looking, he ran away with the maid as well as the handbox. Every endeavour to seize this desperado was long in vain : a large reward was put upon his head, but no negro dared to approach him ; for, besides his acknowledged courage, he was a professor of *Obi*, and had threatened that whoever dared to lay a finger upon him should suffer spiritual torments, as well as be physically shot through the head.

‘ Unluckily for *Plato*, rum was an article with him of the first necessity ; the look-out, which was kept for him, was too vigilant to admit of his purchasing spirituous liquors for himself ; and once, when for that purpose he had ventured into the neighbourhood of Montego Bay, he was recognized by a slave, who immediately gave the alarm. Unfortunately for this poor fellow, whose name was *Taffy*, at that moment all his companions happened to be out of hearing ; and, after the first moment's alarm, finding that no one approached, the exasperated robber rushed upon him, and lifted the bill-hook with which he was armed, for the purpose of cleaving his skull. *Taffy* fled for it ; but *Plato* was the younger, the stronger, and the swifter of the two, and gained upon him every moment. *Taffy*, however, on the other hand, possessed that one quality by which, according to the fable, the cat was enabled to save herself from the hounds, when the fox, with his thousand tricks, was caught by them. He was an admirable climber, an art in which *Plato* possessed no skill ; and a bread-nut tree, which is remarkably difficult of ascent, presenting itself before him, in a few moments *Taffy* was bawling for help from the very top of it. To reach him was impossible for his enemy ; but still his destruction was hard at hand ; for *Plato* began to hack the tree with his bill, and it was evident that a very short space of time would be sufficient to level it with the ground. In this dilemma, *Taffy* had nothing for it but to break off the branches near him ; and he contrived to pelt these so dexterously at the head of his assailant, that he fairly kept him at bay till his cries at length reached the ears of his companions, and their approach compelled the banditti-captain once more to seek safety among the mountains.

‘ After this *Plato* no longer dared to approach Montego town ; but still

still spirits must be had:—how was he to obtain them? There was an old watchman on the outskirts of the estate of Canaan, with whom he had contracted an acquaintance, and frequently had passed the night in his hut; the old man having been equally induced by his presents and by dread of his corporeal strength and supposed supernatural power, to profess the warmest attachment to the interests of his terrible friend. To this man Plato at length resolved to intrust himself: he gave him money to purchase spirits, and appointed a particular day when he would come to receive them. The reward placed upon the robber's head was more than either gratitude or terror could counter-balance; and on the same day when the watchman set out to purchase the rum, he apprized two of his friends at Canaan for whose use it was intended, and advised *them* to take the opportunity of obtaining the reward.

'The two negroes posted themselves in proper time near the watchman's hut. Most unwisely, instead of sending down some of his gang, they saw Plato, in his full confidence in the friendship of his confidant, arrive himself and enter the cabin; but so great was their alarm at seeing this dreadful personage, that they remained in their concealment, nor dared to make an attempt at seizing him. The spirits were delivered to the robber: he might have retired with them unmolested; but, in his rashness and his eagerness to taste the liquor, of which he had so long been deprived, he opened the flagon, and swallowed draught after draught, till he sunk upon the ground in a state of complete insensibility. The watchman then summoned the two negroes from their concealment, who bound his arms, and conveyed him to Montego Bay, where he was immediately sentenced to execution. He died most heroically; kept up the terrors of his impotence to his last moment; told the magistrates who condemned him that his death should be revenged by a storm, which would lay waste the whole island, that year; and, when his negro gaoler was binding him to the stake at which he was destined to suffer, he assured him that he should not live long to triumph in his death, for that he had taken good care to Obeah him before his quitting the prison. It certainly did happen, strangely enough, that, before the year was over, the most violent storm took place ever known in Jamaica; and as to the gaoler, his imagination was so forcibly struck by the threats of the dying man, that, although every care was taken of him, the power of medicine exhausted, and even a voyage to America undertaken, in hopes that a change of scene might change the course of his ideas, still, from the moment of Plato's death, he gradually pined and withered away, and finally expired before the completion of the twelvemonth.'—*Lewis*, pp. 86-94.

We must now draw to a conclusion. Mr. Lewis returned to England in 1816, but went back to Jamaica the following year; and he left the West Indies after his second, as after his first visit, fully convinced that from the time when the slave-trade ceased,
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the interest of the planters themselves, to say nothing of humanity, was sufficient to insure for the negroes, with very rare exceptions, good treatment in every essential respect. He will not, however, leave the subject without expressing his conviction that no proprietor could be perfectly sure of his instructions being carried into full effect unless he occasionally visited his possessions in person; and he gives the following striking testimony from the experience of his own people on Cornwall:—

‘My father was one of the most humane and generous persons that ever existed; there was no indulgence which he ever denied his negroes, and his letters were filled with the most absolute injunctions for their good treatment. When his estates became mine, the one upon which I am now residing was managed by an attorney, considerably advanced in years, who had been long in our employment, and who bore the highest character for probity and humanity. He was both attorney and overseer; and it was a particular recommendation to me that he lived in my own house, and therefore had my slaves so immediately under his eye, that it was impossible for any subaltern to misuse them without his knowledge. His letters to me expressed the greatest anxiety and attention respecting the welfare and comfort of the slaves;—so much so, indeed, that when I detailed his mode of management to Lord Holland, he observed, “that if he did all that was mentioned in his letters, he did as much as could possibly be expected or wished from an attorney;” and on parting with his own, Lord Holland was induced to take mine to manage his estates, which are in the immediate neighbourhood of Cornwall. This man died about two years ago, and since my arrival, I happened to hear, that during his management a remarkably fine young pen-keeper, named Richard, (the brother of my intelligent carpenter, John Fuller,) had run away several times to the mountains. I had taken occasion to let the brothers know, between jest and earnest, that I was aware of Richard’s misconduct; and at length, one morning, John, while he blamed his brother’s running away, let fall, that he had some excuse in the extreme ill-usage which he had received from one of the book-keepers, who “had had a spite against him.” The hint alarmed me; I followed it, and nothing could equal my anger and surprise at learning the whole truth.

‘It seems, that while I fancied my attorney to be resident on Cornwall, he was, in fact, generally attending to a property of his own, or looking after estates of which also he had the management in distant parts of the island. During his absence, an overseer of his own appointing, without my knowledge, was left in absolute possession of his power, which he abused to such a degree, that almost every slave of respectability on the estate was compelled to become a runaway. The property was nearly ruined, and absolutely in a state of rebellion; and at length he committed an act of such severity, that the negroes, one and all, fled to Savannah la Mar, and threw themselves

selves upon the protection of the magistrates, who immediately came over to Cornwall, investigated the complaint, and *now*, at length, the attorney, who had known frequent instances of the overseer's tyranny, had frequently rebuked him for them, and had redressed the sufferers, but who still had dared to abuse my confidence so grossly as to continue him in his situation, upon this public exposure thought proper to dismiss him. Yet, while all this was going on—while my negroes were groaning under the iron rod of this petty tyrant—and while the public magistrature was obliged to interfere to protect them from his cruelty—my attorney had the insolence and falsehood to write me letters, filled with assurances of his perpetual vigilance for their welfare—of their perfect good treatment and satisfaction; nor, if I had not come myself to Jamaica, in all probability should I ever have had the most distant idea how abominably the poor creatures had been misused.

'I have made it my business to mix as much as possible among the negroes, and have given them every encouragement to repose confidence in me; and I have uniformly found all those, upon whom any reliance can be placed, unite in praising the humanity of their present superintendent. Instantly on his arrival, he took the whole power of punishment into his own hands: he forbade the slightest interference in this respect of any person whatever on the estate, white or black; nor have I been able to find as yet any one negro who has any charge of harsh treatment to bring against him. However, having been already so grossly deceived, I will never again place implicit confidence in any person whatever in a matter of such importance.'

In all this we find nothing to wonder at. Absenteeism all the world over is the greatest of evils that can befall a labouring population; and it is impossible not to admit that if the West India proprietors had generally visited their estates in person, and endeared themselves, as Lewis did, to their dependents, it would have been a hard matter indeed for all the fanatics, backed by all the liberals, and all the East India sugar-dealers, to consummate their ruin. These admissions, however, in no respect touch the real national question as to the West Indies. The proprietors there were no worse than many hundreds of the English and Scotch, many thousands of their Irish compeers; and we only hope these latter personages will at length take warning by what has befallen the extravagantly abused, though not guiltless colonists. It is most lamentable to observe the extent to which *aristocratical* emigration is at this particular time going. We happen to know that the letters of credit granted to English continental travellers by the two principal banking-houses in the west end of London, exceed this year, both in number and value, by more than a half, those of *any* preceding year!

There are so many verses in Mr. Lewis's volume, that we ought
not

not perhaps to close our article without another specimen of them. Take, then, one of the shortest :—

‘ THE HOURS.

‘ Ne’er were the zephyrs known disclosing
More sweets than when in Tempe’s shades
They waved the lilies, where reposing
Sat four and twenty lovely maids.

Those lovely maids were called “ the Hours,”
The charge of Virtue’s flock they kept ;
And each in turn employ’d her powers
To guard it while her sisters slept.

False Love, how simple souls thou cheatest !
In myrtle bower that traitor near
Long watch’d an Hour, the softest, sweetest !
The *evening* Hour, to shepherds dear.*

In tones so bland he praised her beauty,
Such melting airs his pipe could play,
The thoughtless Hour forgot her duty,
And fled in Love’s embrace away.

Meanwhile the fold was left unguarded—
The wolf broke in—the lambs were slain ;
And now from Virtue’s train discarded,
With tears her sisters speak their pain.

Time flies, and still they weep ; for never
The fugitive can time restore :

An Hour once fled, has fled for ever,
And all the rest shall smile no more !—p. 7.

These are graceful stanzas—quite equal to any *vers de société* of our time—but there are more ambitious things included in this volume. There occurs, for example, a complete poem of more than one thousand lines—written in the course of the voyage homeward in 1816, and all in the short space of three days. So hasty a production may be expected to show abundance of errors and inaccuracies ; yet ‘ The Isle of Devils ’ appears to us, on the whole, the best poem, of any considerable length, that Mr. Lewis ever wrote. And what is his *best* ? Why, certainly, in poetry, not very much ; —pretty conceits airily tricked out in what are called songs ; in his more elaborate efforts melodious, skilfully-varied versification, and here and there a line of such happy ease in construction, that it is sure to linger on the ear ; but a slender command either of imagery or of passion. As a poet, Lewis is to a Byron what a scene-painter is to a Hobbima. He produces a startling grotesque of outline, and some grand massy contrasts of light and

* ‘ L’heure du berger.’

shade; but he has no notion of working in detail—no atmosphere, no middle-tints to satisfy a daylight spectator. The subject of 'The Isle of Devils' would, in Lord Byron's hands, have at least rivalled the effect of 'Manfred'; from Lewis it comes only in the shape of a sketchy extravaganza, in which no feeling is seriously grappled with, and a score of magnificent situations are, to all intents and purposes, except that of filling the ear with a succession of delicious sounds, thrown away. The truth is, that though Sir W. Scott talks of the 'high imagination' of Lewis, it was only in his very first flights that he ever was able to maintain a really enthusiastic elevation—and he did so more successfully in the prose of 'The Monk' than in the best of his early verses. That vein was a thin one, and soon worked out. Had he lived, in all likelihood, he would have turned in earnest to prose composition; and we think no reader of his *West India Journals* can doubt that, if he had undertaken a novel of manners in mature age, he would have cast immeasurably into the shade even the happiest efforts of his boyish romance.

Mr. Lewis died at sea, on his way home from Jamaica, in 1818; and it may be right to mention that, according to Sir Walter Scott's information, 'he fell a sacrifice to a very strange whim—that of persisting, in spite of all advice, to take daily emetics as a preventive against sea-sickness.'

ART. V.—*An Inquiry into the State of Slavery amongst the Romans, from the earliest Period till the Establishment of the Lombards in Italy.* By William Blair, Esq. Edinburgh. 1833. 12mo. pp. 301.

THIS valuable little treatise belongs to a class of no common occurrence in our recent literature: it is an extremely sensible and scholar-like inquiry into a subject of great interest in classical antiquity, or rather in the general history of mankind. The author is as modest in its pretensions, as he has been laborious and intelligent in the execution of his work. Every one knows that in the free states of antiquity a large proportion of the population, the domestic servants, in general the artisans, and in the days of Roman splendour and opulence far the greater part of the agricultural labourers were, in the strictest sense, slaves. On the condition of this part of the community, the working classes, the *people*, according to the prevailing language—history, essentially aristocratic in its nature, has not condescended to preserve almost any authentic records. More than once indeed, particularly in the great
Servile

Servile war, this despised and degraded race forced itself with fearful violence upon the general attention, and claimed a place in the sanguinary annals of the civil wars. It is a remarkable illustration of the haughty feelings of these ancient republicans, that for a long time they would hardly stoop to acknowledge the public danger, even though Spartacus, after having revenged on one of the consuls the defeat of his colleague, and having appeased the manes of his slaughtered brethren by the sacrifice of three hundred Romans, threatened Rome itself at the head of a hundred and twenty thousand men! Pride, no doubt, mingled with alarm, when after this disastrous war had lasted for three years, no candidate appeared in the trembling comitia to assume a command, in which victory over runaway slaves and desperate gladiators would confer no triumph, defeat would be attended with tenfold disgrace.

Where history thus maintains a disdainful silence, the state of the slave population of Rome can only be laboriously gleaned from incidental notices in the poets, and other writers who have given us an insight into the private and social life of the masters of the world. No native Italian comedy having survived, and, as Mr. Blair has justly observed, Plautus for the most part, and Terence altogether, confining themselves to Grecian manners,—(if indeed their plays are not *mere* translations from the Greek,)—we are deficient in that branch of literature which is most fertile in information upon the state of slavery in Greece. Even the law would scarcely deign to notice this outcast and pariah class: in the *Corpus Juris*, observes Mr. Blair, there is no title ‘*de servis.*’ This must however be understood with considerable reservation: many regulations and edicts were issued by the emperors relating to the condition of slaves: in the time of Hadrian they were taken under the immediate and paternal protection of the law; and from that period the statutes abound in regulations respecting the sale, the treatment, we must not say the rights, of slaves.

The first important question is the proportion of the slave to the free population of Rome. Unfortunately, notwithstanding the learning and sagacity which have been devoted to the subject, from Hume and Wallace to the invaluable researches of Mr. Fynes Clinton on this as well as on other points of classical antiquity, considerable difficulty still prevails as to the class of free citizens comprehended in the different censuses. The number of slaves is a matter of still more obscure and doubtful inference. ‘It does not appear,’ says our author, ‘that permanent public registers of slaves were kept; but annual or frequent returns of their slaves, as of other property, were given in the census by all persons liable to taxation.’ Mr. Blair appears to have forgotten that from the period of the triumph over Perseus, and the subjugation of the Macedonian

Macedonian kingdom, the citizens of Rome had been exempt from direct taxation. Slaves, like other personal property, would be liable to the tax on legacies and inheritances, which Augustus extorted from the reluctant senate, and there was an import duty on slaves, as on other foreign commodities; but the Italian subjects of the empire were long free from the burthens either of a land, a capitation, or a property assessment. Mr. Blair calculates, on probable grounds, that in the earlier periods of the republic, from the expulsion of the kings to the capture of Corinth, (B. C. 146,) the proportion might stand at one slave to every free Roman. The increasing opulence and luxury, the foreign wars which were perpetually pouring in thousands of captives into Italy, and, at a later period, an active and enterprising slave-trade, must have raised the proportion most considerably. He would estimate it, from the period of the fall of Corinth to the reign of Alexander Severus, A. D. 222-235, as high as three slaves to one free man. Among the arguments adduced to support this estimate, which greatly exceeds that of Gibbon and most modern writers, our author adduces the following remarkable instances of the more than oriental magnificence of Rome.

‘Some rich individuals are said to have possessed ten thousand, and even twenty thousand, of their fellow-creatures. Pompey’s freedman, Demetrius, had a great many—those of Crassus were very numerous, and formed a large part of his fortune; his band of architects and masons alone exceeded five hundred. Scaurus possessed above four thousand domestic, and as many rustic slaves. In the reign of Augustus, a freedman, who had sustained great losses during the civil wars, left four thousand one hundred and sixteen slaves, besides other property. The *household* of Pedanius Secundus, præfect of Rome under Nero, was, on a melancholy occasion, found to consist of four hundred slaves. When the wife of Apuleius gave up the lesser part of her estate to her son, four hundred slaves formed one of the items surrendered. Slaves always composed a great part of the moveable property of individuals, and were one of the chief signs of opulence: we learn from the laws respecting marriage, that they formed the chief articles of ladies’ dowries. A law passed by Augustus against the excessive manumission of slaves by testament, forbidding any one to bequeath liberty to more than one-fifth of all his slaves, fixes the *maximum* to be so freed, under any circumstances, at one hundred; whence we may reasonably infer, that five hundred was not an extraordinary number of slaves to be held by one owner. It was, at all times, after the introduction of luxury, fashionable to go abroad attended by a great train of slaves. Horace mentions such a troop consisting of two hundred, and considers ten a very small retinue. At the beginning of the empire, the usual number of personal attendants must have been large; for we have a regulation of Augustus to prohibit exiles from carrying with them more than twenty slaves. Besides, the ma-

ritime law of the Rhodians, sanctioned by the Roman emperors, from Tiberius to Alexander Severus, contemplates every merchant's or trader's being attended by two slaves upon a voyage. We have some reason also to believe that the lowest number of slaves to which the term family or set [*familia*] applied was fifteen *.—pp. 12, 13.

Mr. Blair has not, in our opinion, paid sufficient attention to the effect of the partitions of the public lands, which the agrarian laws were intended to remedy. The statement of Appian on this subject affords strong confirmation of his general views. No subject, till of late years, was so entirely misunderstood—no authorities were appealed to, by the democratic writers, with more total ignorance of their real character and design, than the agrarian laws of Rome. One of the great objects of these statutes was to prevent the free and hardy agricultural population of Italy, which had furnished a constant supply of soldiers to the all-conquering legions of Rome, from sinking into a race of beaten and degraded prædial slaves. The wealthy patricians, who had obtained possession of almost the whole of this public domain by encroachment, or by purchase, employed only slave-labour in its cultivation—for this simple reason, that slaves were ἀσφατέυροι, not liable to be pressed for the army, or marched off as recruits in the midst of their agricultural occupations. 'This kind of property,' says Appian, 'like the great sheep and cattle farms which these slaves were employed to superintend, brought vast returns, from the fruitfulness of the slave population, who multiplied in security on account of their exemption from military service. Thus the nobles grew rich; and thus a race of slaves filled the whole country, while it was almost depopled of the still decreasing Italians, who were worn out with poverty, with exactions, and with military duty.' This will account for the immense numbers which crowded around the standard of Spartacus. In that war, of rather less than three years, above one hundred thousand of his followers perished in the battles which he lost, not including those who fell in his victorious engagements; and though we have no right, perhaps, to assume that the whole of his army was servile, (according to Appian he refused to enlist deserters,) yet there can be no doubt that a very large proportion were of this class. The other dangerous servile wars

* From one of the very curious tables introduced in another part of Mr. Blair's book (p. 135.) it appears that the *personal* attendants of a Roman magnate—quite distinct from the general establishment of the house—were sometimes as many as *forty*. The distinctive names of these functionaries give one a most extraordinary notion of the unbounded luxury of a patrician *Insula*. But the fortunes of these great lords of Rome were, no doubt, in the vigour of the empire, quite beyond any modern scale of opulence. Even in the days of the weak and degraded Honorius, Olympiodorus speaks of an income of £200,000., as not at all uncommon. See a variety of curious details in Gibbon's 31st Chapter, as to the enormous fines and plunder of Alaric.

broke out in the agricultural province of Sicily, the granary of Rome, occupied by the large farms (*latifundia*) of the Roman aristocracy. (Florus, iii. 19.) In the first of these, under Eunus, that bold soldier mustered seventy thousand men, twenty thousand of whom lost their lives in the contest.

Considering, indeed, the relative numbers of the slave and free population—and that so many of the former were captives taken in war and inured to arms; considering the tyranny exercised over them by the caprice and cruelty of their masters—the work-houses (*ergastula*) in which they were crowded together at night to be turned out in the morning, and set to labour in gangs, and, at one period, generally, in chains;—considering, likewise, the political convulsions which perpetually disorganized the government, and might afford tempting opportunities for breaking the bonds of servitude—it has been matter of astonishment to many writers that insurrections were not more frequent, and more fatal to the greatness of Rome. In truth, the wiser politicians seem to have been well aware of the danger which was lurking beneath the surface of society—the suppressed and brooding fire which might at any time burst out with tremendous and volcanic fury. The circumstance recorded by Seneca has been often adduced. When a proposition was made to distinguish the slaves by a peculiar dress, the majority of the senate were speedily convinced of the danger of acquainting the slaves with their relative numbers—‘*quantum periculum immineret, si servi nostri numerare nos cœpissent.*’ But neither Gibbon, who quotes that sentence, nor even our author, has laid much stress on the remarkable speech which Tacitus puts into the mouth of C. Cassius. A man of high rank, the præfect of the city, Pedanius Secundus, had been murdered by a domestic slave: according to the law, the whole household, consisting of four hundred, were condemned to death, as accomplices, because they had not prevented the crime. The more compassionate populace rose in tumultuous violence to rescue these miserable wretches from the executioner. The senate assembled, and C. Cassius stood forward, and appealed to the wisdom of their ancestors. He had too often seen that wisdom treated with irreverence by the pernicious spirit of modern innovation, but on this important occasion he would resist any mitigation of the necessary, though severe, justice of the law. If the family of Pedanius went unpunished, who would be safe? If slaves performed their duty of watching and betraying the criminal intentions of their fellows, then, and then only, could citizens live in security, or at least be revenged after death. ‘Our ancestors suspected the disposition of slaves, though born on their estates, in their houses, and attached to their masters by the earliest bonds of kindness. Now, however,

that we have whole nations in our families, of different forms of worship, with foreign religions, or no religion at all,—over such a rabble no wholesome restraint can be enforced but that of fear. But some who are guiltless will perish? So is it in the decimation of a defeated legion. . . . No great example can be made without injustice to individuals, which is amply compensated by the public security.* And this *great example* was made; in vain the more compassionate urged the number, the age, the sex, the innocence of the sufferers; in vain the people rose, and threatened stones and firebrands. The imperial edict was issued, and the military surrounded the reeking place of execution.

But other causes probably concurred in diminishing the danger of insurrection among the slave population. During the imperial government their numbers were kept up, not so much by the importation of soldiers taken in battle—the last great supply of this kind was probably that of the Jews, of whom above one hundred thousand were made captives in the war of Titus, (*Hist. of Jews*, iii. 71,)—as by importation through an active slave-trade, and the natural means of propagation. Of those who were still taken in war, or were imported from the countries inhabited by the unsubdued barbarians, probably the hardest and the bravest were selected as gladiators; their dangerous strength and valour were wasted in the arena. Spartacus, and the bolder chieftains in his insurrection, were swordsmen, who, in the more peaceful and prodigal times of the emperors, when those barbarous exhibitions were more frequent and destructive, might have been ingloriously

‘Butcher’d to make a Roman holiday.’

Mr. Blair has very properly taken the public slaves, which were in considerable numbers, as well as those who were thus reserved for the public amusement, as an important item in his general calculation:—

‘In addition to the domestic and agricultural slaves, we must allow for the gladiators, who were chiefly slaves, belonging oftener, perhaps, to individuals than to the public, and who were extremely numerous, at different periods. In the shows of the amphitheatre, the greater the slaughter of the combatants, the greater was the satisfaction of the spectators; and we may have some idea of the frequency, and pitilessness with which these were exhibited, from the restriction imposed by Augustus, who forbade magistrates to give shows of gladiators above twice in one year, or of more than sixty pairs at a time.

* The inimitable language of Tacitus can only be feebly transfused:—‘*Suspecta majoribus nostris fuere iugenia servorum, etiam cum in agris, in domibus iisdem nascerentur, caritatemque dominorum statim acciperent. Postquam vero nationes in familiis habemus, quibus diversi ritus, externa sacra, aut nulla sunt, colluviem istam non nisi metu coercueris. . . . Habet aliquod ex iniquo omne magnum exemplum, quod contra singulos salute publicâ rependetur.*’—Ann. xiv. 44.

Other attempts had previously been made to limit the dangerous establishments of gladiators; but they must have been weak, as Julius Cæsar exhibited at once three hundred and twenty pairs. Tiberius restricted the number of combatants; but Caligula and Domitian violated the rules, and the shows were, afterwards, often immoderate. Trajan exhibited them for one hundred and twenty-three days, in the course of which ten thousand gladiators fought.'—pp. 13, 14.

Mr. Blair has an interesting chapter on the slave-trade of the Romans. The *internal* African slave-trade appears to have been conducted, from very remote antiquity, nearly in the same manner as at present; but the shores of the Euxine seem to have been to the ancient slave-dealers what the coast of Guinea has been in modern times.* Scythian, instead of Negro, was the common name for

* Britain was a great mart for slaves. Mr. Pitt made noble use of this topic in a speech which surpasses, in oratorical splendour, all that survives of his eloquence. It is probably the finest thing which the long debates on the slave-trade produced. Our readers who remember it will be glad to have its impression renewed—those who do not, will thank us for pointing it out. We have only room for some fragments of the glorious passage:—

'And these circumstances, with a solitary instance or two of human sacrifices, furnish the alleged proofs that Africa labours under a natural incapacity for civilization; that it is enthusiasm and fanaticism to think that she can ever enjoy the knowledge and the morals of Europe; that Providence has irrevocably doomed her to be only a nursery of slaves for us free and civilized Europeans! Allow of this principle, as applied to Africa, and I should be glad to know why it might not also have been applied to ancient and uncivilized Britain? Why might not some Roman senator, pointing to *British barbarians*, have predicted, with equal boldness—"There is a people that will never rise to civilization—there is a people destined never to be free—a people without the understanding necessary for the attainment of useful arts; depressed by the hand of nature below the level of the human species; and created to form a supply of slaves for the rest of the world?"

'We, Sir, have long emerged from barbarism—we have almost forgotten that we were once barbarians—we are now raised to a situation which exhibits a striking contrast to every circumstance by which a Roman might have characterized us, and by which we now characterize Africa.' . . . [The orator proceeded to a most splendid view of the civilization, the laws, the religion of Britain.]—'From all these blessings we must for ever have been shut out, had there been any truth in those principles which some gentlemen have not hesitated to lay down as applicable to the case of Africa. Had these principles been true, we ourselves had languished to this hour in that miserable state of ignorance, brutality, and degradation, in which history proves our ancestors to have been immersed. Had other nations adopted these principles in their conduct towards us; had other nations applied to Great Britain the reasoning which some of the senators of this very island now apply to Africa, ages might have passed without our emerging from barbarism; and we, who are enjoying the blessings of British civilization, of British laws, and British liberty, might, at this hour, have been little superior, either in morals, in knowledge, or in refinement, to the rude inhabitants of the coast of Guinea.

'Some of us may live to see a reverse of that picture from which we now turn our eyes with shame and regret. We may live to behold the natives of Africa engaged in the calm occupations of industry, in the pursuits of a just and legitimate commerce. We may behold the beams of science and philosophy breaking in upon their land, where at some happy period, in still later times, they may blaze with full lustre—and, joining their influence to that of pure religion, may illuminate and invigorate the most distant extremities of that immense continent. Then may we hope that even Africa, though

for a slave. But these imported slaves from remote and opposite quarters of the world, of different habits and languages, some broken to servitude from their birth, others, as the greater part of the Asiatic slaves, considered of weak frame and effeminate character, were little likely to combine for any great effort of freedom, or to entertain individually generous and independent feelings of repugnance at their degradation and misery. The iron had entered into their souls, and eaten away all that was free, vigorous, or noble. It was, indeed, a base condition, to which, if born free, they had to tame and school their minds. Mr. Blair thus describes the legal condition and the relative situation of the slave to the freeman :—

‘ The original condition of slaves, in relation to freemen, was as low as can be conceived. They were not considered members of the community, in which they had no station nor place. They possessed no rights, and were not deemed persons in law; so that they could neither sue, nor be sued, in any court of civil judicature, and they could not invoke the protection of the tribunes. So far were those notions carried, that when an alleged slave claimed his freedom, on the ground of unjust detention in servitude, he was under the necessity of having a free protector to sue for him, till Justinian dispensed with that formality. Slaves could not enter into matrimony, even with parties of their own rank, their union with whom was of an imperfect nature, violation of which was not accounted adultery;—the Christian church itself did not maintain openly the validity of slave nuptials, till after the period embraced by this treatise. Attempts of free persons to form marriages with slaves were severely punished. Slaves had not the usual paternal power over their children, and no ties of blood among slaves were recognized, except in respect to incest and parricide, which were regarded with horror by the law of nature; yet, if slaves became free, their former relationships received effect; but their *contubernium* did not tacitly obtain the force of a regular marriage. Slaves were incapable of holding property, or directly exercising any power over it independently of their lord, although they might, with his sanction, be proprietors of land. Whatever they ac-

though last of all the quarters of the globe, shall enjoy at length, in the evening of her day, those blessings which have descended so plentifully upon us in a much earlier period of the world. Then also will Europe, participating in her improvement and prosperity, receive an ample recompense for the tardy kindness (if kindness it can be called) of no longer hindering that continent from extricating herself out of the darkness, which, in other more fortunate regions, has been so much more speedily dispelled.—

“ Hos primus equis Oriens afflavuit anhelis,
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.”

Then, Sir, may be applied to Africa those words, originally used, indeed, with a different view—

“ His demum exactis
Devenère locos lætos, et amena vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas :
Largior hic campos æther, et lumine vestit
Purpureo.—”

— *Pitt's Speeches*, vol. ii. p. 80.

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quired belonged to their master. The latter frequently allowed them to enjoy property of their own, (*peculium*,) consisting sometimes of other slaves; but they possessed it by tolerance only; and any legal proceedings connected with it were necessarily conducted in the name of the master, who alone was regarded as the true proprietor, whether plaintiff or defendant.'—p. 51-53.

'The slave had no protection against the avarice, rage, or lust of the master, whose authority was founded on absolute property, and the bondsman was viewed, less as a human being, subject to arbitrary dominion, than as an inferior animal, dependent wholly on the will of his owner: hence, perhaps the command of his master was accepted, by public justice, as an excuse for the slight misdemeanor of a slave; although, from expediency, his master's order or co-operation was not admitted to justify his commission of a grave crime. At first, the master possessed the uncontrolled power of life and death; he might kill, mutilate, or torture his slaves, for any or no offence: he might force them to become gladiators or prostitutes; the temporary unions of male with female slaves were formed and dissolved at his command; families and friends were separated when he pleased; the laws recognised no obligation upon the owner of slaves to furnish them proper food and clothing, or to take care of them in sickness. Slaves could have no property but by sufferance of their master, for whom they acquired everything, and with whom they could form no engagement, which would be binding upon him; since any contract between such parties was nugatory, as fulfilment of it could not be enforced, at law, by the slaves;—for, even if they had been qualified to litigate, the master's superior and engrossing right to all that belonged nominally to the slaves would have afforded a ready answer to the claim—except in one particular case. Philosophers exercised their ingenuity upon the question, whether it were possible for a slave to confer a benefit upon his master; and Seneca, while he argues in favour of the affirmative, shows that the general feeling upon such points was much inclined to the opposite side.'—pp. 77, 78.

It was under the emperors that the law seems first to have interfered in behalf of the slave population, and this interference, whether suggested by policy or humanity, no doubt had its effect in averting the mischiefs which might have been apprehended from their numbers. The period of the worst treatment of slaves appears to have been the latter days of the republic. In the olden times, when the manners were more simple, and slaves fewer in number, the consul, summoned from his plough, had been partaking in the toil, probably in the diet, of his assistant. 'Possibly,' as Denina, quoted by Mr. Blair, has observed, 'masters *then* remembered, that in the course of frequent wars between neighbours, each individual ran the risk of being at some time made a slave.' We are tempted to quote the noble lines of Massinger, to illustrate this primitive period:—

'Happy

‘ Happy those times

When lords were styled fathers of families,
And not imperious masters ; when they numbered
Their servants almost equal to their sons,
Or one degree beneath them ; when their labours
Were cherished and rewarded, and a period
Set to their sufferings ; when they did not press
Their duties or their wills beyond the power
And strength of their performance ! All things ordered
With such decorum as wise law-makers
From each well-governed private house derived
The perfect model of a commonwealth.
Humanity then lodged in the hearts of men,
And thankful masters carefully provided
For creatures wanting reason.’—*The Bondman*, act iv. sc. 2.

But when wealth increased and slaves were multiplied, and liberty, it must be added, became more rampant, this unfortunate race was trampled upon with still more remorseless zeal by those haughty republicans, so jealous of the least infringement on their own rights and privileges—an example not lost, it should seem, on those republicans of modern days, who are most boastful of their national and individual freedom. Then it was that the work-houses were crowded, a fettered peasantry tilled the land, and Cato, the censor, in some respects a model of Roman virtue, obtained dishonourable celebrity as a domestic tyrant.

‘ Masters then considered, generally, that there was nothing which they might not do to their slaves, and that great severity towards them was necessary to keep them in complete subjection ; and even good-natured masters thought sometimes that their own easy temper produced carelessness in their domestics. Slaves were spoken of as mere animals ; and valued only in so far as they represented money. Hortensius, we are told, cared less for the health of his slaves than of his fish. And it was a question put for ingenious disputation, whether, in order to lighten a vessel in a storm, one should sacrifice a valuable horse or a worthless slave. Even Cicero speaks of his own regret for the death of a favourite and gifted domestic being greater than he ought to have felt for a slave !’—p. 124.

During the last civil wars, the desperate Catiline alone dared to entertain the thought of letting loose the fierce and incensed slaves upon their masters ; and of all the charges, accumulated by the indignant eloquence of Cicero, none, doubtless, struck on so sensitive a chord in the feeling of his audience, or aggravated to such a height the general abhorrence. Under the first Cæsars, the condition of the slaves was, probably, but little improved. The law of Augustus, as we shall see, produced no great practical advantage. It appears from a law of Claudius that it was a practice so common

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to expose sick and helpless and decrepit slaves in the island of Æsculapius on the Tiber, with the view of saving their maintenance, that a prohibitory enactment became necessary. The comic writers, particularly Plautus, who must be received with caution on the subject of *Roman* slavery, the satirists, and Martial, are our chief authorities on the actual usage of slaves. Like our Anti-slavery Reporters, of course such authors selected the worst cases, and sometimes wrote rather for effect than truth. But it is impossible to believe that the Romans, accustomed to the bloody diversions of the arena, were not, in general, a severe and cruel people. Instruments for the flagellation and torture of slaves, whips, thongs of bulls' hide, iron collars, and even more horrible engines, seem to have been hung up as ordinary and necessary pieces of furniture, like our stands for walking-sticks and umbrellas. Woe to the careless Abigail who did not finish off, with a nice and exquisite touch, that symmetry of curl which formed the head-dress of her capricious mistress, or touch her cheek with the becoming tinge of ceruse! The whip hung temptingly near, and the great dame herself would sometimes take that instrument of correction into her own delicate hands, or, at least, see that it was duly administered. It was only of the lady whose locks were so naturally beautiful as to disdain the use of art, that Ovid would venture to say—

‘Ornatix tuto corpore semper erat.’

The porter (the janitor) appears to have been ordinarily chained, like the house-dog, to his post; a visiter was sometimes treated with the interesting spectacle of the flagellation of an offending slave; there seem to have been professional torturers, who hired themselves out for this disgusting office. The law of Augustus, which established the jurisdiction of the *præfectus urbis* in cases between master and slave, probably had no great effect beyond the moral influence, which might arise from the recognition of the legislature that this part of the community was not altogether beneath its care. The master was not compelled to bring his delinquent slave before this tribunal—the slave would rarely dare to appeal to it. At all events the jurisdiction of the ‘Lord Mayor’ of Rome extended only to the city, or a limited district around it—the tortured slave in the country work-house might shriek to the unheeding air.

The mitigating circumstances of Roman slavery arose partly from the sentiments of justice and humanity, which, notwithstanding the vices and the ferocity of the general character, were gradually disseminated, and from local and incidental causes. As to the agricultural slaves, the rapid propagation of them, which Appian describes, at the worst period of their general condition, shows that, for the most part, they were not exposed to such hard usage, or kept on such insufficient food, as checks the multiplication of the species. The domestic

domestic slave, of good conduct, industry, and skill in any of the arts or attainments which ministered to the comfort, the wealth, or the luxury of his master, had the power of enhancing his own value, and becoming an object of esteem, even of interest and pride. There was no question as to the equal capacity of the Greek or Asiatic slave for any kind of instruction, with his Roman lord—no prejudice or doubt like that which depresses the negro into an inferior mental and intellectual being. It is said that some of the liberal arts were proscribed to slaves, but practically this could not be the case. The slaves of Atticus were indispensable to his literary ease and enjoyment. Many persons derived more vulgar advantages from the skill of their slaves in the mechanical arts; and the bondman who could minister successfully to the luxury of his master, however he might occasionally suffer from his caprice, was too important to his personal comfort, and even too valuable in the market, not to be treated with some kind of distinction. The cook who could humour the delicate palate of Apicius, might be liable to occasional out-bursts of resentment from his fastidious lord, but he had so strong a hold upon the ruling passion—both the appetites and the vanity of the voluptuary were so deeply concerned in keeping him in good humour—that no doubt he was as imperious and almost as independent as a first-rate *artiste* in our free metropolis.

Mr. Blair gives some curious instances of the value which different slaves bore in the market: the important personage, alluded to above, sold for 772*l.*; a fool (*morio*) for 161*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.*; for a luxury of a much nobler kind, a set of learned slaves, a kind of rhapsodists who could repeat the whole of celebrated works, Calpurnius Sabinus paid at the rate of 100,000 nummi, or 817*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.* each. A good actor and a good physician! bore a high price, on account of the emoluments which they brought in. The slave-player, about whom Cicero was concerned in his celebrated cause *pro Roscio*, was estimated at the least at 200 sester tia (1614*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.*)

The language of the moral writers during the early emperors gradually assumed a more humane and liberal tone on the treatment of slaves, and though no doubt far beyond their age, must, in some degree, be considered as indicative of the general sentiment. Cicero ventures to hint that justice is to be observed even towards slaves, and that those are not altogether wrong in their judgment who would treat them as hired servants.—(*De Off.* i. 13.) This cold and timid philosophy expands, in many passages of Seneca, into bold and almost Christian sentiments of humanity. Pliny the younger, instead of treating his friends with the sight of the bleeding backs and collared necks of his slaves, felt a more honourable pride in displaying the cleanliness and comfort of their apartments.

apartments. The mild and benevolent Plutarch is full of pleasing and liberal feeling on the same subject. But the real drop of sweetness in this bitter cup must, after all, have been the chance of liberty which was often granted with no sparing hand ;—Augustus, indeed, restrained to a certain degree the general liberality, and put some check on the number of manumissions ;—and this restoration to freedom, though the *libertus* was in some degree of dependence upon his *patronus*, who was still responsible to the public for his behaviour, might become practically complete. It was not, as in the great republic of modern days, where the *libertino patre nati*, unfortunately still marked out by the indelible sign of their colour and features, remain a despised and excluded race, whom the public sentiment sternly refuses to admit to social union, to a real and active participation in their free institutions.

Some legal limitations still fettered in Rome the man of slave descent ; for several generations he was not admitted into the senate ; but to all other distinctions this blot seems to have been no practical impediment. Gibbon considers that they were excluded from military honours, but we doubt whether that barrier was not often overleaped ; and the single example of Horace is sufficient to prove that it was no exclusion, when compensated by great talents, from the most distinguished society of Rome. The emperor Hadrian first effectually extended the protection of the law over the slave part of the community, and took away the power of life and death. He suppressed the *ergastula*, and restrained a proprietor from selling a slave to a keeper of gladiators. Antoninus Pius legislated in the same benignant spirit, and thus prepared the way for that final emancipation which was to take place through the *slow and silent* operation of Christianity. We have already, in a former article in this Number, pointed out, as an interesting subject of inquiry, the manner in which Christianity contributed to this great social change. Mr. Blair has stated the operation of some of the regulations introduced by the Christian emperors, but he has only treated the subject, according to his plan, in an incidental manner. It still remains to develop both the direct and indirect operation of this new principle of civilization on the servile population of the Roman empire. It does not appear quite clear, when Christianity first ventured *openly* to raise its voice against the injustice and inhumanity of the whole system. Chrysostom inveighs in one part of his writings against the possession of an enormous number of slaves, yet rather as a proof of inordinate and dangerous opulence, than as worse in itself than any other prevailing luxury. The emperors proceeded but slowly in their legislative interferences, and rather with a view to the amelioration of the condition, than, at least till the time of Justinian, with

with any view to complete emancipation. A new slave-trade arose in the centre of Europe during the invasions of the barbarians, of which a sketch is given in the 'History of the Jews,' vol. iii., as it appears chiefly to have been carried on by that active race, who had little scruple as to the traffic in which they should engage, provided it was lucrative. Yet it cannot be doubted that to Christianity Europe was eventually indebted for the extinction of slavery—or that our modern philanthropists have unwisely neglected the mode of operation in that great example.

On the whole, we recommend this little work to the reader who may be desirous of useful and dispassionate information on a most curious subject. Mr. Blair—the grandson, we are informed, of the author of 'The Grave,' and the son of the late admirable Lord President of the Court of Session at Edinburgh—is not a writer for effect, or for any temporary purpose. He has no splendid theory to illustrate; no object but that of diffusing the valuable knowledge which his industry has enabled him to collect; and though his reading is both accurate and extensive, he brings it to bear on his subject without the slightest display or parade. If accomplishments such as his be common with the northern bar, that profession may well be a proud one; and its members may be excused for regarding with some jealousy the system which subjects the decisions of their native judges, trained in the study of Roman jurisprudence, to the revival of persons who have but rarely even a tinge of that species of learning, without which no man can understand anything of the ancient municipal law of Scotland.

The whole history of the servile classes of mankind, of which Mr. Blair's theme is an important chapter, might be made both interesting and instructive. The advantages which legalized slavery has certainly conferred upon mankind, in certain periods of society, in mitigating the atrocities of barbarian warfare, giving a kind of value to human life, which would otherwise be unsparingly mowed down by the exterminating sword; its modifications in the east and west; the singular and (so to speak) premature benevolence of the Mosaic institutes in the mitigation of its sufferings; the difference in its actual effect on both classes in despotic and republican states; all these, and numberless other points connected with its history, might afford very curious subjects for a philosophical mind, which should be superior to all the temporary excitement of the day, and bring to the investigation sound political wisdom, tempered with real Christian benevolence.

ART. VI.—*Trevelyan*, by the Author of ‘A Marriage in High Life.’ 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1833.

THE heroine of this novel is one of those many young ladies who make shipwreck of all true happiness from the utter incapacity to resist the charm of personal admiration—on whom the gentlest affections, the most generous dispositions, are in vain bestowed, along with the richest endowments of beauty and grace, because of the horse-leech craving of insatiable vanity; who trample on engagements which they have formed freely and leisurely, who break hearts that they know to be warm and devoted, who perpetually place themselves on the verge of ruinous guilt, and, if they escape the gulf, owe their safety to accident, to interference, to anything but their own prudence—and all this because, having no principle, the only foundation of what deserves to be called character, they are before whim, caprice, to say nothing of real passion, as straws and feathers are before the wind.

It is but too easy for poet or romancer to make his reader take part with the energies of passion, however guilty, so it be *one*—but to give fervent interest to the career of a thorough coquette, is a task not only of obvious, but of infinite difficulty—and which we scarcely think has ever been achieved with perfect success, except by the authoress of *Trevelyan*. We can fancy it possible that the world may see another *Manon Lescaut* even, sooner than a worthy rival of *Theresa Howard*.

The mere canvass here, as in almost all ladies’ fables, is a poor one: none of them have ever had the constructive faculty in any very extraordinary degree of development; but *materiam superat opus*. Theresa is a natural daughter—how much alas! does this circumstance imply!—She is an orphan, bequeathed to the guardianship of a very handsome, gallant, chivalric officer, Colonel Trevelyan, who being absent in India, she is educated and brought up in the profoundest quiet, at Richmond, by his sister, Miss Trevelyan—the most interesting of old maids—humble, gentle, religious, in all things the unworldliest of human beings. The soldier comes home, *anno ætatis* thirty-four, when his lovely ward is in the blossom of seventeen; his arrival gives life and animation to the sequestered little cottage and garden of the spinsters; he falls passionately in love with Theresa, and she, hitherto treated as a child, returns his affection with what she herself supposes to be deep love. The Colonel is withheld, by a delicate scruple, from asking her hand in express terms—he thinks it his duty to defer this until she shall have completed her eighteenth year, at which period her father’s will had determined the cessation of the guardian’s authority; but there is
a complete,

a complete, though tacit, understanding between the parties; nay, in the frankness of her virgin fondness, the innocent charmer has spoken words which could bear no possible interpretation except that most agreeable to Trevelyan. In the midst of this Eden-like existence, their path is suddenly crossed by a younger and airier, though not handsomer swain than the Colonel;—and it soon appears that Theresa's grateful admiration for her guardian could not protect dreamy *seventeen* against the fascinations of love made in more juvenile style than his, more fantastic, more scenical—more mixed up with enthusiasm about guitars and moonlight barcarollas—visions, early and late, of a graceful stranger on a long-tailed horse, followed by a large Newfoundland dog—in short, all those circumstances of mystery and romance, which hold such indescribable sway over the imagination of a fair damsel, whose notions of what love is, and what lovers ought to be, have been chiefly gathered from Juliet, Corinne, and other less celebrated heroines.

The novelist did well, by the way, to make Miss Howard a devoted student of 'Corinne;' there is no book so calculated to strengthen what is perhaps strong enough in every female mind, the taste and appetite for mere admiration; which taste at seventeen mixes itself up so very readily with the working of the senses—and which, by indulgence, so inextricably overtwinces every part of the character, that none of Madame de Staël's own readers ever much wondered at her famous confession in the latter years of her life, that she would give up all her genius and all her glory to be for one day a young beauty!

Colonel Trevelyan is a true *preux chevalier*. He tramples on, though he cannot extinguish, his own love, and consoles himself, as he may, with the belief that he has done everything for the happiness of Theresa, still dearer to him than life, when he has given her in marriage to Lord Herbert Leslie. The 'happy pair' go abroad—are numbered among the *detenus* of 1803—are lost sight of for six or seven years, and only heard of from time to time in uncertain rumours. Meanwhile Colonel Trevelyan, in consequence of the deaths of a cousin and an uncle, succeeds to the title and great estates of his family; and as Earl of Launceston unites himself in marriage with his late uncle's orphan daughter, the Lady Augusta—a handsome and well-meaning, but cold and dull woman, who makes him as good a wife as a cold, dull woman ever can be to a man of ardent feelings and high intellect. Children are born to them—and he is the fondest of fathers—he mixes in public life—is an active and distinguished member of the House of Lords—a model of worth and propriety in all his relations—and as happy as any man whose heart of
 hearts

hearts has once been stabbed by disappointment can ever be :—unconscious that when he wedded his frigid cousin the old flame had still lain smouldering beneath its ashes—chilled more and more every day to his wife by her even dogged stubbornness about little things, and her total incapacity to sympathize with him as to anything of a higher sort—but guarded both by a strong sense of honour and religious duty, and, in some degree, perhaps, by the sad experiences of his earlier days, from even dreaming of the fashionable flirtations of London. Such is his position, when one evening in the summer of 1808, he happens to look in at a grand assembly in Manchester-square; and then follows a scene of which we must extract a considerable portion, for it appears to us not second to any one that could be quoted from the whole body of recent romance :—

‘Trevelyan remained for some time in the recess of a window, engaged in interesting political conversation relative to the recent debate, totally unheeding the crowd which buzzed around. His companion being at length called away, he was left alone, but feeling no particular interest to attract him further, he continued at the same spot, his eyes wandering carelessly over the moving mass, hardly conscious whom or what he saw. At last his attention was caught by a group of persons at a little distance, who appeared to be collected round some object of peculiar interest, and for lack of other occupation he for some time watched the party, although unable to discover any particular cause for the seeming general attraction.

‘As it was now getting late, he was about to leave the room, when suddenly, by the moving of some of those who formed the crowd, he beheld a figure which immediately riveted his attention.

‘She was dressed in the fashion of revolutionary France, a costume which, from the total separation of the countries during the last five years, had been little seen, or at least was not then generally adopted in England. Her shoulders, of most dazzling beauty, were naked nearly to the waist, and the lines of her graceful figure were scarcely concealed by the statue-like drapery which hung over it, and which appeared to be secured around her merely by her girdle. Long dark glossy ringlets hanging down on each side of her cheeks and throat, at the moment, entirely hid her features; but the general contour of her head, rivalling the beauty of a Grecian bust, gave full promise of perfection in the averted face.

‘Trevelyan beheld all this with mixed feelings of admiration and disgust; but—on a sudden—a strange, mysterious presentiment took possession of his soul—he again gazed at the figure before him breathless with fear, hope, and anxiety. She at last moved—she turned towards him! At once every pulse in his frame ceased to beat;—he wildly looked again. She now on a sudden caught his glance, and instantly her eyes were earnestly riveted upon him! Those who have been separated by fate from the object of their romantic

mantic affections, and have, perhaps, for years dwelt on the dear recollection until it has become a sort of dream of the imagination, well know that when at last that visionary form is suddenly realized before the eyes, it bursts upon the senses with the awfulness of a phantom. Such were Trevelyan's bewildered feelings, when he again beheld *Theresa*!

'On her part, to recognize him—to fly to his side—to seize his hand with rapture—to pour forth the most vehement expressions of delight, was the affair of a moment. But still Trevelyan continued to stare wildly at her, as if he had lost all power of speech or motion. Observing how much her abrupt appearance had agitated him, (for Theresa needed no one to assist her in reading the passions of the soul,) she, pressing his hand in her's, said, in a low voice, "Come with me into the next room—it seems nearly empty, and we may there talk more quietly, for this is no place for saying all we both have to ask and to tell;" and putting her arm within his, she led him into the outward apartment. When there, seated on a couch by her side, his hand still pressed in her's, and once more actually hearing the accents of her beloved voice, Trevelyan in some degree recovered from his emotion. He then ventured again to raise his eyes towards her; indeed, it was now only that he actually saw her, for all before had been confusion.

'At five and twenty, Theresa was still more beautiful than at eighteen; her figure, the principal charm of which had before consisted in the slim airiness of youth, was now beautifully rounded into a woman's form; her complexion was still more brilliant, her eyes still more sparkling. But Trevelyan withdrew his from their glance with a sort of mental shudder, for they had in them an expression which turned his very heart sick, although he could not—would not—have described it:—they told him of scenes to which they had probably been witness, and which appeared to have left upon them a stamp of their lawlessness!

' "And is it really you, Colonel Trevelyan?" said Theresa, looking at him with most unfeigned pleasure; "I can hardly believe it is not all a dream! for you can form no idea of the happiness of this meeting to me—to me who have been so long an exile, and who have lived in such total ignorance of the existence even of every creature I loved, that I positively did not dare make inquiries after any one. Judge, therefore, of my delight on seeing *you* so unexpectedly! But I have so much to learn, I hardly know where to begin. First, however, tell me, may I venture to ask after dear, dear Trevev?" and Theresa looked with painful anxiety in her companion's face for his reply. "My sister still lives," said Trevelyan, who had now at last recovered the power of utterance; "but well I cannot say she is." "And do you still live with her?—at Richmond?" inquired Theresa. "No," replied Trevelyan, with embarrassment,—"I live—I am married!" "Married! good Heavens! tell me quickly to whom!" said Theresa, with increased eagerness. Trevelyan, with some hesi-
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tation of manner, named Augusta. "To Augusta! to your cousin the Lady Augusta?" It was evident that Theresa's first impulse had been to express surprise and disappointment, but, suddenly checking herself, "We did not somehow agree very well formerly, you know," said she; "but now she is your wife, I am sure you have taught her to be everything that is charming.—Excellent she always was; indeed, too excellent for me, which was, I fear, the true secret of our not suiting; and if that were the bar to our friendship before, what will it be now?"—added she, with a something between a smile and a sigh. "But I will be as hypocritical as I can, in order to win her regard, for your wife I *must* love, and your wife I am determined *shall* love me;" and as she uttered these words, she looked at him with an expression which, had he ever seen it in Augusta's countenance, he would have hailed as the promise of every future happiness. . . .

'At length a person looking hastily in at the door, which led from the next apartment, in apparent search of some one, exclaimed, "Oh! there you are!" and a very good-looking young man coming up to Theresa, said, in rather a tone of reproach, "I have been looking for you everywhere for this last hour, and could not conceive what was become of you; Mrs. Lindsay bids me say she wishes to go home;—that is to say, if you can tear yourself away," he added with a supercilious smile; and then, examining Trevelyan with no very satisfied looks, his eyes appeared to take Theresa to task for being thus occupied with another. "What! is it already so late?" said she, with a sigh; "what a pity! fetch me my cloak, Lascelles, and I will come directly." Then, as her unknown friend left the room, turning again to Trevelyan, she said in a low voice: "You must come to me to-morrow morning, I have still so much to say, and to ask." Trevelyan, who had neither time nor inclination to refuse the appointment, inquired where, and at what hour, he was to call on her. "There is my direction," said she, taking a card of address out of her bag, "and come as early as you like, at twelve—at any hour, in short, I shall be too happy to see *you*."

'Her handsome young friend then returned with her cloak, and, as he assisted her in putting it on, "What in the world," said he, "is Leslie doing with himself? I have not set eyes on him to-day."—"A pretty question to ask me," replied Theresa, "I, who have not seen him since our arrival; I should have thought you would have known better by this time than to apply to me for news of my husband." Her friend laughed, and whispered something to Theresa, who also laughed; then holding out her hand to Trevelyan, with the sweetest expression possible, "*à demain*," she said in a low voice, "Remember twelve," and left the room arm-in-arm with her companion.

'How much had Trevelyan learnt by those few words which he had now overheard! They told him that Theresa was still a wife, which, from her strange silence respecting Lord Herbert, he had almost begun to doubt; they told him that *that* love for which he had sacrificed his own existence was gone! When in the open air, and

when familiar objects met his eyes in his way home, all that had passed within the last two hours reassumed the semblance of a dream! Was it possible that he was again in a manner united to Theresa? that again—next day—he should see her—again hear the sounds of her voice—of that bewitching voice whose tones had still the freshness of innocence! Oh! if he could but have been deceived by his anxiety—if he might but be allowed still to give way to that confiding affection which had once made his happiness!—for he felt as if every other trial would then be light in comparison.’—vol. ii. p. 203.

There is considerable slyness in the opening of the chapter that follows this:—

‘The next morning he (almost unconsciously to himself) delayed as long as possible encountering his wife at breakfast, for he felt as if she must read the secret of his soul in the very first glance at his countenance. The instant he appeared at the drawing-room door, his little boy ran up to him; “Oh, here’s papa! dear, good papa!” and he presented his rosy face for the accustomed kiss. Trevelyan took up the child in his arms, as a sort of screen between him and Augusta. “Oh! but, papa, I fear you have not been good—your face looks all I don’t know how, as Freddy’s does when he won’t say his letters. Has mamma been scolding you?—have you been crying? Oh, naughty papa!” and the child playfully held up his finger at Trevelyan. “Papa has a bad headache,” said Trevelyan, in order to turn off the child’s observation on his disordered looks into another channel, fearful that his remarks might attract those of his wife. “A headache! Poor dear papa! I will kiss it and make it well,” and the child began caressing him most fondly. “I suppose the House sat very late last night?” said Augusta, without ever raising her eyes towards her husband; “for I think it must have been near three when you came home. Was there anything particular?”—“No, nothing,” said Trevelyan, conscious that he coloured as he spoke.’—*Ibid.* p. 217.

These scenes form the opening of what we may call the third act of the drama. Trevelyan’s high resolution, and at length triumphant success, in struggling against his own only passion, and the too obvious readiness of Theresa *now* to return to her first fancy; the jealousy of Lady Launceston, who will not understand her husband’s motives or do justice to his moral strength, and who, by her determined rejection of Theresa’s society, throws her, as well as Trevelyan (once more her guardian), into a perpetual maze of new and unnecessary danger and difficulty; with the continued pertinacity of Lascelles in obtruding his guilty addresses on the too often solitary beauty, and Lord Herbert Leslie’s profligate intrigues with his wife’s Abigail—these things fill up the third and fourth acts, with unbroken, and only too painful interest. It is in this part of the novel that the authoress’s skill is the most powerfully displayed. Theresa is, in fact, distracted between three
loves

loves—she still, in spite of all his ill-usage, loves Leslie, and would sacrifice all the world for the opportunity of pardoning and being pardoned by him : she cannot contemplate the devotion of Trevelyan without cursing the hour that she forsook him, and is every now and then withheld by nothing but his courage and elevation from throwing herself, as the phrase goes, at his head : he again cannot be constantly with her—when he is, there occur moments enough in which the very heroism that she in solitude worships, wounds, mortifies, and tortures her. Lascelles, meantime, is unwearied, passionate, daring, and artful—he is young, handsome, fervent, and he stimulates outraged beauty to revenge. While her fate thus hangs in the balance, how does the author contrive to keep alive all our original interest in her through so many scenes of conscious folly and selfish indulgence, of drooping and fainting virtue, of concessions stopping just on the verge, of contradictory emotions, of grief, resentment, tenderness, spleen, raging passion, and burning remorse?—We must answer, read the book. To tell the story, without giving the detail, is as impossible as it would be to convey, by a critical abridgment, any notion of the magic of Mark Antony's 'great witch' in Shakspeare.

Thoroughly aware how inadequate, in this case, must be the effect of partial quotation, we venture to take the close of a chapter describing a visit paid by Theresa, Trevelyan, and his infant boy Lord St. Ives, to the good recluse now in very feeble health, the inimitable 'old maid' of No. 1, Paragon-row, Richmond :—

'Theresa wandered round the room, looking earnestly on every well-remembered object connected with her past life. "Ah! there is my old friend, the guitar, I see," said she, taking it up from the piano-forte, "and all gone to wreck and ruin, like its former owner; for its strings now seem only to jar, and can give pleasure to no one." She paused, and gave a deep sigh. But in a minute, making an effort to cast off the melancholy reflections to which the sight of the broken instrument had given rise, she resumed, in a more cheerful tone, "The guitar, however, can, at all events, be put to rights, so I will take it away with me and new string it, and the next time I come and see you, dear Treevy, I will sing all your old favourites."—During the remainder of her visit, Theresa was, to all appearance, the light-hearted being of former days; and these assumed spirits again reassuring Miss Trevelyan, she gazed on her with the tenderest feelings of affection, in blissful ignorance of the many sad changes which had taken place in her young friend. There was, in short, a mysterious attraction about Theresa which no one with any heart could resist. The very circumstance of her varying, uncertain spirits, and the wild ebullitions of feeling or thoughtlessness to which she alternately

gave way, increased the interest which she could not fail to inspire by the addition of doubt and anxiety. A doubt, however, unmixed with any suspicion of intended deception on her part, for her mind was, like her complexion, perfectly transparent; and, indeed, it was this very artlessness of character which gave rise to the feeling of uncertainty about her; as, in utter carelessness of consequences or interpretations, she yielded to every passing sensation, and thus frequently betrayed feelings, which one less guileless, and possessing more of this world's wisdom, would have carefully concealed.

The writer here touches on a feature characteristic of almost all her sex, and which, nevertheless, has not before (in as far as we recollect) been brought out in a novel—we mean the actual impossibility that a woman feels of keeping her own secrets, even when every motive ought to seal her lips. We doubt if any frail fair ever yet died unconfessed.

‘The party entered the carriage, and drove from the door in silence. For Trevelyan noticed with too much pleasure the present emotions of Theresa’s heart, to wish to disturb the reverie in which he saw she was absorbed, and being himself also depressed and pre-occupied, he willingly left her to her own reflections. Before long, St. Ives’s little head began to nod with sleep, and Trevelyan, fearful he might fall, endeavoured, but in vain, to prop him up with the cushions of the carriage. “Let him come and sit by me,” said Theresa, whose attention was at last attracted towards her companions, “and I will wrap him up in my cloak that he may not catch cold.” The drowsy child was placed at her side; she put her arm round him, and thus carefully screened from the air, he soon fell into a profound sleep on her shoulder. She gazed on him for some time in silence, and then wiping away a tear which had fallen on his rosy cheek from her’s—“Poor child!” she said, “how happy! how peaceful he looks!—long may that peaceful happiness last!” Trevelyan, much affected, did not speak, and not another word was uttered by either of them until the rattling noise of the carriage on the stones of London disagreeably broke the trance into which they had both fallen. There is a silence between those of congenial minds still more delightful perhaps than the intercourse of conversation. Not the most evanescent impulse of Theresa’s mutable soul escaped Trevelyan’s observation, and she—when not wholly engrossed by her own—read instinctively his every feeling. In short, there seemed to be still some mysterious link between them, which Fate herself could not break, although she had for a time appeared to counteract her own design by separating two beings so formed for each other, and who appeared to have been thrown together purposely to secure the good and happiness of both. This unnatural contention seemed however now at an end, and each weary heart to be permitted to find in the other that repose of which it had been so long in search. And when thus once again enjoying the luxury of sympathy, Trevelyan believed he could

so discipline his mind as to raise his affections for Theresa above all selfish considerations, and be content to make her good and happiness his first object in life, independent of his own. Emboldened by this self-deceiving thought, he now ventured to gaze on his abstracted companion; and as he fancied he read in the softened expression of her eyes, and the sadness visible in her eloquent countenance, indications of altered feelings, he gave way to the most flattering hopes for the future, when he should behold the object of his solicitude again restored to peace and happiness, and have tutored himself into content. In the virtuous enthusiasm of the moment, Trevelyan possibly gave himself credit for much more philosophy than he in fact possessed—but his very mistake was to his honour; and strangely palsied must be the heart of that man who can look on his favourite child nursed in the arms of the woman he has loved, and remain unmoved.’—vol. ii. p. 292.

We presume the authoress herself is chargeable with the verses which head the next chapter. This fragment of ‘old song’ has to our ear a very charming cadence.

‘Should those fond hopes e’er forsake thee
Which now so sweetly thy heart employ;
Should the cold world come to wake thee
From all thy visions of youth and joy;
Oh ’tis then—he thou hast slighted
Would come to cheer thee when all seem’d o’er;
Then the truant, lost and blighted,
Would to his bosom be taken once more.’

These lines introduce a chapter of confidences between Trevelyan and Theresa—how dangerous all confidences are between persons so situated we need not say:—

“‘I saw him no more—and he is gone—alone—to Scotland.” As Theresa uttered these last words she started from her seat, as if to endeavour by bodily motion to check the agitation of her mind. In so doing, the guitar, which she had apparently been new stringing, and which was hanging on the back of her chair, was thrown down and vibrated on the ground—its sounds seemed to make her shudder. Trevelyan, who well knew the feelings which they must have excited, instantly rose from his seat to lift up the fallen instrument; as he approached her for that purpose, she held out her hand to him—“Forgive me,” said she, in a low broken voice; “I shall soon have done with my tiresome story; and when I have once told you all, I promise you not again to torment you in this manner. I know it is not fair; but I have not a friend on earth but you.” These last words were scarcely audible through her sobs. “Compose yourself, dearest Theresa,” said Trevelyan—himself scarcely less agitated—and fetching her a glass of water from her dressing-table, he with a trembling hand held it towards her. As she extended her’s to take it, the loose sleeve of her wrapping-gown fell back, and he recognised
on

on her arm the gold bracelet which he had given her the morning of her wedding-day. The ornament instantly caught his attention, and as she returned him the glass, his eyes were involuntarily again riveted upon it, while the recollection of the feelings with which he had placed it there on that fatal day rushed on his soul with overwhelming force. Theresa soon observed the object which had attracted his attention, and looking in his face with a melancholy smile which went to his heart—"Ah, do you remember that bracelet?" said she; "that was your wedding present to me! You put it there yourself the day I was married—and there it has remained ever since.—You don't know what a valuable gift it has proved to me, for it has really acted the part of a talisman; the sight of it often checking me in the midst of my follies, by recalling all the excellences of the kind donor: in short, I have quite a superstitious feeling about this bracelet, and should be sure some dreadful misfortune was hanging over me were I ever to lose it."

'How rapidly did these words make poor Trevelyan's heart beat; and how ardently did he long to press to it that lovely hand and arm which seemed to be thus in a manner marked as his own property! He stood for a minute entranced; then, making a violent effort over his feelings, he hastily retreated to his former seat on the opposite side of the writing-table.

"Well, now," said Theresa, drying her eyes, "if you have still patience to listen to me, I will go on with my sad tale, promising to make it as brief as possible:—When we first arrived here we had not a farthing, indeed we could not have reached London had it not been for Lascelles."—"Good God!" exclaimed Trevelyan, in an agony of alarm, "why did not you tell me this before?" "Be quiet," said Theresa, smiling at his vehemence; "all that is settled. Herbert immediately on his return from Ascot last night paid that, and other former debts, to Lascelles; and most thankful I am he did so—and he had still enough of his winnings left to take him to Scotland: of this I am certain, as it was on hearing the flourishing state of his purse that I directly formed the plan of accompanying him. I was in such a state of irritation after he had thus cruelly left me,—so entirely engrossed by that one feeling,—that I thought of nothing else, and it was not till he was actually gone that my helpless, destitute situation struck me; for," said she, taking her purse out of her bag, and playfully tossing it in the air—"I have not, you see, one sous left. This is a ridiculous, artificial sort of distress," added she, laughing, "being of course merely owing to the peculiar circumstances in which we have been, and are still, placed; but nevertheless *cela ne laisse pas d'être* very awkward and disagreeable for the moment."—vol. iii. p. 43.

Since we have quoted at all from this part of the book, it is perhaps only fair that we should give the reader a glimpse of Mr. Lascelles. The *dubious* Mrs. Lindsay is the common friend and *entremetteuse* of this gentleman and Theresa. Lord Launceston, and his friend Sir Henry Williams, a half-comic character
who

who has a good deal to do in the story, and always appears with excellent effect—and who is, we cannot doubt, a complete portrait—have ridden to London from Lord Launceston's villa at Cheshunt, on purpose, after some interval spent in the country, to pay a morning visit to Lady Herbert Leslie. She had gone to Kensington Gardens, and they follow her:—

'The beauty of the day appeared to have enticed all London to the spot; the principal walk was thronged with pedestrians, while the riders, drawn up in rows outside, were showing off their horses and persons, and flirting with their gaily bonneted acquaintances within; every creature, in short, seemed to be there, except the one whom they sought. "Let us go back by some quieter walk," said Sir Henry, "for I declare the crowd and the pretty ladies have made my old head quite giddy." They accordingly struck down a less frequented and more shady part of the garden, and had again nearly reached the gate, when Trevelyan's eagerly searching eye discovered two persons on a seat at some little distance, apparently engaged in very interesting conversation, for the eyes of the one were fixed on the ground, while those of the other were riveted on the countenance of his fair companion. Trevelyan's fears instantly told him it was Theresa!—and Lascelles!—and they told him but too truly.

'So painful a feeling of apprehension shot through his heart at this sight, that he shrank from immediately pointing out to Sir Henry the object of their hitherto anxious search; but keeping his eyes fixed upon her, he directed their steps towards the spot. On a sudden he saw Theresa start from her seat, and look eagerly around her, evidently wishing for the approach of some other person. As her eyes quickly darted in every direction, they at last fell upon Trevelyan, and instantly recognising him, she sprang towards him with an almost audible exclamation of joy. Her face was unusually suffused with colour, but whether owing to any extraordinary agitation, or to the quick pace at which she had joined them, and pleasure at thus unexpectedly meeting her father's old friend, Trevelyan could not tell; but he gazed on her expressive countenance with even more than usual interest.

'Her reception of Sir Henry was most cordial. She made the kindest inquiries after Lady Williams; recalled to his memory their former jokes, and talked with such feeling of "dear Richmond," that the warm-hearted old soldier was in raptures. But still, to Trevelyan, who read her every look and feeling, there was such a degree of strange agitation in her manner, that he felt sure something unusual had happened to discompose her. As soon as these first expressions of pleasure at meeting were over, Theresa, after casting an anxious look towards the bench she had lately quitted—and which was now empty—went close up to Trevelyan, and putting her arm within his, she said in a low voice, "Let me remain with you till I find Mrs.

Lindsay;

Lindsay; she cannot, I am sure, be far off." Trevelyan again looked anxiously in her face, as if wishing to make those inquiries with his eyes which he could hardly venture upon with his tongue. Again a crimson blush covered her cheeks, which had a minute before been deadly pale. "Lady Herbert," said he to her, in a low voice, "are you not well?—has anything particular distressed you?" "Oh, no, nothing," said she; endeavouring, though in vain, to assume a careless manner. "Nothing—a mere trifle, but,"—and she hesitated—"but Lascelles was talking nonsense to me just now—and at the moment I was rather out of sorts with him. But it is not worth mentioning—and I shall take care to let him know such *persiflage* does not please me, whatever it may others—and that it is never to be repeated." Trevelyan again looked at her with increased distress and alarm. "Don't scold me just now," said she, in a still more agitated voice, "for I am at this minute so nervous, I don't know what effect a word, or even a look from you, might have upon me; only, for heaven's sake, do not leave me till I have found Mrs. Lindsay. And don't be so frightened; for see," added she, with a strange wild smile on her face, "you need be in no alarm about me; there is my talisman safe,"—and she pointed to his bracelet on her wrist.—vol. iii., p. 66-71.

The fifth act is thorough tragedy. Lady Herbert, Trevelyan being out of town, is left completely to her husband's neglect, Mr. Lascelles' attentions, and her own devices. Accompanying Mrs. Lindsay and Mr. Lascelles one night to Vauxhall, she perceives her lord walking arm-in-arm with her own French maid; and this confirmation of all her worst suspicions influences her in a way that is, probably, intended to bespeak her intimate acquaintance with the manners and feelings of the country for which the *Code Napoléon* had shortly before been drawn up. That code, we need hardly say, while preserving all the ancient strictness of the canon law as to female transgressions, limits the wife's plea of divorce on the score of infidelity to cases of offence '*sous le toit marital*;' but Theresa felt the insult now inflicted on her with a bitterness which perhaps no English wife ever wanted the sanction of a legislative distinction to warrant. The audacious Lascelles is with her at the moment; he profits by the occasion; and, in a few minutes, they are shut up together in a post-chaise on the Great North Road.

Now comes the real crisis of Theresa's fate. She has all but lost everything. Two stages from London she breathes more freely, and fancies that it is not yet too late for her: she springs out of the carriage—locks herself up—and at last succeeds in satisfying Lascelles that she will see him no more:—he, in rage, in phrenzy, departs, and Theresa is alone—degraded for ever by what she has already done—deserted by all the world, a wretched, bewildered,

bewildered, more than half frantic outcast in a country inn! To whom shall she turn? what friend can she appeal to now? is there any hope for her, near as she had been to worse than all that poor Olivia Primrose had to think of, when that fair desolate sung those never to be forgotten stanzas:—

‘ When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die.’

Theresa calls on Trevelyan, and he is soon bending over the couch of her anguish, despair, and mortal illness. We shall not dwell on the terrible miseries of these scenes. Theresa, whose first agonies are mixed up with some gleams of pride, founded on the belief that after all she has stopped short of actual guilt, is at length recalled by Trevelyan to some juster notions of what guilt is; and a burst of the most disarming humility succeeds. Even Leslie, who has at length, on Lord Launceston’s repeated applications to him, arrived at the scene of her now hopeless sufferings, is for a moment subdued and overwhelmed with a sense of his own unworthy treatment having been the cause of all her errors and all her miseries; but the spark of life is at its last flicker before he approaches.

‘ Trevelyan, drawing aside the curtain, as he leant over her, addressed Theresa by her name; but she did not move or speak. “ Lady Herbert,” he repeated in a firmer voice, “ would you see your husband if he were to come?” Still no answer, and her eyes remained closed; but by the restless motion of her hand, which was lying at her side, it was evident it was not sleep which thus benumbed her faculties. Again Trevelyan spoke to her. “ Theresa, your husband is come; will you not see him?” But again his words were totally unheeded; and Trevelyan, turning towards Lord Herbert, cast on him an involuntary look of reproach as the cause of the melancholy spectacle before them. It was one which appalled and roused even the hardened libertine: he approached the bed, looked at Theresa for a minute aghast, and then in a low, tremulous voice addressed her by an endearing appellation once familiar to her ears. That name—that voice—the voice of him who had been the object of her youthful passion, at once penetrated through the mist of fever and the stupor of debility. She raised her head from the pillow, and gazing wildly at her husband—“ It is he! It is Herbert himself!” she exclaimed with an hysterical scream, and burst into one of those dreadful fits of laughter occasioned by over-wrought feelings on an exhausted

hausted frame. It was Trevelyan's arm which then supported the poor convulsed Theresa! It was *his* hand which chafed her clammy temples, for, horror-struck at the sight before him, a feeling of remorse seemed, for a minute, totally to overpower Lord Herbert, and he stood motionless, gazing on his victim. Her hysteric cries by degrees subsided, and when sufficiently recovered to be again aware of the presence of him, the sight of whom had so violently affected her, Lord Herbert again spoke to her. "Theresa!" said he, in a low subdued tone, will you forget the past? Can you forgive me?" "Forgive you!" she exclaimed, a ray of light appearing for an instant to illumine her countenance, and a flush of joy to tinge her faded cheek—"Oh! dear, dear Herbert!" and throwing herself forward, she fell nearly senseless on his breast. For a moment Lord Herbert seemed moved to tenderness; he pressed her to his heart, and kissed her pale face; but as her feeble hands—unable to retain their hold—fell powerless from his neck, which they had clasped, he disengaged himself from her arms, and laying her head on the pillow, gradually withdrew his hand from her grasp."—vol. iii. p. 187.

The same evening, Theresa having rallied a little, and being apparently more calm than she had hitherto been, Trevelyan again enters her room.

"He sat down by the bed-side, and, after watching her for a few minutes in silence, encouraged by the calm collected expression of her countenance, "Theresa!" said he, in a tremulous voice, "now that you have had time for reflection, and are reconciled to your husband, is there not another with whom you would wish to be at peace?"—"Another! whom?" said she, wildly; "what do you mean?"—"I mean, that surely you must wish to be at peace with yourself—with your God!" She started from her pillow, with a degree of nervous energy of which he had scarcely thought her enfeebled body capable, and, looking him fixedly in the face—"What do you mean?" she again repeated, "is it really then as I have fancied?—am I dying?" and her whole frame trembled with agitation as she spoke. "Calm yourself, dearest," said Trevelyan,—his own voice and manner at the moment little according with the injunction he gave; "I did not talk of dying. But would nothing except the approach of death make you wish to be reconciled to your best friend—to your benefactor?" Theresa appeared scarcely to heed, or, indeed, to comprehend him, her thoughts being wholly occupied by the first impression which they had received.

"It is hard to die so young!" she murmured, "and when Herbert is again kind to me—when I might again be so happy!—to leave all!"—"Has this world afforded you so much of enjoyment, Theresa," continued Trevelyan, in a faltering voice, "that you feel such reluctance at the idea of leaving it?"—"I cannot die now!" she continued;—"I dare not—I am not prepared for death!" and, shuddering, she closed her eyes, as if to avoid the bewildering recollections which pressed upon her awe-struck mind. "At all events, if it is indeed

indeed come to this!" she after a minute continued in a wild reckless tone,—“if my doom is fixed, there is no use in forestalling my misery by dwelling on it, as there is nothing left for me now but to meet my fate as boldly as I can; for it is vain to attempt to expiate all my numberless offences; I remember nothing—I can think of nothing, all is confusion!—horrible confusion! I see but a mass of folly, wilful folly, and wickedness, and my mind is totally unequal to recalling the actions of one day—even of one hour!”

We shall not quote any of Trevelyan's religious warnings and consolations. This novelist is, perhaps, more successful in mixing sacred topics with worldly manners and imaginary events than any other that ever tried to do so; and the secret, we believe, is simply that in the whole tone of her own mind, as reflected in her narrative, there is nothing inconsistent with the purest warmth of Christian charity—no trace of that harsh satire, that exulting sarcasm, that bitter mockery, which cause one to revolt in disgust from the fulsome patches of piety occasionally introduced by certain wholesale-dealers in these unevangelical commodities. But still we have grave doubts about the propriety of regular religious lectures in works of this class; and, though we admit that some such passages diversify these pages without producing any painful sense of incongruity, we are of opinion that a few very brief hints would have answered the writer's purpose better; and that in every case, and for a thousand reasons, the conversion of the novel, like the murder of the drama, ought to occur behind the scenes.

‘A bright smile of former days for an instant flashed across Theresa's altered features, the feeble hand, pressed in Trevelyan's, moved as if struggling for liberty. “Pray for me—help me,” she faintly murmured, and clasped her hands together. Trevelyan sank on his knees at the bed-side and prayed aloud, Theresa the while appearing to be attentively following every word he uttered. He prayed long and fervently, and still her lips moved, still her languid eyes were raised to heaven, while tears stole slowly down her cheeks; but insensibly her hands unclasped and sank motionless on the bed. Trevelyan gazed on her with fearful agony; there was still a pulse, but it was like the last flare of an expiring flame, and her breath came quick and short.

‘At that minute Trevelyan heard footsteps behind him, and, turning hastily round, he beheld Lord Herbert standing at the door, uncertain whether to enter. Trevelyan made a sign to him to approach. “Is she worse?” he inquired, with a look of horror, on observing Theresa's altered countenance. “Has she mentioned me?” Trevelyan did not answer, indeed did not appear even to hear him, and continued in silent anguish, straining his eyes to catch every remaining symptom of animation. In a minute or two Theresa again

again seemed to rally, and, extending one of her hands towards Trevelyan, "Dear friend!" she said, "are you there? Do not leave me now!" He clasped her hand in his, and then in a tremulous voice addressing her,—“Yes, Theresa, I am here; and there is another also here—your husband.”—“Herbert! dear Herbert!” she exclaimed with energy: “Where? for my eyes are grown so dim I see nothing.” Trevelyan caught hold of Lord Herbert’s hand, and placed Theresa’s in it; a smile once more came over her whitened lips, and her whole remaining strength appeared concentrated in the convulsive grasp with which she seized her husband’s hand. “Thank God! thank God!” she cried with fervour, and again struggled hard for breath. “Is there anything you would wish to say to me, Theresa?” said Lord Herbert, in a tone of kindness. She did not answer—and every deep-drawn sigh seemed her last. Trevelyan, beside himself, and totally regardless of the presence of her husband, addressed her by the most endearing appellations, as if in the fond hope of retaining that life which he saw was fast ebbing away. “Theresa! dearest, best beloved—speak to me—once more speak to me.”—“God bless and reward you!” she murmured in a low voice: “I feel there is hope—peace—peace!” These were the last words which came from her lips—the hard heavings of her bosom gradually subsided, until they became so faint as scarcely to be perceptible—her eyes were still raised to heaven, but they had assumed the blue glassiness of death.—pp. 200-203.

We have omitted some touches in this description, as shockingly true—even as we give it, it trespasses beyond the bounds of legitimate *art*; for among the effects of such art never ought to be a sheer physical shudder. As to the rest, the reader can have no interest about my Lord Herbert Leslie; and we shall not follow poor Trevelyan to the early grave which he seeks and finds by joining, as a volunteer, Sir John Moore’s army, at the commencement of the Corunna campaign. The character of this gentleman is admirably drawn throughout; and we heartily wish other novelists may profit by such an example, and perceive and remember that to make the most *blasé* of readers sympathize with the most unfashionable of virtues, it is only necessary to combine its exercise with the display of such passions as do require an heroic arm to bridle them.

We think our authoress has not trusted sufficiently to her own strength and skill, in declining to invest the character of Lord Launceston’s wife with any features of attraction. Augusta is a tame Octavia—we care nothing, from beginning to end, about ‘the married woman.’ Had this been avoided, the piece must have gained much in interest. It is a weak and an unwomanly condescension to the vulgar taste—altogether unworthy of one capable of such a creation as the ‘old maid’ of this novel.

As

As to Theresa herself, she is really not unworthy of being compared with Cleopatra in the play—‘an ambiguous being,’ (as Schlegel expresses it,) ‘made up of pride, vanity, luxury, inconstancy, and true attachment, who excites our sympathy by an insurmountable fascination.’ But we doubt, after all, whether the novelist ought to have made her ladyship go quite so far as Welwyn with Mr. Lascelles—there were inns to receive her, both at Barnet and Hatfield—and we suspect, Mr. Lascelles’s fingers would have found their way to Trevelyan’s wonder-working bracelet—the circumstance which in the novel recalls the fugitive to her senses—rather earlier than at the twenty-fourth mile-stone. Moreover, we are desirous of submitting to the ingenious authoress, that it is after all rather a dangerous doctrine to inculcate that an early and miserable death is sufficient dramatic atonement for all but the most grievous of moral offences. It is, at any rate, a sort of doctrine, of which, at the present day, there are more than enough of preachers.

On the whole, we are inclined to think ‘Trevelyan’ the best feminine novel, in many respects, that has appeared since Miss Edgeworth’s ‘Vivian.’ The authoress seems to us superior to all her recent predecessors in compass of understanding, and in subtle management of the passions; and inferior to none of them in the portraiture of manners, and the graces of language. Her English style is unstained by affectation—we only wish she had not interrupted it with so many spots of French dialogue—and she is quite above gratifying the milliner appetite, by dwelling on the insignificant details of what is called fashionable life, with that Dutch minuteness which comes naturally from nobody but a *parvenu*.

Such is our opinion of this book; but we must not conclude without expressing our doubts whether it does not belong to a class, the circulation of which among very young female readers may be attended with unhappy consequences. We doubt whether respectable matron ladies are well advised, when they thus exercise their pens in the delineation, not of the pure fervours of ‘Love’s young dream,’ but of the wayward workings of indulged and erring passions. Such pictures, now, as we have in one at least of the ‘Recollections of a Chaperon,’ and here in ‘Trevelyan,’ of the more or less improper entanglements that too often chequer the existence of the ‘*Bella mal maridada*’ in maturer years, after the bloom of life is gone, can hardly, we think, be daily and hourly placed before the eyes, and worked into the fancies, of innocent creatures in their teens, without cruelly anticipating, and therefore thwarting and disturbing, the natural course
and

and development of thought, feeling, and character,—without producing, in short, consequences inconsistent with what an exquisite amatory poet has so beautifully described :—

‘ That entireness of love, which can only be found
Where Woman, like something that’s holy, watched over
And fenced, from her childhood, with purity round,
Comes, body and soul, fresh as spring, to a lover ;
Where not an eye answers, where not a hand presses,
Till spirit with spirit in sympathy move ;
And the Senses, asleep in their sacred recesses,
Can only be reached through the Temple of Love.’

Moore’s Rhymes on the Road, p. 168.

ART. VII.—1. *A Letter to the Right Hon. Charles Grant, President of the Board of Control, on the Present State of British Intercourse with China.* By Charles Marjoribanks, Esq., M.P., late President of the Select Committee in China. 1833.

2. *Papers relating to the Ship Amherst, in reference to a Voyage recently undertaken to the North-east Coast of China.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. 1833.

3. *Papers relating to the Affairs of the East India Company.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. 1833.

4. *Corrected Report of the Speeches of Sir George Staunton on the China Trade in the House of Commons, June 4 and 13, 1833. With an Appendix.*

5. *Observations on the China Trade, and on the Importance and Advantages of removing it from Canton to some other part of the Coast of that Empire.* By Sir James Brabazon Urmston, late President of the Select Committee. 1833.

THE deed is done for good or for evil. By the omnipotence of the British Parliament, the Yellow Sea, which for ages has been, with few exceptions, a *mare clausum*, will become, from the 22d day of April next, a *mare liberum* to all the world, the ships carrying convicts to Botany Bay not excluded—which, by the way, are likely enough, from their favourable position, to be the first competitors in the field. Whether, through the conflicting interests of the numerous candidates for obtaining cargoes of tea,—and the serious disputes which are sure to occur with the local authorities—the old Chinese goose may not take alarm and cease to lay her golden eggs, which for the last hundred years and more have enriched the coffers of Whitehall and Leadenhall-street ;

street; or whether, in imitation of the 'ignorant impatience' of the stupid man in the fable, the free-traders will decide upon cutting her up at once, to get hold of the supposed treasure within, are points that remain to be seen: we only hope their Eldorado dreams may not terminate in the 'leaden slumber' of disappointment.

In taking up a measure in which the commercial and financial interests of the country are so deeply involved, our chief object is to send forth a warning voice to the mercantile community, and to show how little good is to be expected from that *system* of setting at defiance the Chinese laws and regulations, which is so strongly recommended by persons who ought to know better. It is a measure we cannot look upon as a party question; it is one in the success of which Whig and Tory are, or ought to be, equally interested. We beg leave, therefore, in the outset, distinctly to disclaim all party-feeling in any strictures we may be compelled to make, and shall abstain from casting the slightest imputation of blame on the line taken by the present cabinet. Let the result be what it may, the measure was one not sought by, but forced upon, these Ministers. The Duke of Wellington's government had made preparations for it, seeing that the public feeling on this point would be irresistible. From the moment, indeed, that the *free-trade* mania became the order of the day, the Chinese monopoly received its death-blow. Its condemnation was all but universal; and though one of its results must be that of bringing inevitable ruin to thousands of petty tradesmen on the banks of the Thames, especially in the neighbourhood of Wapping, and of throwing myriads of artizans out of employment, yet the Member for the Tower Hamlets offered no opposition; he is said, indeed,—how truly we know not—to have avowed, that, although the grass would most likely grow in the streets, he dared not hold up a hand against it. Sir George Staunton, than whom there is not a person in this kingdom better acquainted with everything that relates to China, her customs, and her language, who had been chief of the factory, as well as first commissioner in the last embassy to Peking—even *he* could not obtain a hearing in the House of Commons; but, while speaking on certain resolutions which he had proposed, was twice uncourteously interrupted by the Member for Southwark, who moved that the House be counted. The Directors of the East India Company themselves offered no opposition: they knew that the die was cast; and their only wish was to wind up their concerns, dispose of their eighty or ninety millions of pounds of tea, and break up their commercial establishments with the least possible delay. In a word, we do not believe

lieve that, if the government had been so inclined, they had the power to stem the torrent.

We certainly do not augur well of the change, as applied to China; but before we proceed to open the Sibyl-leaf and pry into futurity, it may be right to take a cursory view of Mr. Marjoribanks's 'Letter' to Mr. Grant, and of certain proceedings connected with his name and authority. The claims of this gentleman to be heard cannot be denied or resisted. He had passed twenty of the best years of his life at Canton, where, after being for a long period a member of the Select Committee, he had risen to be its president in 1830. In that year he was examined before a Select Committee of the House of Commons on the East India Company's affairs relating to China; and the clear and off-hand manner in which his evidence was given—the principles of conciliation towards the Chinese government which he avowed—and the testimony of that government which had pronounced him to be 'profoundly intelligent,'—everything concurred to give us a favourable impression of the correctness of his information, and the validity of his judgment. The advice of such a person, we conceived, had a strong claim to be listened to by the President of the Board of Control, and we took up his 'Letter' under some anxiety to see the exact nature of that advice, but certain that, at least, we should meet with a cool and dispassionate inquiry into the real state of the case, and the future prospects, under the new arrangement, of our commercial intercourse with China. To say we have been disappointed, does not sufficiently express our feeling; we are surprised and grieved at the altered tone and sentiments which three short years seem to have produced; but, alas! the explanation is not difficult. He quits the presidential chair in Canton to obtain a seat in the House of Commons. He finds, like many others, that the people to whom he offered himself would have a representative of liberal, we might not be far amiss in calling them radical, opinions. Ambition, by which many a good man has fallen, got the better of discretion, and Mr. Marjoribanks became Member for Berwickshire. The case is so common that we shall not blame him for this; but we must blame him for arrogantly and splenetically coming forward in 1833, to avow principles and opinions which are in direct contradiction to those he had most deliberately uttered in his evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1830,—opinions and principles which we deem to be injurious, were they acted upon, to the interests and the honour of the nation. We are at a loss to imagine how the residence of a year or two in China, as president, should have operated

operated so great a change as to make the same person a strenuous advocate for opening the trade in 1833, who had stated to the Committee of 1830, that opening the trade would endanger its security—increase smuggling—raise the prices of teas—lower the English character, and be productive besides of many other evils.

We regret to perceive, moreover, a disposition to indulge in defamation. We can discover no reason why, in the very first paragraph of his 'Letter,' he should take occasion to fall foul of his ancient predecessors in China, and to represent them as 'persons of the most illiterate description;' which he illustrates by an extract of a letter from them to their masters in London, written, as he says, in the year 1660, viz. :—

'We feel assured that to lose a hog would be the vastest imprudence for a halfpenny-worth of tar; and we will say this, that 'tis the part of sound policy to be as cunning as a serpent and harmless as a dove, and not to forget that we reckon that the Tartars and Chinese will stumble at a straw, provided in contradiction to their interests, and will jump over a mountain where they can catch the least advantage, though it be as high as the Monument.'—*Letter*, p. 2.

The mountain and the Monument make a very pretty *alliteration* for an 'illiterate' writer; and afford, at the same time, a convincing proof of second sight—so convincing, that it would probably have removed all Dr. Johnson's remaining doubts on that subject. In 1660 the letter was written; in 1666 the fire of London happened; and we fancy it must have been several years after this that the 'tall bully' lifted its head to commemorate the event.

The next who fall under the vituperation of Mr. Marjoribanks are the Hong merchants; a class of individuals to whom, he tells us, a very unmerited reputation has generally been attached. The letter-writer has had, he says, the pain 'to witness some otherwise intelligent men, in evidence before parliamentary committees, giving to Hong merchants the highest praise for liberality when they are only guilty of fraud and deception;' he pronounces them to be 'keen and cunning—rarely, except when prompted by self-interest, just—and, perhaps, the most accomplished liars in the world.' If even it were true that they are *liars*,—if they should partake of this unfortunate frailty of their countrymen—all we can say is, that it is the vice of the people, not of the institution. But no such charges are brought against them by Mr. Marjoribanks in his *evidence*; in that of others, they are highly spoken of. Mr. John Aken being asked :—

'Do you conceive that the Hong merchants are liberal in their dealings, or otherwise?'—*Answers*—'Very liberal.'

'Should you place confidence in their honesty and honour?—I have every reason to believe they are honest in every respect.

'Did they adhere to those contracts which they entered into?—Yes, I scarcely ever knew of any person ever suffering by them at all.'—*China Committee*, 1830.

Sir James Urmston, who was long chief of the factory, in giving his testimony to the character of the 'highly respectable and honourable' Hong merchants, says—'it would be the height of injustice on my part, were I not to bear my most cordial testimony to their liberal, and, indeed, most generous conduct towards Europeans, which I have had particular opportunities of knowing.' (*Observations*, &c.) Dr. Morrison says 'their transactions have been marked with the most perfect good faith and mutual confidence.' Sir George Staunton mentions two anecdotes of two of these merchants that do honour to human nature—such an instance of high-minded self-respect and independence in the one, and disinterested generosity in the other, as are rarely met with in any country.*

But Mr. Marjoribanks has not done yet in dealing out vituperation against these most useful and, we believe, in whatever manner the trade of China may hereafter be conducted, indispensable agents. He exhibits, most unceremoniously, and we think somewhat ill-naturedly, a list of eleven of them, *by name*, describing some as having been menial servants, some itinerant merchants, some shop-keepers, and half-a-dozen of them as bankrupts. Mr. Marjoribanks, we presume, cannot be ignorant that bankruptcies do sometimes occur in England, and in India also, as well as in China; or that, in his own country, men frequently rise from humble situations in life to the highest; that there are 'modern instances' of ministers and lord mayors,—nay—we might add,—of emperors and of kings,—who have sprung from very low origins. It was, at any rate, unnecessary, and somewhat invidious, to hold up by name, and attempt to degrade, a whole body of honourable and generous men, who have so many times stood between him and his colleagues and the authorities of Canton, aye, and suffered most severely on his and their account. If, says one of the governor's edicts, prohibiting the supercargoes from going in sedan-chairs, 'they presume to oppose, immediately shall the said Hong merchants be examined and degraded, without any clemency being extended to them.' (*Papers on the Affairs of the E. I. Company*, 1831-2.) In fact, as Sir J. Urmston says, 'the life of a Hong merchant is anything but an enviable one.'

Mr. Marjoribanks himself has recorded an instance which shows what these calumniated men are liable to suffer on account of their connexion with the servants of the East India Company:

'In our public consultations on the 4th instant, we had to record a

* *Miscellaneous Notices on China*, Part Second, p. 265.

very severe blow inflicted on our commerce by the imprisonment and death of *Woo Yai*, the conductor of Goqua's Hong. The cause of his unmerited misfortunes was avowedly his connexion with foreigners, or, in other words, his steady and valuable services as a merchant, not passive to the exactions of the local authorities, and pursuing a line of commercial conduct independent of that feeling of combination which so generally prevails among the Chinese. The loss of one or two more respectable merchants, equally innocent, would render our commercial footing altogether untenable.—*Papers on Affairs of E. I. Company*, 1831-2.

We have dwelt thus much on the character of the Hong merchants, because the 'Letter' of Mr. Marjoribanks must have excited a prejudice against them in the minds of the free traders, who will nevertheless be *compelled* to deal with them, and because we know that the censures are unjust.*

Mr. Marjoribanks next deals out, with no sparing hand, his diatribes against the government authorities at Canton, and, at the same time, visits the sins of his late 'worthy good masters,' who, however, in their state of decadence, are still able to read him a lesson in return, by which if he had profited, as a prudent man would not fail to have done, his Letter to Mr. Grant would have worn a very different garb from that which it has assumed. He accuses the officers of government of fraud, falsehood, and corrupt connivance at abuses and offences against the laws; that is to say, with connivance, as far as we can collect, at the illicit importation of opium. 'Here,' says he, 'we have China and its rulers exhibited in all their weakness, presumption, and corruption, professing strict maxims of virtue, which become the more strongly contrasted with their gross immorality, affecting high political principle which they do not feel, and thundering forth proclamations which they never expect or wish to see obeyed.' (*Letter*.) The papers laid before parliament fully account for all this abuse:—the gentlemen of the factory had, by their improper conduct, brought themselves into collision with the Chinese authorities, as we shall now state.

Mr. Baynes, when chief of the factory, took it into his head, with the knowledge, and in defiance, of an old prohibitory edict, most rigidly adhered to at all times by the Chinese, to bring up his wife from Macao to the factory. The viceroy issued his orders through the Hong merchants, that Mrs. Baynes should forthwith be sent away. Mr. Baynes resisted it, and, in a very lack-a-dai-

* We cannot omit this opportunity of referring to an affecting anecdote which we gave many years ago, of one of these calumniated men, which we know to be true to the letter, and the perusal of which we would recommend to Mr. Marjoribanks, in the hope that it will reach his heart, and make him relent.—*Quarterly Review*, vol. xvii., p. 484.

sical epistle, pleaded the cruelty of separating husband and wife, which the Chinese answered admirably, and repeated the orders for her removal over and over again. The Hong merchants entreated the gentlemen of the factory to obey—appealing to their own hearts on account of the situation in which themselves were placed. The viceroy showed much more patience than could have been expected; but what line do the gentlemen of the factory take? why, they send down to Whampo for two carronades and a party of men, to be brought up to guard the factory against any attempt of the native authorities to enforce the observance of their prohibitory edict! The affair ended, as might have been foreseen, in the removal of Mrs. Baynes, and the carronades, and the party, from Canton,—Mr. Baynes himself narrowly escaping a Chinese cage.

Another cause of grievance, which led to as much discussion as bringing up females, was an edict prohibiting foreigners from coming into the factory in sedan-chairs or ascending *shoulder-carriages*. The whole factory, with that learned Theban, Dr. Morrison, were puzzled to find out what these shoulder-carriages could mean, and, in a remonstrance to the viceroy, they tell him they cannot suspect him of supposing 'that a person is to be hoisted on a man's shoulders, or conveyed in a basket such as pigs are carried in.' We apprehend, however, that such was his excellency's meaning. Speaking of the guards in Lord Macartney's Embassy, Mr. Barrow says, 'the soldiers were carried *in open bamboo-chairs, shoulder-height*; but, seeing the wretched condition of the bearers, and feeling themselves with their feathers and their firelocks somewhat ridiculously placed, they got down, and insisted on carrying the Chinese in their turn.' We think the viceroy might have conceded *shoulder-carriages*.

But systematically to disregard, disobey, and act in defiance of the viceroy's edicts, and, if necessary, apologise afterwards, is the doctrine we find inculcated by Mr. Lindsay, in his voyage up the Yellow Sea. The directors of the East India Company have other notions as to the propriety of submitting to the authorities of a country, to which we resort by mere sufferance for our own benefit. They tell their servants—

'It is a notion too commonly entertained and acted upon by you, and encouraged by foreign merchants residing at Canton, that nothing is to be gained from the Chinese by obedience to their laws and edicts, but that much may be obtained by intimidation. You may have succeeded, for the moment, in setting the government at defiance, but that government has not only taken the first opportunity to assert its dominion, but also, with the view of making you feel the consequences of disobedience, it has almost invariably deprived you of

some

some advantages which it had either tacitly or avowedly yielded to friendly remonstrances.'—*Papers on Affairs of E. I. Company*, 1831-2.

The saucy letter of the Supercargoes to the viceroy, about shoulder-carriages, was followed up by a still more saucy act. They stuck up this notice:—

'To all whom it may concern.—In consequence of a certain occurrence, the Select Committee who direct the affairs of an English Company, have in council resolved, That hereafter every class of persons sitting in sedan-chairs shall be disallowed to enter the gate of the Company's factory. The porter is ordered to intercept all chairs, and prevent their entering. If any person refuses to listen to him, both the chair and the individual will assuredly be expelled by force. Every one will do well not to try the experiment with his person.'—*Papers on Affairs of E. I. Company*, 1832.

We entirely acquit Mr. Marjoribanks of any participation in the origin of these petulant and impotent attacks carried on, in his absence, against the constituted authorities. However foolish it may appear to us to prohibit ladies from visiting Canton, and childish not to allow the Company's servants to be carried in sedan-chairs or shoulder-carriages, the orders emanating from Pekin must be obeyed; and no doubt they have their reasons for issuing such orders. If a Chinese lady should appear hobbling abroad with her little cramped feet, she would be looked upon in no better light than that in which we regard a street-walker, and be insulted. The Chinese know well enough that English ladies will walk abroad, and that in Canton they would most assuredly be insulted, and they can pretty well guess the consequence; in fact they love peace and quietness. Then as to sedan-chairs, no people on earth are more tenacious of rank and privileges than the Chinese. Merchants (*mai-mai-yin*, buying and selling men) are not privileged to be so carried. Young Mr. Astell, the son of the eminent director, was seen parading in one of these chairs, on which the restriction was promulgated anew. Practically, this restriction was certainly of little consequence, and we, therefore, think the gentlemen of the factory might have passed it over without making it an intolerable grievance.

But a daring outrage, of a more flagrant nature, was committed by the company's servants against the Chinese authorities. Wishing to enlarge the quay before the factory, as a walk or flower-garden, they were permitted to do so to a certain extent;—they far exceeded the limits allowed, and, according to the old adage, stretched the inch to an ell. They were directed to confine themselves to the original grant—they still persisted. Complaints were made that the encroachment on the river was injurious; that it interfered with a ferry; that by its setting the stream to the opposite

site shore, part of a village had been inundated. They still went on encroaching, till the good-natured viceroy, whose patience was enduring enough, went for a time into the country, and was succeeded by a deputy-governor of a temperament very different from that of his principal. This officer went down to the factory with a body of men, and then and there abated the nuisance, but took care to leave every bit of wood and stone, plank and other materials, in and on the premises of the factory. What then did the committee do? They sent the factory keys to the Foo-Yuen, who refused to receive them—they published a notice in the name of the ‘Representatives of the British Nation in China,’ in the Chinese language, and posted it ‘in conspicuous places in Canton,’ intimating that, ‘should the evil complained of remain unremoved, all commercial intercourse between the two countries would be suspended on the 1st August.’

The Canton authorities appear to have treated all these proceedings with profound indifference; but the Foo-Yuen had taken his measures: he had represented their conduct to Peking, and the result was an imperial edict, containing eight regulations, which the supercargoes call *new*, but which their masters, the Court of Directors, tell them are little more than a repetition of those enacted at former periods. The subjects of them were, 1. Leaving Canton at the end of the season. 2. Prohibition of Chinese to lend money to foreigners. 3 and 4. Prohibition of foreigners employing Chinese servants, &c. 5 and 6. Prohibiting females and sailors, and ‘black demon slaves,’—also guns and muskets—from being brought to Canton. 7. Captains of ships to carry a flag in sampan boats. 8. Provides for addresses and appeals both through Hong merchants and at the city gates.

After all that had happened,—we think any impartial person would see, in these regulations, the moderation of the Chinese government; and so it appears the directors thought, for in their despatch they observe—

‘The aggression of the Foo-Yuen was characteristic of his nation, and had the works which he destroyed been originally carried on under the sanction of the local authorities at Canton, his conduct would have afforded a strong ground for remonstrance; but when it is clearly shown that the works were begun without authority; that when part only was sanctioned, the whole was carried forward, and the edicts and proclamations pointedly prohibiting the measures were treated with contempt, it cannot be matter of astonishment that the local government of a city, in the vicinity in which you reside solely for the purposes of trade, (not under any defined treaty, but by sufferance only,) and which government has the means of retaliation in its own hands, should, after the repeated instances in which its authority was set at defiance, and very probably instigated by the imperial edict

edict (which arrived at Canton on the day of the outrage) confirming the new regulations, have acted in the peremptory manner adopted by the Foo-Yuen on this occasion.'—*Papers on Affairs of E. I. Company*, 1831-2.

Mr. Marjoribanks, however, thinks differently; and though resistance to lawful authority, where not a shadow of claim can be in any shape supported, has hitherto produced nothing but defeat and disappointment, he advises Mr. Grant to insist upon demands that are utterly incompatible with our situation in China; and, if not conceded, to proceed *instantly* to acts of direct hostility.

'Let commissioners be sent, accompanied by a part of the naval squadron in India; for, to command the slightest attention or respect in China, you must appear with an appropriate force; let your requisitions be such as you are justified in making, and be prepared to insist upon them if refused. This may be readily done by occupying, should you be compelled to it, one of the numerous islands in the Canton river, and, if necessary, seizing the forts which command its entrance. They have no force, either military or naval, to oppose to you, that is not contemptible. Under such circumstances I feel satisfied your demands would be granted in a very brief period.'—*Letter*, p. 53.

This charitable advice of letting loose the strong to oppress the weak, so conformable with the Christian precept of doing to others as we would have others do to us,—this humane measure, founded on the unerring principles of justice,—is recommended to the moral, religious, and high-minded President of the Board of Control!—and it is thus followed up in the same strain:—

'The best of all embassies to them are occasional visits of our ships of war, whose officers can readily explain the object of our merchants, and, when necessary, be prepared to defend them against violence and outrage. Lord Nelson well and sagaciously observed, that a British admiral was the best of all ambassadors, for he settled in a few hours what it took more accomplished diplomatists weeks and months to effect. The diplomacy which he recommended will alone prove successful in China and the countries which surround it. Yet we are gravely told by some persons—you must, if you will go to these countries, accommodate yourselves to their customs and laws. In Siam, for instance, the monarch has three hundred wives, the first dignitary of the state is a white elephant, the second minister in rank is a white monkey. Are we to select our future representatives at the court of Siam from the Zoological Gardens, or the waggons of Mr. Polito's menagerie?'—*Letter*, p. 62.

Pass we by this clumsy attempt to be facetious, which is sadly out of place in juxtaposition with advice so reprehensible, and addressed to such a quarter. A British admiral!—why the only one that was ever sent to China was Admiral Drury, who was foiled in his diplomacy, and beaten back in his boats. Mr. Marjoribanks

Marjoribanks had told the Committee of 1830, that he found the Chinese would have nothing to say to admirals, captains, or king's officers—of course his *present* advice is that *their* negotiations should be conducted solely by the voice of their cannon. We are well assured that Mr. Grant will prefer listening to the arguments of the court of directors:—

'To attempt to maintain a purely commercial intercourse such as that with China, by force of arms, would, in a pecuniary point of view, be any thing rather than a matter of profit, even if justice and humanity could allow us for a moment seriously to contemplate such a step. We cannot in fairness deny to China the right which our own nation exercises as she sees fit, either by prohibiting, restraining, or subjecting to certain laws and regulations its commercial dealings with other countries. China must be considered free in the exercise of her affairs, without being accountable to any other nation; and it must be remembered that she has rejected every effort made by us, as well as by almost every other European state, to form a commercial intercourse with her upon those principles which govern commercial relations with other countries.'—*Papers on Affairs of E. I. Company, 1831-2.*

But Mr. Marjoribanks is almost always at variance with himself; to prove this, it is not necessary to compare the evidence he gave before the committee in 1830 with his 'Letter' of 1833: we need not take any retrospect; the 'Letter' contains within itself abundant proof, that he is constantly differing from himself; that he writes at random, and without any fixed principle: take, for instance, where he tells Mr. Grant, that 'it ought to be the great end and object of the Board over which he presides,' to mitigate and remove the deep and distrustful apprehension of the Chinese, and then thus instructs him how to set about it:—

'This will not be done by pursuing a system of wretched suberviency to a corrupt and despotic government; but by acting in strict accordance with those sound principles of national honour which we apply to our intercourse with most other nations, but which, for some ill-defined reason, we have never yet adopted for the regulation of our connexion, either political or commercial, with China.'—*Letter, p. 4.*

To enforce this principle, the following passage is no doubt added:—

'It may safely be asserted, that there is no officer of the Canton government whose hands are clean, or who is not at all times ready to infringe the law which it is his nominal duty to uphold. Is it possible, let me ask, to apply the principles which regulate our international intercourse with the nations of civilized Europe, to a government constituted as this is? Yet we see it constantly attempted, and by sensible men too, both in and out of parliament.'—*Letter, p. 14.*

And so, the thing being impossible, he kindly advises Mr. Grant, in the succeeding paragraph, not to attempt it; but why the Chinese

nese should be put out of the pale of nations, because they prefer white to black, and honour the left hand more than the right, we do not exactly see. We admit that the worshipping the devil, charged against them, would be very naughty were it true, but that we have reason to believe it is not.

‘It is much to be desired that, in any future arrangements with respect to China, you will *not attempt* to force indiscriminately into application those principles which regulate our commercial transactions with other countries. China may, in many respects, be said to stand alone among the nations; not only differing, but, in many instances, diametrically opposed, in the nature of its laws, customs, and institutions. A Chinese, when he goes into mourning, puts on white; the left hand they consider the place of honour; they think it an act of unbecoming familiarity to uncover the head; their mariner’s compass they assert points to the south; the stomach they declare to be the seat of the understanding;’ (Mr. Marjoribanks might have remembered that one Matthew Prior was of the same opinion;) ‘and the chief god of their idolatry is the devil.’—*Letter*, p. 50.

Happy Mr. Grant! how much you ought to rejoice in having so pious and abstemious a Mentor, whose twenty years’ experience has enabled him so clearly to discriminate the possible from the impossible, and to lay down principles so diametrically opposite to each other, but which must nevertheless govern your conduct in the very ticklish business, that is about to fall to your lot to manage!

A large portion of the ‘*Letter*’ is employed in ridiculing the absurdity of sending king’s ambassadors to Peking, and particularly the expedition of Lord Amherst, who, with his commissioners, we are told, (what may or may not have happened, but it is, at all events, quite new to us,) were ‘fed in a stable-yard out of buckets usually employed in giving food to animals;’ the Chinese considering, he adds, an ambassador in no other light than as a *tribute-bearer*. All this, we say, may be true; and yet in his evidence before the committee Mr. Marjoribanks says, ‘I conceive that our character has been raised in public estimation in China by the conduct of Lord Amherst’s embassy.’ And so it was; and we can tell him why—it was through the firm and determined resistance of Sir George Staunton to the threatening and afterwards insidious attempts of the emperor’s ministers to prevail on them to fall down and worship—not merely the Great Baal himself, but his representative in the shape of a yellow skreen; and thus saving the British name and character from disgrace, which a compliance would have entailed upon them. That it would have incurred disgrace, we have the authority of Mr. Marjoribanks, who tells Mr. Grant another particular that may or may not be true: viz., ‘after attempted

tempted intimidation had failed, Lord Amherst, strongly urged by Mr. Ellis, the third commissioner communicated, *I lament to state*, to Sir George Staunton, that he had made up his mind to perform the *Ko-tou*, unless he were prepared to say that his doing so would be injurious to the interests of the East India Company. Lord Amherst, however, we must say, was not altogether so blameable, as has been supposed, in exhibiting to the Chinese as wavering conduct, when called on to decide. He had instructions from the secretary of state, says Mr. Marjoribanks, 'to abide by the precedent of Lord Macartney;' but, 'in subsequent instructions he was told he might deviate from that precedent, if any of the important objects of the embassy were likely to be obtained by his doing so;' and it was said, he continues, 'China is some sixteen thousand miles off; it is a semi-barbarous country; these are mere idle ceremonies, unworthy of being contested with an uncivilized people.' We do not believe that any such thing was said or written; but we happen to know how Lord Amherst's hesitation was occasioned. Lord Buckinghamshire, then at the head of the Board of Control, consulted a gentleman who had been in Lord Macartney's embassy, as to what should be said in his letter to the emperor. The advice given was this:—'Tell the emperor of China that the king of England has sent his trusty and well-beloved cousin to his presence, with suitable presents, and with strict orders to appear before him, in all respects with regard to ceremonial, and all public marks of homage and obeisance, as he is accustomed to do before his own sovereign.' This would have, at least, saved our embassy from the impertinence of *Duke Ho*, as Lord Amherst quaintly styles him, and his followers. Obedience to the commands of their sovereign is, with them, the first of duties, and the Chinese are reasonable enough not to exact, from the subjects of another sovereign, disobedience to his commands. But an evil genius interposed in the shape for once of Mr. George Rose, who denounced the advice as nonsense, and issued the following decree—'leave Lord Amherst to his discretion, and let him perform the *Ko-tou* or not, according as he may profit by the one or the other.' Thus was Lord Amherst thrown upon the wide sea of discretion; but he had a steady pilot in Sir George Staunton, a gentleman who, with great mildness, urbanity, and benevolence of disposition, unites an independence and firmness of character, not to be shaken by personal threats, to which he specially was subjected on this occasion; and by his skill and decision the ambassador's bark escaped from foundering on the rocks of degradation.

The reprehensible advice which is repeated more than once in the 'Letter' to the President of the Board of Control is also, we are sorry, but not much surprised to see, urged in evidence
before

before the Committee, by other persons—namely,—that of sending ships of war to intimidate, and, if necessary, to attack—to *seize* upon Chinese territory. Lord Clive has been quoted as saying, he would march to Peking with ten thousand men—we hope Lord Clive never did utter this; but the next authority, if not so high, is clear. A Mr. Walter Stevenson Davidson, who represents himself as a Scotchman, but a naturalized Portuguese subject, in his examination before the Committee (of 1830), does say, that *twenty thousand men* might march from Canton to Peking, at any moment, without hinderance or molestation. On being asked, however, ‘Are there any roads from Canton to Peking for troops to march on?’ his reply was, ‘*I really do not know.*’ This gentleman certainly took a very high tone in the evidence he gave, and quoted Vattel, but was considerably disconcerted by the following question:—‘Are you of opinion that it would be consistent with justice that the English nation should march an army of twenty thousand men from Canton to Peking, merely because the government of China do not confer upon British subjects those commercial advantages to which you think they are justly entitled?’

As Mr. Davidson is not (omitting Lord Clive) the only warlike evidence in support of the *new* opinions of Mr. Marjoribanks, we will endeavour to supply that which, he confesses, ‘he really does not know.’ From Canton to Peking is one uninterrupted route of about thirteen hundred miles, of which four-fifths are by water, and the rest by land. The Grand Canal, which well deserves the name, there being nothing in Europe to equal it, would not only furnish all manner of craft, but thousands of miserable wretches to track them. In the numerous cities, towns, and villages on its banks, in the public granaries, and the nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine grain junks, (meaning thereby the definite number ten thousand,) would be found abundance of provisions to supply the troops the whole way. Not a single fortress would occur to stop their progress; the detachments of Chinese soldiers, with their paper helmets, quilted petticoats, and matchlocks, would disperse on the first charge; and a few field-pieces would batter down their city gates, and ensure the invaders against all molestation. Nothing, in short, would prevent them from marching in triumph into the royal palace of Peking—*unless*, as a last chance of saving the country, the government might be induced to break down the banks of the Grand Canal, which is fed by the waters of many large rivers from the west, whose currents flow gently along it and are disposed of at its two extremities. In such a case, the overwhelming torrent would overflow, not thousands, nor tens of thousands, but, millions of acres, and sweep away, in one general ruin, whole families

families, with their habitations, their cattle, and the most valuable products of the land—

‘Exspatiata ruunt per apertos flumina campos,
Cumque satis arbusta simul pecudesque, virosque,
Tectaque, cumque suis rapiunt penetralia sacris’—

But supposing this summary proceeding *not* to be resorted to—if it be asked what these twenty thousand undrowned men might expect to find at Pekin?—We will tell them—disappointment and dissatisfaction. They would not find in this imperial city, as in the palaces or fortresses of rajahs, nabobs, and begums, whole crores of rupees, gold in a variety of shapes, diamonds, rubies, and all manner of precious stones;—the imperial treasury would not present them with any of these; a few thousand taels of silver in the shape of wooden shoes or sabots, some thousand rolls of embroidered satin used as presents, as many mandarins’ satin gowns and petticoats, satin boots soled with *papier maché*, as many betel-nut purses, a few *eu-shee* (jade stones of happiness), and a room full of porcelain cups and saucers, some peacocks’ feathers, and buttons of stained glass, brass, and coral, to adorn the bonnets and dignify their wearers;—these would be pretty nearly the sum total of the booty they might expect to find. Our friends would not say, as old Blücher is said to have done on viewing London from the top of St. Paul’s, ‘Oh! what for a plunder!’ The celestial emperor has no other wealth; his palaces have no superfluous furniture; he has no horses to drag him, nor stables to put them in, nor splendid carriages to exhibit himself before his subjects. When on his journey to Tartary, he goes in one of those one-horse carts, whose jolting over a granite pavement is so pathetically described by Mr. Ellis, in his amusing account of the Amherst Embassy. Lord Macartney carried out for the old Emperor Kien Long, one of the most splendid chariots that could be built. When the chief eunuch of the palace was making himself acquainted with the use of the various presents, pointing to the crimson hammercloth, embroidered with gold, he asked how the emperor was to mount it? On learning that this was the seat of the person who was to drive him, and that the emperor’s place was in the inside, the old creature screamed out, ‘*Hey-yah!* what any one sit *above* the *Great Whang-tee*?—No, no; put that away:’ and put away it certainly was, for the Dutch found it stowed in a corner among some of their old carts.

What then, we may again ask, could be the object of a march to Pekin? *Cui bono*? Would it be to make China, with its two hundred millions, an appendage to our Indian empire, as it is called, with its eighty millions, hooking it on ‘like a jewel in an Ethiop’s ear?’ The maddest free-trader would hardly think of going to such an extreme

extreme—he only recommends a march to Peking to ensure us a breakfast, by intimidation, and to force the Chinese to suspend their laws and regulations at our bidding, and to trade with us on our own terms; which is, of all others, the very worst possible scheme to obtain them.*

It would be well that those who recommend ships of war to proceed to China, not for protection but aggression, were reminded that England has already a large catalogue of things of this nature laid to her charge by foreigners—for example, the capture of the Danish fleet, and of the Spanish treasure-ships—though acts of state-necessity; the seizing and detention of the Dutch merchant ships; and, above all, the attack of the Turkish fleet, while quietly at anchor in the bay of Navarino—an act to which we will not venture to give a name. But all these put together, even supposing them to have been unjust and unwarrantable, are not half so atrocious as would be the act of pillaging and destroying the towns and villages of the Chinese people, merely because they refuse to enter into any treaty of commerce, alliance, or friendship with us, or to admit an indiscriminate intercourse with us or any other foreign state; persuaded as they are, from the experience of ages, that to having kept their laws, their institutions, and their language wholly pure and unmixed, and systematically avoiding as much as possible any intercourse with foreigners, they owe the preservation of an empire, swarming with a population that sets all other nations at nought, unchanged for three thousand years! Why, solemnly, with what shadow of right can we presume, because we happen to be the strongest, to dictate to such a nation in what manner and in what places they shall admit our ships, and to what extent they shall carry on with us a trade, which is not of their seeking, but ours?

But the attempt to force them to admit us, however atrocious, would be futile. We may carry the violation of their unalterable laws to a great extent;—we may drive their man-of-war junks from the ocean;—we may set the authorities at defiance, quarrel with them, and lay waste the coasts of the Yellow Sea with fire and

* Our Indian subjects will be more likely to succeed in conquering China by the demoralizing effect of opium than we should by force of arms. The horrible scenes described by M. Gutzlaff are most appalling. Mr. Marjoribanks says the palace of the Viceroy of Canton was burned down by the opium-pipe of his secretary; that the Emperor's eldest son died from excessive indulgence in the use of it, and that all persons of wealth are addicted to it. To such a pitch has the smuggling trade arrived that one of the Viceroys recommended it should be legalized. It is said that the amount paid for this deleterious drug is nearly four millions sterling a year, mostly from Bengal. If once legalized, the poppy, like tobacco, will be universally cultivated, all ranks will become enervated and reckless, and the western mountaineers, recently and perhaps still in a state of rebellion, will once more conquer and overcome China.

sword,—and the Chinese may not be able to make any, at best but a feeble, resistance, and be utterly unable to drive us away. Nay, we may force an illicit traffic to a considerable extent, because we are told the *people* are with the free-traders and the smugglers; and it is more than insinuated that the *people* will always beat the government. But these addle-headed politicians judge of the whole from a small part only: do they suppose, merely because the smugglers, the fishermen, and the lowest rabble in China, who dwell on the coast, are sometimes able to intimidate the custom-house officers, and force an illegal traffic, as happens now and then on our own coasts—that the government of China has no other means left than that of opposing force to force? do they imagine that the tea-trade will flourish in spite of the government?—Let not our free traders be led astray with any such notions. We venture to assure them that a single imperial edict, launched from Peking, would put an immediate stop to the supply; nay, if that failed, to the cultivation of tea—would eradicate, if that were thought necessary, every tea-plant in the empire.

No, say the advocates for free-trade and smuggling, the government would never do that; the influence of the tea-growers and the tea merchants, and the Canton authorities, and the imperial treasury, would combine to prevent this extremity; besides, tea is in such general use in China, as to be almost a necessary of life. We have reason to believe that this is a bundle of mistakes; if the government of the country and its institutions were trampled upon, and the danger imminent, any local influence would be of little avail; and as to tea being a necessary of life, it is doubtful whether it be so considered in China; with us it may almost be called so, but the stuff that is generally used by the common people of China can scarcely deserve the name of tea; ‘weak tea and dry rice,’ says Mr. Davis in his evidence, is the figurative expression for *poverty*. The tea which comes to Europe is grown and prepared specially for the European market; and the increased cultivation has arisen from the increased demand for the article by *foreigners*, and by means of *foreign* advances to enable the cultivators to extend the growth of it. As therefore it would mostly affect those who deal with foreigners, we have little doubt that state-necessity would appear, in the eyes of the Chinese, to justify this exterminating measure. The government rests its foundation and permanency on the paternal care of the emperor and his mandarins; and in such a case as we are supposing, a simultaneous order would issue to supply the cultivators of tea with rice from the public granaries, until the land had been turned to other species of culture. At present the province of Fokien, especially along the barren coast, is supplied with rice
from

from Formosa, and so anxious is the government to obtain an adequate supply, that no duties are levied on the ships that bring it; and as the western side of Formosa is in a state of rebellion; and harbours pirates and smugglers, this would be an additional reason to transfer the culture of the staff of life to the tea districts. Another reason would have a powerful operation, in the event of our attempts to force the trade on this coast. The people of Fokien were the last to acknowledge the present Tartar dynasty, and for a long time were in a state of rebellion. This is, no doubt, fresh in the recollection of the Chinese government, and; rather than risk a recurrence of commotion, it would not hesitate, in order to save the empire, to get rid of the temptation that draws foreigners to that coast, not only to trade, but, by specious pretences, to seduce the people from their allegiance. China is, in truth, a poor country, in which millions and tens of millions have little other food than rice and millet. These two are the great staples of food for the poor—rice, in fact, is to the Chinese what potatoes are to the Irish; and we learn from Gutzlaff the miserable expedients they are frequently put to, of adding a large quantity of water to swell their rice to a greater bulk, to fill their stomachs and appease the feelings of hunger; they have not yet learned the practice of the Hottentot, who binds a thong of hide tight round his waist, squeezing it as thin as that of a young lady or a Russian soldier. Rice and millet then would be to the government a more acceptable species of culture than tea, in case of their getting rid of all foreign trade, which, in a financial point of view, as appears from the parliamentary evidence, cannot be considered of any importance, the whole of the duties paid to government not amounting to half a million sterling.

We have reason to think that tea is not of very ancient use in China as a beverage. The ancient classical books make no allusion to it. Silk, flax, and hemp are classical plants, but *cotton*, *tobacco*, and *tea* are not. Père Trigault, the Jesuit, says the use of tea is not of great antiquity, but he adds that they have no *character* to represent it, which is not true. The popular belief is, that tea was first introduced in Honan to cure the bad quality and taste of the water. The earliest account we have of it is in the relation of the two Mahommedan travellers who visited China in the ninth century. These, after telling us that 'their usual drink is a kind of wine made of rice,' mention 'a certain herb which they drink with hot water, called *sah*,' (*tcha*, tea,) adding that 'this drink cures all manner of diseases.' It was not therefore at that time a common beverage. Be that, however, as it may, we are inclined to think it is a mistake to suppose that the Chinese are inveterately attached to the use of
tea.

tea. That which is used for home consumption is of a very inferior description, made up sometimes into round balls, having all the appearance of a ball of tarred twine, sometimes in flat cakes, cemented together with a glutinous substance, and sometimes used in loose leaves that have been dried without any preparation; they have besides the essence in small cakes, as bitter as wormwood. The leaves of the *camellia sesanqua* are also used as tea; and we learn from the Abbé Grozier, that in Shantung, and the northern provinces, tea is prepared from a kind of moss; and he asks, if adulterated tea is common in China, how can we flatter ourselves that we are not drinking the infusion of moss from the rocks of *Mang-ing-hien*?

At Canton no tricks of this kind can be played; the Company had an experienced tea-taster, and if it happened, as it frequently did, that chests were received in London not conformable with the sample, they were instantly replaced at Canton by the Hong merchant through whose hands they had passed. Let the free-traders, who may be rash enough to visit the north-eastern coast, beware, if allowed to trade at all, of what they may there receive; there is no tea-taster there—no Hong merchant to rectify the consequences of mistake or design; they will be completely at the mercy of the inferior Chinese, who will not be very scrupulous in cheating a foreigner; and they must not expect that our government will embroil itself with that of China, because its traders may have been cheated, when engaged in an illicit and prohibited traffic. On every account they will find their advantage at Canton; and it would be wise not to rush even thither from England in too great haste; the first year's teas will probably be absorbed by ships from India, the Archipelago, Singapore, and New South Wales; besides it would be well to recollect that the East India Company's teas will fill the market at home till the year 1837, and what private traders can compete with them? Our recommendation would be not to send a single ship till the spring of 1835—even then very few—and at all events to keep to the port of Canton.

We regret, however, to see that the printed account of the expedition, in the *Amherst*, along the eastern coast of China, is calculated to encourage attempts to force such a trade on that coast, by holding out examples of successful resistance to lawful authority, and in a thousand shapes inculcating the doctrine of stirring up the *people* against their rulers. Such an example will be but too readily followed by some of the uncontrolled free-traders. For though Mr. Lindsay admits, that, 'as a commercial speculation, the voyage must be considered partially to have failed,' and though the directors say, 'we think that your own admissions sufficiently prove the unsatisfactory result of the mission,'

sion,' and ' must lament the great want of judgment and discretion which has marked its origin and progress ;' yet the successful daring of this young man, and the German missionary who accompanied him—worthy of a better cause—will find its admirers and imitators, and may very probably involve us in a collision with the Chinese. We admit, however, that it is an extraordinary and interesting narrative, exhibiting, in a style beyond all our previous conceptions, the imbecility and utter helplessness of the authorities then existing on the coast; their timidity on the appearance of a mere handful of strangers, in a small private vessel; their humiliating conduct to get rid of them; and the totally unprotected state of some of the largest towns, seaports, and navigable rivers of the Chinese.

Mr. Lindsay's instructions were drawn up by Mr. Marjoribanks; the principal object was to ascertain how far the northern ports of China might be gradually opened to British commerce; which of them was most eligible, and to what extent the disposition of the natives and the local governments would be favourable to it. He was cautioned to avoid being embroiled in differences with the Chinese, or giving offence to their established institutions; and to be careful not to give occasion for supposing that he was sent on any special mission by the East India Company. Mr. Lindsay, accordingly, knowing that his own name would be recognized at Canton, converted his Christian name of Hugh Hamilton, into that of *Hoo-hea-me*, and represented his ship to have come from Bengal, bound for Japan.

' It is impossible,' say the directors, ' not to perceive that, even at this early stage of the mission, Mr. Lindsay was led to adopt a line of conduct entirely opposed to that frank and ingenuous course, which we have at all times been anxious should mark our bearing towards the Chinese. It must strike you, upon reflection, that should the facts transpire, (and that they will, sooner or later, we entertain little doubt,) it cannot fail to lower the character which the East India Company has hitherto maintained for honourable conduct towards the native government and authorities.'—*Parliamentary Papers—Ship Amherst*, 1833.

Mr. Marjoribanks had written a paper or small pamphlet, entitled, ' A brief Account of the English Character,' which was translated into the Chinese language with the view of having it circulated through the empire; it was, of course, laudatory of ourselves, and somewhat abusive of the government authorities of Canton. Mr. Davis—(well-known as a Chinese scholar of the first class, and a very able English writer),—who was then second in the committee, had very properly recorded his opinion on the

impolicy and impropriety of such an use being made of the Chinese press, and objected to any such appeals to the Chinese. Having now succeeded to the chair, this highly intelligent and accomplished man gave to Mr. Lindsay, in accordance with his views, the strictest injunctions against the use of that paper on the coast, and even required him to deliver up all the copies in his possession. Mr. Lindsay accordingly produced a wooden case, containing some hundred, which he declared to be all he had. Notwithstanding these injunctions, and his declaration, he procured five hundred copies from Dr. Morrison, professedly for distribution on the coasts of Corea and Japan, but some hundreds of which were actually distributed among the Chinese. On this discreditable transaction, the Directors make some shrewd remarks.

‘What, it may be asked, would be the course pursued by the Government of *this* country, were a Chinese vessel to arrive at a forbidden port, laden with prohibited cargo, and, on finding opposition to its reception, that the commander was to distribute throughout the coast papers complaining of the conduct of the government, and calculated to incite the people against their rulers? would it be tolerated for a moment? Why then should we presume upon our power and influence, and act so decidedly in defiance of all common usage towards the Chinese, whose commerce we have sought and wish to retain?’—*Parliamentary Papers—Ship Amherst*, 1833.

A very brief notice of the proceedings of the *Amherst* will suffice to show the little probability, under present circumstances, of forcing a legitimate trade upon the Chinese, on any part of the northern coast, but at the same time the great probability that attempts at *smuggling* may succeed. At Amoy, in the province of Fokien, where once we had a factory, Mr. Gutzlaff says,—

‘We showed nowhere so much submission, and were nowhere so ill-treated as in this port. Without remonstrance, we saw the people, who either came alongside the ship, or looked at her from a distance, dragged away. They were bamboosed on board the war-junks, which had anchored near us that we might hear their cries, and afterwards exposed in the streets, wearing a congue with a label expressive of their great crime, that of having looked at the barbarian ship. These punishments were not only meant to intimidate the people, who were very eager to have communication with us, but also to degrade the barbarians in the eyes of the public. On account of our tacit submission, the mandarins were emboldened to surround our ship, and to point guns at us. They would have gone further if they had not observed that we could also make preparations for defence in case of aggression. We however remained passive, in order to ascertain the result of tacit submission.’—*Parliamentary Papers—Amherst's Voyage*, 1833.

Amoy

Amoy is still a place of great trade, and several wealthy merchants reside there. They have numerous large junks that carry on an extensive traffic with the oriental archipelago, some of them said to carry not less than eight hundred tons: they go to Borneo, Macassar, Batavia, and the Sooloo Islands, and many of them stop at Singapore, to procure opium and British manufactures. The whole country around Amoy is one of the most barren in all China, and is fed chiefly from Formosa. Mr. Lindsay was told he must quit the port as speedily as possible; that all supplies would be given gratuitously; and that his people were on no account to go on shore, or hold any communication with the inhabitants. They insisted, however, on going into the town—did so—and were surrounded by great crowds, welcoming them with expressions of tenderness. The next day they found the ship surrounded by war-vessels of every sort. It was by these that the punishments mentioned by Mr. Gutzlaff were inflicted. Mr. Lindsay, however, succeeded by perseverance in obtaining an audience of the chief mandarins of the place, but he was not permitted to sit down in their presence. One of them, who is stated to be a Canton man, roundly declared that the plea of wanting provisions was merely a pretence to veil some sinister purposes. This person seems to have lost his temper, for he said to Mr. Lindsay, ‘I view your ship and yourselves with equal contempt and anger;’ and then turning to Mr. Gutzlaff, he said, ‘I know you to be a native of this district, a traitor, merely serving barbarians in disguise.’ Mr. Lindsay blames himself for seeking an interview with the higher officers of government, without a distinct previous understanding that he was to be treated with due civility and courtesy; and thinks they had evidently lowered themselves in the estimation of these officers, by standing in their presence.

He is determined, however, to make ample amends in future for this submissive conduct; accordingly, at the next place they touched, which was the large city of Foo-tchu-foo, they proceeded at once boldly up the river; took possession of one of the public offices; declared to a mandarin, who wanted to get rid of them, that his conduct was deceitful and disgraceful; that they would stay and sleep in the very hall where he was, in defiance of him; spread the table, ‘and seated themselves round it in the centre of the astonished conclave of mandarins, who were evidently quite unprepared for such a measure;’ (*Ship Amherst*, p. 33;) and Mr. Lindsay draws his conclusion from this adventure, that, when a resolute determination is evinced of carrying your point at all risks, it will be conceded with apparent readiness.’ He next pays a visit to the vice-admiral, *Chin*, on board his junk, who was very civil, and told him he should have all his wants supplied. ‘Many

thanks to your excellency,' replied I, 'but I decline your kind offer; I have now come for the purpose of stating that I wish for free intercourse with the *people*; and if any impediment is offered to it, I shall enter the port with this evening's tide.' (p. 35.) The admiral, we are told, looked astonished, and well he might. The admiral's ship happened to get foul of the *Amherst*, and Mr. Lindsay sent four men to cut her cable. 'On seeing them come on deck, the Chinese crew, in number forty or fifty, were seized with such a panic, that one simultaneous rush was made forward: some ran below, some over the bows, several went head-foremost into the water, and our party of four were left in possession of the junk. The only person to be seen on deck was the admiral and his personal servant, both of whom seemed in the greatest state of alarm. Mr. Simpson now quietly cut the cable as directed, and returned on board.'—p. 36.

The result of this haughty conduct must be peculiarly gratifying to Mr. Lindsay. The poor admiral and two other naval officers were degraded and dismissed for suffering the *Amherst* to enter the river. A few days afterwards the unfortunate admiral writes to Mr. Lindsay, in terms which, we think, must have touched his heart:—*e. g.*

'In consequence of your precious ship having come hither and anchored here for many days, his excellency the viceroy has reported it to the emperor, and is about to deprive us of our rank, honour, and fortune. This, however, is because my destiny fated it to be thus. How dare I harbour resentment? My elder brother did not know that by coming here in your precious ship you would implicate our honour. I feel neither anger nor resentment towards you, my elder brother. If I have succeeded in inducing you to make allowances for the circumstances, and to feel a mutual regard for me, then will you comply with my earnest request to set sail and depart; thus we shall be freed from heavy guilt. Communicating this, we pray for your prosperity, and wish that all in your ship may enjoy health.'—*Parliamentary Papers—Ship Amherst, 1833.*

Nay, he even paid a visit to Mr. Lindsay, on board the *Amherst*, and remained in conversation and looking round the ship three hours; and when Mr. Lindsay presented him with a portion of camlet, this Chinese gentleman politely, but firmly, declined receiving it, saying 'I came here to pay you a friendly visit, not to seek presents.'

Mr. Lindsay's next visit was to Ning-po, in the bay of Chusan, where we had formerly been permitted to trade, and which is, unquestionably, the best port on the coast for a general communication through Hang-chew-foo with every part of the empire where teas and silks are produced. Here he was kindly and hospitably received,

received, and surrounded with inferior mandarins, merchants, and shopkeepers, whose questions and curiosity, we are told, were without end. 'Every one entreated for a copy of the pamphlet on England, the fame of which spread like wildfire.' The *people* were, nevertheless, very uneasy, and particularly requested he would move his ship a little farther out; but as Mr. Drummond (now Lord Strathallan) had told Captain Krusenstern 'never to ask, but act, and afterwards excuse yourself,' Mr. Lindsay resolved to follow this advice, and to act in direct opposition to their request. The chief mandarins, however, had been informed that there was 'a barbarian ship sauntering over the surface of the ocean, which creeps in like a rat,' and that she was to be traced, pursued, and expelled; nor were they idle.

Mr. Lindsay, after being completely bamboozled by an inferior mandarin of the name of *Ma*, and finding that there was little hope of any trade here, seems to have made up his mind to depart, especially when this man told him that the people had every reason to think it was not for trade they had come there, but to get information. Lindsay repelled these illiberal suspicions, when *Ma* said, 'I will explain it to you. We are afraid of you; you are too clever for us; your boats go in all directions;—you sound, you make charts, and in a week know the whole place as well as we do. Some Coreans were wrecked here last year; they were under no restraint,—they were allowed to go everywhere. We do not fear them; they are stupid; they *look* at things, but *observe* nothing.' This man, we must say, was not stupid.

The feeling of their being spies had become so strong, and particularly after the Amherst entered the river, that a large military force was encamped outside the city walls, and ten additional war-junks joined the squadron. Again Mr. Lindsay was entreated civilly to leave the place, instead of which the master insulted the admiral in his boat, which Mr. Lindsay admits, 'was not strictly justifiable,' though he thinks it 'excusable,' because the Chinese were 'absurd.' The cunning *Ma*, however, anxious to get them peaceably away, made use of every persuasive argument to induce Mr. Lindsay to receive supplies gratuitously, and to take in addition 600 dollars as a compensation for their delay. This, of course, was rejected; but finding he could drive no trade here, he left Ning-po, and standing to the northward, entered the port of Shang-hae, in the province of Kiang-nan. Here they were met at the mouth of the river, and told they could not be allowed to go up to the city; but they had business, they said, and would go; and go they did, and entered boldly the city gates. They asked for the *taou-tae's* office, when a young man told them the *taou-tae* was gone down to the port to meet them. The following is the

the very *acme* of insolence, and furnishes an admirable illustration how far the advocates of *resistance* may be expected to carry their doctrine into practical effect :—

‘Not placing much credit in this information, I continued my course, the people readily pointing out the way, and arrived at the taou-tae’s office, which is an extensive building. As we approached, the lictors hastily tried to shut the doors, and we were only just in time to prevent it, and pushing them back, entered the outer court of the office. Here we found numerous low police people, but no decent persons, and the three doors leading to the interior were shut and barred as we entered. After waiting a few minutes, and repeatedly knocking at the door, seeing no symptoms of their being opened, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Stephens settled the point by two vigorous charges at the centre gates with their shoulders, which shook them off their hinges, and brought them down with a great clatter, and we made our entrance into the great hall of justice, at the further extremity of which was the state-chair and table of the taou-tae. Here were numerous official assistants, who seeing us thus unexpectedly among them, forgot totally our unceremonious mode of obtaining entrance, and received us with great politeness, inviting us to sit down and take tea and pipes.’—*Parliamentary Papers—Ship Amherst, 1833.*

The Che-hien on entering upbraided them in an angry tone, saying, ‘You cannot trade here, you must go to Canton.’ ‘The Che-hien now sat down, and I instantly seated myself opposite to him; on which he again rose, and casting an angry glance at me, strode out of the room without vouchsafing a word.’ But even this officer, we are told, was polite and obsequious the following day. We are only surprised he did not seize and send them all to prison; but his yielding seems to strengthen Mr. Lindsay in his favourite doctrine of the benefit of resistance :—‘Compliance,’ he says, ‘begets insolence; opposition and defiance produce civility and friendly professions.’

The great misfortune is, that the effect of their contempt and insolence falls on the heads of those who are disposed to bear with it. We have seen the result of it in the degradation of three officers, at Foo-choo-foo; here, too, their conduct was most severely visited on the innocent, as Mr. Lindsay thus informs us :—

‘In the course we had witnessed a curious instance of the severity of military discipline in China. A mandarin, whose cap with a gold button was borne before him, was marched about in procession between two executioners blindfolded, with a small flag on a short bamboo, pierced through each of his ears; before him was a man bearing a placard with this inscription :—“By orders of the general of Soo and Sung; for a breach of military discipline his ears are pierced as a warning to the multitude.” After being paraded along the bank
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he was taken round the different war-junks, and then on board the admiral's vessel. We subsequently heard that his offence was having allowed our boat to pass the fort without reporting it.'—*Parliamentary Papers*—*Ship Amherst*, 1833.

But we must stop in our notice of this singularly curious narrative, of which no adequate idea can be formed from the few extracts within which we are constrained to confine ourselves. We are only afraid that the impunity which attended this rash opposition to the Chinese authorities, and the bullying tone assumed towards them, together with the principles which the report inculcates, may induce the free-traders to follow the example, and bring our government into collision with that of China, or cause the latter to stop the whole of our trade with that country. What, for instance, coming from such authority, can offer a greater incitement to speculators than the following passage :—

'I therefore believe,' says Lindsay, 'that even in opposition to the expressed permission and authority of the Chinese government, a sort of forced trade, both in opium and all descriptions of British manufactures, similar in many respects to the trade which was carried on between England and the Spanish colonies before their independence, may be established and maintained at Fuh-chow-foo.'—*Ship Amherst*, p. 45.

Since the return of Mr. Lindsay, repeated edicts from Pekin have been sent down to Canton, directing the authorities there to prevent,—what they have not the power to do,—all foreign ships from appearing on any part of the northern coast, and that all foreign trade shall be strictly confined to the port of Canton. That, in consequence of this ill-judged voyage, they have strengthened all the vulnerable parts of the coast, there can be no doubt; and it is equally certain that, if any of our vessels should go there, we shall, on the first opening of the trade, find ourselves embroiled with the Chinese government, and that even Canton may be closed against us. We therefore warn, again and again, the free-traders from proceeding up the eastern coast; and not to suffer themselves to be led astray by the false notion of Chinese corruption and imbecility. Because some of the inferior officers not only encourage or wink at acts of smuggling, but will also themselves smuggle, it is broadly asserted that *all* the officers of government are corrupt. Those who thus accuse the Chinese officers may perhaps not have heard of the carriage of a Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench having been seized on the king's highway for being stuffed with smuggled goods; they may not yet have learnt that there are certain places in London, to which fashionable ladies resort in crowds, to purchase smuggled goods; yet these things might, with apparently equal justice, induce the Chinese

Chinese to consider *all* the English authorities and nobles as fraudulent and corrupt. And as to the imbecility of the Chinese—with what face can we stigmatize their ‘rulers’ as ‘exhibited in all their weakness, presumption, and corruption,’ because *they* have not been found to possess virtue and energy enough effectually to put down an abominable traffic, which *we* do not in the least scruple to carry on from India to their own shores? But let not our traders rely too much on Chinese imbecility. From Mr. Lindsay’s narrative they certainly would appear to be weak and helpless; they are a peaceable people,—their forbearance may be misconstrued into pusillanimity. Mr. Marjoribanks himself informs us, in speaking of the opium trade at Linting, that the ships ‘are occasionally caught off their guard and the opium seized; that conflicts have taken place between the Linting smugglers and Chinese vessels, when natives have been killed.’ After reading of these seizures, conflicts, and losses of lives, we hesitate to subscribe to his assertion, ‘that the imbecile government of China has no power,’ and that ‘their system is perfectly and thoroughly contemptible.’—(*Letter*, p. 20.) We cannot condemn too strongly the recommendation of sending ships of war, not to protect but to force our commerce; we may play the same game over again that Sir Murray Maxwell did, and drive the troops out of the fort of the Bocca Tigris; we may sink and destroy every floating craft between it and Canton, but these measures will not compel them to bring down their teas,—they appear more likely to have just the contrary effect. In short, it is our decided opinion that nothing will do but to act in a spirit of conciliation, and not to infringe their laws and regulations, in which they always have been and always will be averse from making any change. Innovation is not always improvement, even in nations that have made the highest advances in civilization—but with the Chinese, *stare super vias antiquas* is the rule of conduct, and might be adopted as the national motto.

In this view of the subject we may assure ourselves that, whatever our anti-monopolists may wish to the contrary, the whole trade will be more strictly than ever in the hands of the Hong merchants, and exclusively in their hands; the ‘outside merchants,’ hitherto tolerated, will no longer be allowed to carry on an inferior traffic. The Chinese authorities will look to the Hong merchants for becoming security for the payment of the port dues, and for the good conduct of the crews of every ship resorting to Whampo. We are far from contending that this, or any restriction upon the freedom of trade, is a good thing *per se*, and under ordinary circumstances; but, as Mr. Marjoribanks says, ‘we must take the Chinese as we find them:’ and seeing the great and incurable con-

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trariety of habits and usages between Europeans and Chinese, and their restrictions on free intercourse, which we are convinced nothing short of *military conquest* could compel the latter to abandon, we do conceive that the interposition of a body of men, invested with the exclusive management of that intercourse, sufficiently numerous to ensure adequate competition, and few enough to render them individually responsible and worthy of confidence, is a very useful contrivance, and, in fact, the only one by which a legitimate trade can be safely and peaceably carried on for any time between the parties. Whereas, indiscriminate trade with the natives of China, without access to native tribunals, or the power of stirring for any object a mile from the spot where our goods are landed, appears to be an absurdity. Free trade in that sense requires free intercourse, which can only be obtained, if at all, by a recurrence to force, and we had much better, as Mr. Marjoribanks himself says, be content 'to take China as we find it.'

How far responsible men may be found willing to undertake the situation of Hong merchants, which must very frequently involve them in trouble, is another part of the question; there will no longer be an established factory which could always, and frequently did, when not itself involved in disputes with the government, throw its protecting shield over them, and exonerate them from blame, by preserving order among the crews of the East India Company's ships. This brings us to the consideration of a very material point. What is now to be the substitute for the president and select committee of supercargoes at Canton?

The act authorises the appointment of certain superintendents; with such powers as the king may confer upon them. The question is, in what light will they be regarded by the Chinese authorities? and what will those powers be? Mr. Marjoribanks has answered the first point to the President of the Board of Control:—

'The changes which have been now made in appointing king's instead of Company's representatives to Canton will, as far as the Chinese government are concerned, be regarded by them with assumed indifference. But you must not expect, that your superintendents, under present circumstances, will be received with any more regard or attention than those previously appointed by the East India Company. A proclamation will be issued by the viceroy of Canton, saying, that "these barbarian foreigners, ever prone to change, have altered their system; that the Company is dead, and that king's consuls are hereafter to be the responsible persons in China; that the celestial empire regards such changes with indifference, but that the newly-appointed foreign devils must tremblingly obey its immutable laws." These are the terms and conditions on which your king's representatives now go to China.'—*Letter*, p. 55.

The viceroy of Canton, being a gentleman, will not deal with
such

such opprobrious and uncalled-for epithets as 'barbarians' and 'devils'; expressions never used in such a sense, and the imputation of which tends only to create unjust, and utterly unfounded, prejudices against the high officers of the Chinese government.* But, passing over such nonsense, we will now state our notion of what will happen on the first opening of the trade to Canton. We shall suppose a king's superintendent or commissioner to be sent out from England to act on his own individual responsibility, which is always better than a divided one. He will go probably in a ship of war to save his dignity, which the

* Mr. Marjoribanks has certainly the authority of Dr. Morrison for rendering the character *E* by 'barbarian,'—but, though a profound Chinese scholar, the doctor is not always happy in his translation of epithets. The nearest signification of this character is that of 'foreigner,' and as the Chinese consider themselves the most enlightened nation in the world, 'foreigner' with them must be synonymous with 'persons less civilized than themselves;' but not, therefore, barbarians. Are not we ourselves pretty much in the same condition? Do not thousands of our countrymen consider a foreigner as inferior to themselves? Dr. Johnson tells us that the word 'barbarian' signified, at first, only 'foreign,' or 'foreigner.' Why, then, suppose that the Chinese mean anything else? Mr. Lindsay has, in fact, ascertained that they do not. He accused the mandarins of Foo-choo-foo of using the word *E*, 'barbarian,' as 'an insult;' this they firmly denied, saying, that the word was merely equivalent to 'foreigner,' and that there was nothing offensive, nor meant to be, in the use of the term; and Lindsay admits that 'some distinguished Chinese scholars have hesitated in their opinion, whether the term could justly be objected to by us.' The same explanation precisely was given to him at Ning-po and Shang-hae, and he was told that if he did not like *E*, he should be styled *yen*, as both implied the same thing—'foreigner.' This was, undoubtedly, a great concession to persons whose outrageous conduct might fairly have entitled them to the *worst* sense of the disputed term. The truth is, that Dr. Morrison has but recently adopted the word 'barbarian'—in all his early translations he rendered it 'foreigner.'

Oh, but, says Mr. Marjoribanks, there are people who maintain that, 'as we have for a long term of years been called *dogs* at Constantinople, we may as well continue to be called *devils* at Canton and Peking.'—(p. 4.) He is here again at fault: *quei* signifies spirits, or demons; and as they have both good and evil demons, it is probable enough that they may apply the latter to us; but who are they who make use of the expression *fan-quei*—foreign spirits—or devils, if it so please the late chairman of the select committee? Not the viceroy of Canton, but the very rabble of that place; we doubt if the expression is even known at Peking. A Chinese gentleman would never think of applying it in speaking or writing. In Canton, it is just as in a French sea-port town, where, though the decent part of the inhabitants sometimes greet an Englishman with *mi lord Anglais*, he may be almost sure of being styled by the rabble and boys *god-dam*. The Chinese call Irish linen *fan-quei-poo*; but no one would think of rendering it *foreign-devil-diaper*.

The third and last supposed opprobrious epithet bestowed on Englishmen in China is *Hung-mow-yin*—red-bristled man,—originally, no doubt, given to some red-headed, stiff, harsh-haired Dane or Scotchman; but the use of this term means nothing offensive. The first mandarins at Peking would frequently ask the gentlemen of Lord Macartney's embassy *Hung-mow-yin*?—Are you an Englishman? How many words are made use of by us, even by ladies, in familiar conversation, the literal meaning of which, if adverted to, would raise a blush? It should be observed, that, either through conceit, or, what is more probable, a defect in the organs of speech, the Chinese always employ their own words to express foreign proper names; and no wonder, when, for instance, if required to pronounce the word *Englishman*, it would be *Hun-ge-li-se-yin*, and the monosyllable 'strength' would be extended by a Chinese to five syllables,—something like *se-te-sen-ge-te*.

Chinese

Chinese will not care one farthing about, and do not in the least understand; she will proceed up to Whampo, her arrival will be announced, and the *king's representative* will demand an interview of the viceroy to deliver his credentials. The viceroy, in the first place, will order the ship immediately to leave the river, and the superintendent may be told that, whatever he may have to deliver, must come through the Hong merchants. His dignity will, probably, be offended, and a remonstrance made, accompanied by a demand to present his credentials in person. This will be as peremptorily refused,—perhaps Chinese courtesy may go so far as to allow the king's representative to wait an hour at the city gate, and then hand his credentials over to one of the viceroy's runners; a long, and perhaps an angry correspondence will ensue, but the Chinese will not give way. As a last resource, he may, perhaps, be driven to invite the captain of the ship of war to bring up a party of seamen, and then all trade will be forthwith suspended.

Something of this kind will probably happen, unless the Chinese are previously prevailed on, by negotiation, to concede the point of a personal interview, which we do not think they will do; in what a lamentable situation, then, will a king's representative be placed, a stranger to the customs and the language of the people, and appealed to on all sides by the disappointed and dissatisfied free-traders? What, then, it may be asked, would we recommend? Why, simply this,—and we speak under a firm conviction of its being the only resource left us for preserving the trade to China—we understand there are two gentlemen belonging to the late factory who are not in any way implicated in the violent proceedings we have adverted to,—Mr. Plowden, who so highly disapproved of and remonstrated in the Baynes' affair, that he resigned the chair in disgust; and Mr. Davis, who protested against the expedition and the pamphlet of Mr. Marjoribanks. These two gentlemen are well acquainted with the customs, and the latter with the language, of China; a perfect confidence exists between them and the Hong merchants, through whose medium the views of his majesty's government might, as usual, be conveyed to the authorities of that port. If still there, we should say let them be constituted consul and vice-consul, with Dr. Morrison as interpreter, and the change would thus be brought into operation as if no change had taken place; the alarm and jealousy at the first rush of free-traders might be explained or prevented, and things would go on as usual, giving time at home maturely to consider of ulterior measures, after ascertaining the feelings of the Chinese. We entertain a moral certainty that the success of the new measure, in so far as ~~China~~

is concerned, will mainly depend on the first impression made on the Chinese authorities; and we are quite sure the gentlemen of the factory whom we have mentioned, are the persons, of all others, to make that impression a favourable one.

What then, say the ultra-liberal free-traders, would you continue the system on which the East India Company have carried on their commercial concerns? We say, without hesitation, yes; you may have succeeded in destroying *our* monopoly, but you will not succeed in putting an end to the *Chinese* monopoly; the contest will now be free-trade against monopoly, and the former will undoubtedly find its advantage, and suffer no loss, in giving way. Mr. Canning did not hesitate to avow, that though monopolies were objectionable, the East India Company's monopoly in the China trade was an exception, and might be defended. He warned the people of Liverpool not to expect that the trade at large would get all that the Company would lose by the new charter. That it was well conducted by them will be made evident, as soon as the free-trade teas are brought into the market—inferior in quality and higher in price than those now in use. Certain northern Seers, who call themselves political economists, have told us that prices will always be regulated by supply and demand. How then has it happened that, though the annual demand for tea has rapidly increased from twenty to thirty millions of pounds—the utmost difficulty of procuring the required supply being not only certain but admitted—how, we ask, has it happened that the prices have remained the same? And how has this anomaly, if it be one, been brought about? Why, by advances made to the Hong merchants, and by them to the poor tea-growers, to enable them to increase their plantations to meet this increased demand. But if there should be a scarcity now in the market, will Mr. Higginson of Hull, or Mr. Wiggins of Whitehaven, or Mr. Macgregor of Glasgow, supply the necessary funds in advance? or will the Hong merchants, on the faith of *their* reappearance the following year, prevail on the native tea-merchants to make those advances?—We say, decidedly *not*.

In every point of view, then, we conceive the wisest policy will be that of placing the interests of this country at large in the hands of those who have managed things so well for their late employers. There may have been, now and then, a wrong-headed person, as we have seen, at the head of the factory; but take the servants of the Company for a long series of years, and it will be found that their conduct has been most exemplary, and their management, frequently under considerable difficulties, skilful and discreet. Even Mr. Marjoribanks admits, in despite of himself and of his arguments *against* the exclusive privileges of the
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East India Company, that *they alone* among foreigners in China have abstained from acts admitted to be at variance with strict principle; that 'for the last ten years no foreign merchants, except the East India Company, have traded in conformity with Chinese proclamations;' and though he *thinks* that 'all acts of subserviency, which have proved injurious to our national character, have invariably proved detrimental to our commercial interests,' yet he *proves* that, even if acts of subserviency may occasionally have been committed, our commercial interests, so far from suffering by them, have continued to flourish and increase; and no one *knows* better than he does, that acts of a contrary tendency have sometimes endangered the continuance of the trade.

Mr. Marjoribanks ably describes the 'odious illicit traffic' in opium, now carrying on at Linting, and observes,

'I know no reason whatever why a similar trade should not be carried on with other parts of the empire. It might involve a very delicate question as one of international convention, but the Chinese government proudly and haughtily disdains entering into any treaties with you whatever. It must take the consequences.'

Now, we think that one place is quite enough for an 'odious and illicit traffic' to be carried on; and as to 'consequences,' one of the first of these was, the expedition of Mr. Lindsay up the China seas. We are ready to admit, that the 'delicate trust committed to Mr. Lindsay' was very ably (though, as we have seen, not very discreetly) fulfilled; but we must, nevertheless, and we do so with some regret, cordially concur in the lesson read to him and the promoter of the voyage by the Court of Directors.

But what other 'consequences,' we would ask, will follow a renewal of such attempts? This is the main question, and Mr. Marjoribanks, who originated the expedition, and of course eulogizes it, has answered it in the following special warning given to Mr. Grant:—'You must expect, however, before long, to hear of collision with the natives, or *seizures of British subjects*, and be prepared to deal with them accordingly.' This is alarming enough, and no less true than alarming. Mr. Marjoribanks foretels that one of the immediate consequences of a free-trade will be, a 'seizure of the persons of British subjects'—that is to say, that outrages of all others the most intolerable—such as the firm and dignified, though at the same time moderate, just, and conciliatory policy of the Company's servants has, for the last fifty years, invariably averted—will be among the *first* of the *new* grievances which his majesty's representative must have to deal with on his arrival in China.

This is certainly a gloomy prospect. It will signify little what powers or instructions may be given to the King's representative—
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personal violence is an outrage to which no British commercial community can or ought to submit. From the moment that our violation of the Chinese law is of such a nature, as to drive the Chinese government to the extreme measure of *seizing* the persons of the offending parties, the die is cast, and we fear that hostilities will become inevitable. The last instance of the kind that occurred was in the year 1784, when one of the supercargoes of a private ship was *seized* to answer for a homicide, and subsequently, after a great deal of blustering and preparations for commencing hostilities, was redeemed by the surrender of another individual equally innocent, though of a humbler station. Much as we regret the probability of a rupture with the Chinese, we fervently hope we may never see it averted by such another disgraceful compromise, which has only for its parallel one made by the Americans a very few years ago, when an innocent Italian was given up to be strangled, to save the life, it has never been denied, of a guilty American.

We have not much apprehension, however, that things will be brought to this extremity, provided the trade be restricted to Canton, and under the eye of the King's representative, the choice of whom, if one is to be sent from home, cannot be too well considered; he should unite dignity of manner with firmness of character; considerable ability with great activity; patience with perseverance; he should be a man not easily to be ruffled by the importunities of the traders on the one hand,—or the seeming indignities put upon him by the Chinese on the other—in short, he must keep his temper. And with regard to the owners of ships that may have been intended for the eastern sea of China, we would most earnestly warn them, if they value their own property and the lives of the crews, to confine their speculations to Canton, at least in the first outset; for, if they should come in collision, as they most assuredly will, with the constituted authorities, when at a distance from that port, the consequence will be that 'British subjects will be seized.' It is easy to say, send men-of-war for their protection,—to encourage them, we suppose, in smuggling transactions, and otherwise acting in violation of the laws and regulations of the country, or else to commit hostilities; one or other the King's ship so sent must do. Is China, then, we would again ask, because she refuses to enter into commercial intercourse with foreigners, to be put without the pale of international law? There was a time, when it was a boast in the naval service, 'that a British ship-of-war carried with her the British laws wherever she went;'—this doctrine, however, received its death-blow by the luminous exposition of that highly-distinguished civilian Sir William Scott, who, by the
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most convincing argument, showed that a ship-of-war, and all other ships and their crews, were amenable to the laws of the country within whose territories they might happen to be.

Mr. Marjoribanks tells Mr. Grant that it ought to be among his first objects to remove that 'deep and distrustful apprehension' which our rapid and extraordinary aggrandizement in India has created. We are inclined to think that his man-of-war system would tend rather to confirm and verify all these 'distrustful apprehensions,' and convince the Chinese government that the crisis was arrived, and that it must either drive us out, or perish. Weak, we grant, the Chinese military force may be; yet when we recollect that the little armament sent from India to occupy Macao in 1808, for a few months, was stated to have cost our country five hundred thousand pounds, we must say we do not consider the experiment of endeavouring to *dictate* a commercial treaty to the Chinese, at the point of the sword, or the muzzles of our great guns, to be a very wise one, even in a financial point of view. The East India Company, through their servants, have hitherto, and for a long period, carried on a most advantageous and prosperous trade with China, in spite of all the restrictions complained of; and, with proper management, even under increased difficulties, it is to be hoped we may still continue to do so.

There is one point, however, on which we confess we entertain very considerable apprehensions. It somehow or other very frequently occurs that Chinese men, and women too, are unfortunately killed, by accident of course, either by shooting parties, running down boats, or in a scuffle with our seamen; and in the last case, it is likely now to happen more frequently than before, from the circumstance of the want of that restraint, which was put upon the crews of the regular China ships, who were not permitted to go up to Canton; whereas it will be difficult, we apprehend, to prevent the men of the free-trading vessels from demanding and obtaining that indulgence, unless indeed the King's representative should be vested with authority to refuse it; but then, authority without the power to enforce it will be but of little avail: here indeed, as Mr. Marjoribanks says, we must take the consequences. If we were asked in what manner we would propose to strengthen the hands of the King's representative, we confess our inability to give a satisfactory answer; one great hold on the free-traders, however, would be that of investing him with power to demand the ship's papers, to be lodged with him as security for the good conduct of the master and crew, during their stay in port.

We have alluded to the case where an innocent man was given up fifty years ago. The company's servants, with the aid of the Hong merchants, have since that time escaped a similar disgrace, though
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similar events have occurred; and as the Chinese are pleased to consider homicide on the part of a foreigner, however accidental, as murder, any contrivance to save the life of the unintentional offender, and to prevent the English residents from being brought into collision with the Chinese authorities, and perhaps *seized*, has been, and may be, looked upon as excusable.

The following case will explain our meaning. In the year 1820, a Chinese was accidentally shot by an officer belonging to one of the company's ships. The Chinese government demanded the life of the individual, and in the mean time suspended the trade. The committee refused to surrender him. It happened that, on the same day on which the Chinese was found killed, a butcher belonging to one of the company's ships committed suicide; the Hong merchants heard of the circumstance, and hinted to the authorities what a very extraordinary thing it was that this suicide should have immediately followed the murder of the Chinese. The Hong merchants were interested that no collision should take place between the Chinese authorities and the servants of the company, and these were equally anxious to avoid it. The circumstance, therefore, when mentioned to the Chinese officers of government was eagerly seized by them: a deputation of mandarins was sent down to the company's ship; they took the evidence of one or two sailors, who admitted it was very extraordinary that the butcher should have put an end to himself the same day on which the Chinese was murdered; the examining mandarins reported that the butcher was the murderer, and thus were Chinese law and Chinese justice satisfied. At another time, the lieutenant of the *Topaze* frigate, in firing a ball into the village of Lintin, in order to disperse a crowd of Chinese who had attacked some of our seamen, killed one native and wounded another. After a long discussion and peremptory refusal to give up Lieutenant Hamilton, Captain Richardson pledged himself that he should be tried in England. The Chinese, having first satisfied themselves that several of our seamen were stabbed, cut, and otherwise wounded in the scuffle, consented. Lieutenant Hamilton was tried by court-martial, acquitted, and promoted. In another case, where a scuffle ensued in Canton, and a Chinese was killed, a very serious discussion ensued, but, by the good management of the Company's servants, a trial was held at which *they* were admitted as assessors; the man pitched upon as having struck the *hardest* blow was acquitted of intentional murder, and a fine only—a deodand—imposed.

Much, therefore, will always depend on the manner in which the Chinese authorities are dealt with; and this strengthens very considerably our recommendation of investing two or three of the
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Company's servants with the king's commission, or, at all events, of including them, in some shape, in the patent or warrant. Still the British government cannot and ought not to be satisfied with, or depend on, contingencies of the kind we have mentioned. Something decisive must be done speedily as to this delicate question respecting homicides.

'It has always' (says Mr. Marjoribanks) 'appeared to me that this difficulty might, in great measure, be overcome by giving your representatives at Canton extraordinary powers to constitute a jury, and try British subjects accused of murder. If guilty, we can surely have no wish to protect them. If innocent, we must, doubtless, have every determination to do so. I am well aware that there is an apparent anomaly in the establishment, as it were, of an *imperium in imperio*; but our situation in China is altogether an anomaly, and we must make the best of it.'—*Letter*, p. 52.

This is all very well on paper; but it is the providing for the protection of the *innocent* that causes the embarrassment;—then, who is to constitute the court, and who the jury? Are the prisoners when found guilty to be delivered over to the Chinese? or are we to carry into execution the extreme sentence? Will the *British legislature* confer the power of life and death on any individual in a foreign country? Will the Chinese be satisfied with a *British verdict of acquittal*? These are questions that we cannot pretend to answer, but they must be answered somewhere. Now let us see the view taken of this most important subject by another ex-president of the select committee, Sir George Staunton, who, having filled high diplomatic as well as commercial situations in China, held communications with the highest Chinese authorities in their own language, and traversed the country from one extremity to the other, must be considered as no ordinary authority. Sir George, in the *ninth resolution* which he moved in the House of Commons, recommended the establishment of a *British naval tribunal* at the port of Canton, for the trial of homicides committed by British subjects; and he says in a *Note* to his published Speech—

'However startling such a proposition as the creation of a court for the special purpose of trying offences committed within the jurisdiction of a foreign power, may be; nothing can be more certain than that the present state of things in this respect ought not to continue, and that the evil which it is thus proposed, if not to remedy at least to mitigate, is one of those primary sources of dispute between us and the Chinese, which the establishment of free trade is not at all likely to put an end to. It is quite clear, that we ought either submit to the Chinese laws, or at least *usage*, in the case of Europe committing homicide, or to undertake ourselves to try, and found guilty of murder, to punish such homicides. To those

of opinion that the *former* alternative is practicable, the proposed provision for the *latter*, of course, will not appear necessary. The grounds for supposing that the Chinese government might be induced to acquiesce in the decisions of such a tribunal, are chiefly the following:—first, that their practice is, in the event of a Chinese being killed by the hand of a foreigner, to demand, not the individual by name, but the *murderer*, whom the chief of the nation is, in such cases, invariably directed to find out and surrender. The chief, who, in compliance with such a demand, should give up an innocent person, or, what is the same thing, an individual not legally proved guilty, would be so directly accessory to the death of that individual, that he would be guilty of little less than murder himself. The Chinese, therefore, do in fact call upon the chief to exercise, in this case, a judicial power; and a power to *condemn* implies also a power to *acquit*. This argument receives additional force from what actually takes place in cases of homicide committed by the Portuguese at Macao. The Chinese government claims precisely the same jurisdiction there as at Canton; but as the Portuguese actually possess a tribunal competent to try such offences, no surrender of Portuguese subjects to the Chinese authorities ever takes place; but whenever found guilty by their own tribunal, they are publicly executed in the presence of the authorities of both countries.—*Speech, &c.*, pp. 41, 42.

This business-like statement holds forth a light, that may guide to a settlement of this highly-important and delicate question. Let the difficulty be plainly and openly stated to the Chinese authorities, expressing an earnest desire of having it adjusted for the convenience and satisfaction of both parties; propose the same process as is practised in respect to the Portuguese at Macao, who reside there as much by sufferance, as we hold a factory at Canton; and we think, if the case be fairly and firmly put, the Chinese will listen to reason, and agree. There would then remain only the sanction of parliament to be obtained for the establishment of a court something similar to the Courts of Piracy in our colonies: there are always respectable merchants enough to constitute a jury.

We say nothing as to the policy of asking for a port, in addition to or in lieu of Canton, *at present*, because we are satisfied *that* would meet with a peremptory refusal; and by attempting too much at once, we may put to hazard the advantages we now enjoy. In Sir James Urmston's *Observations* will be found ample information on this head. To say the truth, however, when we consider that, for six months in the year, the passage up the strait of Formosa, and down it for the other six, when the monsoons are blowing, is both difficult and dangerous, we are inclined to think that any port on the eastern coast, if granted, would be found infinitely less accessible, secure, and convenient, than Canton.

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The argument about the expense of bringing the teas over land, in places where the labour of man is required, is more a Chinese affair than ours. Sir James Urmston, on the authority of Mr. Ball, says that the overland journey adds 150,000*l.* to the cost of black teas: but if so, we doubt much whether the Hong merchants would take into consideration the increased price of a penny or three-halfpence a pound. Mr. Lindsay made some purchases of teas on the coast, and they turned out to be of a much worse quality, and much higher priced, than might have been had at Canton.

Let us not, therefore, like the dog in the fable, snatch at the shadow and let go the substance. The future prosperity of the trade, we are quite persuaded, will depend on ourselves more than on the Chinese. Let our people bear in mind, that, as yet, they are only permitted to trade at all on sufferance; that the Chinese empire has its rules and regulations like all other states; and that it behoves foreigners, who resort thither for their own benefit, to conform to those rules; some of them may appear absurd, and others be felt inconvenient and unpleasant, but if they are neither unjust nor oppressive, though we may not like them, yet we have no sufficient ground for rebelling. In short, our rule of conduct should be this,—neither to make degrading concessions, nor to exact them—neither to surrender our own independence, nor to violate that of others*.

* Two events have occurred since the first pages of the preceding Article passed through the press, which, if before known, might, perhaps, have caused some addition to, or some little difference of expression in, certain points therein discussed, but none whatever in our arguments or opinions. One of these events is the death of Mr. Marjoribanks, which we greatly deplore, and the more so, as it cuts off all chance of a reply to the strictures which his Letter has called from us, and which, if somewhat severe, are not, we trust, unjust; the other event is, the appointment of Lord Napier as Chief Superintendent of Canton. His Lordship is little known to the public, except as a distinguished captain in the navy; but all his personal qualifications are said to be excellent. So long as he is not *the* captain of a man-of-war, and acts merely in the capacity of a civilian, he may do as well as any other gentleman new to China, provided his hereditary rank should not stand in his way, and that he is assisted, as seems to be intended, by two of the late supercargoes—which, indeed, comes to very nearly, though not precisely, what we had recommended. With these matters may, perhaps, go on pretty well at Canton; but *who* is to collect the duties on tonnage and cargoes which his Majesty, by his Order in Council, has directed to be levied, to meet the expense of the establishment, at a distance from Canton? Or, what is of far more importance, *who* is to control the free-traders along a coast of not less than *thirteen hundred English miles*? In their illicit traffic on this coast, how are the superintendents to bring to justice persons guilty of resistance and hostility to the Chinese authorities, or for the murder of Chinese subjects, which so frequently happens? And what steps are the superintendents to take, if British subjects, acting in contravention of Chinese laws, should be seized, imprisoned, and, perhaps, put to death? These are questions of grave import, and impress us most deeply with the necessity of limiting our trade, for the present, to Canton.

ART. VIII.—*Life and Poetical Works of the Reverend George Crabbe*, in 8 vols. 12mo. Vol. I. containing the *Life of Crabbe*. By his Son. London. 1834.

THIS is the first of a series of eight volumes, in which we are about to have before us the life, journals, and annotated poems of Mr. Crabbe, in the same portable shape, and at the same rate of cost, as the *Life and Works of Lord Byron*, and the poetry of Sir Walter Scott; illustrated, moreover, in the same exquisite manner, by designs from our best artists. We hardly doubt that this attempt to extend the circulation of Crabbe's poetry, especially among the less affluent classes of the community, will be attended with as much success as either of the previous adventures to which we have alluded. Placed by Byron, Scott, Fox, and Canning, and, we believe, by every one of his eminent contemporaries, in the very highest rank of excellence, Crabbe has never yet become familiar to hundreds of thousands of English readers well qualified to appreciate and enjoy his merits. 'The poet of the poor,' as his son justly styles him, has hitherto found little favour except with the rich; and yet, of all English authors, he is the one who has sympathized the most profoundly and tenderly with the virtues and the sorrows of humble life—who has best understood the fervours of lowly love and affection—and painted the anxieties and vicissitudes of toil and penury with the closest fidelity and the most touching pathos. In his works the peasant and the mechanic will find everything to elevate their aspirations, and yet nothing to quicken envy and uncharitableness. He is a Christian poet—his satire is strong, but never rancorous—his lessons of virtue are earnest but modest—his reprehensions of vice severe but brotherly. He only needs an introduction into the cottage, to supplant there for ever the affected sentimentality and gross sensualism of authors immeasurably below him in vigour and capacity of mind, as well as in dignity of heart and character, who have, from accidental circumstances, outrun him for a season in the race of popularity.

When about seven-and-twenty years ago, Crabbe, after half a lifetime spent in retirement and silence, broke upon the world for the second time in his *Parish Register* and *Sir Eustace Grey*, a great deal of very pretty writing was bestowed on the illustration of three deep propositions:—namely, (this was not a very novel one,) that poetry is read for the sake of the excitement it gives to our minds and feelings; that painful emotions are more energetic and exciting than pleasurable ones; and that, as Mr. Crabbe dealt more exclusively than any other modern poet in sad and dismal subjects, he

must

must eventually, of course, outstrip all his rivals in popular favour. The world has outlived all reverence for such juvenile pedantry as made the staple and glory of the school of criticism we have been alluding to: in other words, it has come to be the fashion to test metaphysical generalizations (as they were called) by fact; and the slightest application of that criterion must be sufficient for the utter demolition of the ingenuities in question. Every man that lays his hand on his own breast, knows perfectly well that painful emotions are not necessarily more powerful than pleasurable ones. Is there anything of *pain* in the enthusiasm of the chase; or

‘ In the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel;’

or in the rapture of successful love, or the generous glow of active benevolence? And then, as to the probable ultra-popularity of a poet whose claim should be founded on his exclusive devotion to themes of woe and calamity, is it not wonderful that it should not have occurred even to a metaphysician to ask who, *de facto*, are the most universally popular of the great poets of past ages? Is Homer less popular than Euripides? Who is, and ever has been, the most popular of all Roman writers?—who but the one that has hardly one touch of melancholy in his composition—the most thoroughly worldly, shrewd, good-humoured painter of life and manners that ever handled a pen—Horace? Is Dante more popular than Ariosto? Racine than Rabelais? Calderon than Cervantes? or Klopstock than Goethe? Here, at home, who are and ever will be the most popular of our own poets? Speaking of works of any considerable bulk, which can be named beside those of Shakspeare and Pope? And will any man pretend that Shakspeare’s tragedy has at any time enjoyed more favour than his comedy, or that Pope has counted one worshipper of his pathos for a hundred admirers of his wit? We need not go into the works of Mr. Crabbe’s own contemporaries. If he himself were never to gain general favour except by reason of the painful emotions he excites, we should still despair of his fate; but the truth is, Crabbe can hardly be said to deal more largely in such emotions than either Byron, or Wordsworth, or Moore; and indeed, no poet ever was, or ever will be, popular in this country that deals exclusively in such materials. The national taste is, on the whole, a manly one; it is felt that life is made up of light and shadow in pretty equal proportions—and the only art that can permanently fix and please us, is that which has scope enough to reflect life in its own contrasts. Crabbe’s deep, and sometimes dreadful pathos, tells on us a thousand times more than it would otherwise have done, by reason of the wit, the humour, the playful humanity with which he relieves

lieves it. A short piece of thorough anguish is very well; but we venture to say that the habitual readers of Crabbe (and most of those who read him at all have him constantly in their hands) do not turn the most frequently to Sir Eustace Grey, or Peter Grimes. We should as soon expect to be told that Allan's 'Press-gang' has been more liked than his 'Shepherds' House-heating,' or that Wilkie's 'Distraining for Rent' has been a more lucrative print than 'Blindman's Buff' or 'The Chelsea Pensioners.'

The vulgar impression that Crabbe is throughout a gloomy author, we ascribe to the choice of certain specimens of his earliest poetry in the 'Elegant Extracts'—the only specimens of him that had been at all generally known at the time when most of those who have criticised his later works were young. That exquisitely-finished, but heart-sickening description, in particular, of the poor-house in 'The Village,' fixed itself on every imagination; and when the Register and Borough came out, the reviewers, unconscious perhaps of the early prejudice that was influencing them, selected quotations mainly of the same class. Generalizing critics are apt to think more of their own theory than of their author's practice; and we assert, without hesitation, that it would be easy to select from Crabbe a volume at least of most powerful, most exciting, and most characteristic poetry, which should hardly, in a single line, touch on any but the pleasurable emotions of our nature; of cunning but altogether unvenomed ridicule; of solemn but unsaddening morality; and of that gentle pathos which is a far more delicious luxury than ever sprung from gaiety of spirit. But we had no intention to say one word at this moment on Crabbe's poetry; a fit occasion for taking up that wide and interesting subject will be presented when his son has published the volume of new tales which the venerable bard left in readiness for the press. Our present business is with this most artless and affecting sketch of his personal history and domestic habits—an unpretending volume, which no lover either of genius or of virtue will fail to read through at a sitting—and which will for ever dissipate every notion that the dark, the savage, the rueful, the harrowing emotions of the heart, were the habitual elements of Crabbe's thought and reflection.

There is, as it seems to us, something better than graceful in the manner of opening this filial narrative. The curate of Pucklechurch has drawn, without intending it, his own character almost as fully as his father's; and we think no one will lay down his book without feeling ever afterwards a cordial interest in the fortunes of the man that penned it. He says,—

'The present writer has every reason to consider with humble
thankfulness

thankfulness the period and circumstances of his father's departure. The growing decline of his bodily strength had been perceptible to all around him for several years. He himself had long set the example of looking forward with calmness to the hour of his dissolution; and if the firmness and resignation of a Christian's death-bed must doubly endear his memory to his children, they also afford indescribable consolation after the scene is closed. At an earlier period, Mr. Crabbe's death would have plunged his family in insupportable suffering: but when the blow fell, it had many alleviations.

With every softening circumstance, however, a considerable interval must pass before the sons of such a parent can bear to dwell on the minor peculiarities of his image and character;—a much longer one ere they can bring themselves to converse on light and ludicrous incidents connected with his memory. The tone of some passages in the ensuing narrative may appear at variance with these feelings; and it is therefore necessary for me to state here, that the design of drawing up some memoirs of my father's life, from his own fireside anecdotes, had occurred to me several years ago, and that a great part of what I now lay before the public had been committed to writing more than a twelvemonth before his decease. At the time when I was thus occupied, although his health was evidently decaying, there was nothing to forbid the hope that he might linger for years among us, in the enjoyment of such comforts as can smooth the gradual descent of old age to the tomb; and I pleased myself with the fond anticipation, that when I should have completed my manuscript, he himself might be its first critic, and take the trouble to correct it wherever I had fallen into any mistakes. But he was at last carried off by a violent illness, of short duration—and thus ended for ever the most pleasing dream of my authorship.'—p. 3.

To those who, like ourselves, only remember Mr. Crabbe as a septuagenarian, of noble and dignified aspect, and with the manners of a perfect gentleman of the old school, mixing in general society with cheerful grace, and often delighting a circle with quiet humour and polished wit—the picture now given of his original connexions and situation must have a startling effect. Perhaps no man of origin so very humble ever retained so few traces of it as he did, in the latter years, at least, of his long and chequered life. There was no shade of subserviency in his courtesy, or of coarseness in his hilarity; his simplicity was urbane;—the whole demeanour exactly what any one would have pronounced natural and suitable in an English clergyman of the highest class, accustomed, from youth to age, to refined society and intellectual pursuits—gentle, grave, and venerable—and only rendered more interesting by obvious unfamiliarity with some of the conventional nothings of mode town-bred usage. He was born, however, on the Christmas eve of 1754, in a very poor family, hardly raised a step above common fishermen of Aldborough, in a mean cottage on a ~~sea~~ ^{quay} shore

shore ; and bred up from infancy to boyhood with no ambition on the part of his parents higher than that of seeing him established in life as an exciseman, or perhaps a clerk in the custom-house of an insignificant sea-port. The original position even of Burns (born, by the way, *five* years after him!) was scarcely below that of Crabbe.

The poet's father, after having been a schoolmaster and parish-clerk at Norton in Norfolk, married, and finally settled in his native Aldborough (or, as it is more correctly written, Aldeburgh), Suffolk ; and became, in course of time, collector of the salt duties there, or *salt-master*. 'He was,' says our author, 'a man of strong and vigorous talents, distinguished in particular for an extraordinary faculty of calculation ;' and sober and industrious during middle life. But afterwards his talents recommended him to the notice of a candidate for the representation of the borough ; he became a keen and active agent of the Whig party there—and from that time his family dated a miserable change in his manners. He saw early, and did more than he could well afford to cultivate, the abilities of his eldest boy, who said, 'to me he was ever *substantially* kind ;' but he seems to have broken the heart of an affectionate wife by tavern dissipations, and to have been in many respects a degraded man before his son outgrew his authority. He had seven children—one of whom died in infancy : and our author quotes from a MS. work the following lines, referring to the feelings with which, in the darkening evening of life, the poet still recurred to that domestic distress :

'But it was misery stung me in the day
Death of an infant sister made his prey ;
For then first met and moved my early fears
A father's terrors and a mother's tears.
Though greater anguish I have since endured,
Some heal'd in part, some never to be cured,
Yet was there something in that first-born ill
So new, so strange, that memory feels it still.'

The biographer says—

'The second of these couplets has sad truth in every word. The fears of the future poet were as real as the tears of his mother, and the "terrors" of his father. The salt-master was a man of imperious temper and violent passions ; but the darker traits of his character had, at this period, showed themselves only at rare intervals, and on extraordinary occasions. He had been hitherto, on the whole, an exemplary husband and father ; and was passionately devoted to the little girl whose untimely death drew from him those gloomy and savage tokens of misery, which haunted, fifty years after, the memory of his gentler son.'—p. S.

He

He adds :—

‘ For one destined to distinction as a portrayer of character, few scenes could have been more favourable than that of my father’s infancy and boyhood. He was cradled among the rough sons of the ocean,—a daily witness of unbridled passions, and of manners remote from the sameness and artificial smoothness of polished society. At home he was subject to the caprices of a stern and imperious nature ; and probably few whom he could familiarly approach but had passed through some of those dark domestic tragedies in which his future strength was to be exhibited. . . . Masculine and robust frames, rude manners, stormy passions, laborious days, and, occasionally, boisterous nights of merriment,—among such accompaniments was born and reared the Poet of the Poor.’—p. 12.

He was taught to read by an old dame ; and after he could read at all, he was indefatigable in reading :—

‘ He devoured without restraint whatever came into his hands, but especially works of fiction,—those little stories and ballads about ghosts, witches, and fairies, which were then almost exclusively the literature of youth, and which, whatever else might be thought of them, served no doubt to strike out the first sparks of imagination in the mind of many a youthful poet. Mr. Crabbe retained, to the close of life, a strong partiality for marvellous tales of even this humble class. In verse he delighted from the earliest time that he could read. His father took in a periodical work, called “ Martin’s Philosophical Magazine,” which contained, at the end of each number, a sheet of “ occasional poetry.” The salt-master irreverently cut out these sheets when he sent his Magazines to be bound up at the end of the year ; and the “ Poet’s Corner ” became the property of George, who read its contents until he had most of them by heart. . . . Mild, obliging, and the most patient of listeners, he was a great favourite with the old dames of the place. Like his own “ Richard,” many a friendly

“ matron woo’d him, quickly won,
To fill the station of an absent son.”

He admired the rude prints on their walls, rummaged their shelves for books or ballads, and read aloud to those whose eyes had failed them, by the winter evening’s fireside. Walking one day in the street, he chanced to displease a stout lad, who doubled his fist to beat him ; but another boy interfered to claim benefit of clergy for the studious George. “ You must not meddle with *him*,” he said ; “ let *him* alone, for he ha’ got l’arning.”—pp. 15, 16.

Observing this bookish turn, the salt-master sent him to a commercial school at Bungay ; and afterwards, for a short time, to one of rather a better sort at Stowmarket : and he applied himself with such zeal, to mathematics in particular, that he won the warm

favour of both his masters : but his father was very poor, and it

was

was judged necessary, before he had completed his fourteenth year, to bind him apprentice to some calling. That of a surgeon-apothecary was fixed on—but some time elapsed before such a situation could be found; and, says our author—

‘ By his own confession, he has painted the manner in which most of this interval was spent, in those beautiful lines of his “ Richard,” which give, perhaps, as striking a picture of the “ inquisitive sympathy ” and solitary musings of a youthful poet as can elsewhere be pointed out:—

————— “ I to the ocean gave
My mind, and thoughts as restless as the wave.
Where crowds assembled I was sure to run,
Hear what was said, and muse on what was done.
To me the wives of seamen loved to tell
What storms endanger’d men esteem’d so well;
No ships were wreck’d upon that fatal beach
But I could give the luckless tale of each.
In fact I lived for many an idle year
In fond pursuit of agitations dear:
For ever seeking, ever pleased to find
The food I sought—I thought not of its kind.

“ I loved to walk where none had walk’d before,
About the rocks that ran along the shore;
Or far beyond the sight of men to stray,
And take my pleasure when I lost my way;
For then ’twas mine to trace the hilly heath,
And all the mossy moor that lies beneath:—
Here had I favourite stations, where I stood
And heard the murmurs of the ocean-flood—
With not a sound beside, except when flew
Aloft the lapwing, or the grey curlew. . . .
When I no more my fancy could employ—
I left in haste what I could not enjoy,
And was my gentle mother’s welcome boy.”

‘ The reader is not to suppose, however, that all his hours were spent in this agreeable manner. His father employed him in the warehouse on the quay of Slaughden, in labours which he abhorred, though he in time became tolerably expert in them; such as piling up butter and cheese. He said, long after, that he remembered with regret the fretfulness and indignation wherewith he submitted to these drudgeries, in which the salt-master himself often shared.

‘ At length an advertisement, headed “ Apprentice wanted,” met his father’s eye; and George was offered and accepted to fill the vacant station at Wickham-Brook, a small village near Bury St. Edmund’s. He left his home, and his indulgent mother, under the care of two farmers, who were travelling across the county; with whom he parted within about ten miles of the residence of his future master,
and

and proceeded, with feelings easily imagined in a low-spirited, gentle lad, to seek a strange, perhaps a severe home. Fatigue also contributed to impart its melancholy; and the reception augmented these feelings to bitterness. Just as he reached the door, his master's daughters, having eyed him for a few moments, burst into a violent fit of laughter, exclaiming, "La! here's our new 'prentice." He never forgot the deep mortification of that moment; but justice to the ladies compels me to mention, that shortly before that period he had had his head shaved during some illness, and, instead of the ornamental curls that now embellish the shorn, he wore, by his own confession, a very ill-made scratch-wig.

' Besides the duties of his profession, "our new 'prentice" was often employed in the drudgery of the farm—for his master had more occupations than one—and was made the bed-fellow and companion of the plough-boy. One day as he mixed with the herd of lads at the public-house, to see the exhibitions of a conjuror, the magician, having worked many wonders, changed a white ball to black, exclaiming—" *Quique olim albus erat nunc est contrarius albo*—and I suppose none of you can tell me what that means." "Yes, I can," said George. "The devil you can!" replied he of the magic wand, eyeing his garb: "I suppose you picked up *your* Latin in a turnip field."—p. 20.

Crabbe completed his apprenticeship with a practitioner of somewhat higher pretensions, at Woodbridge; but he appears never to have had any real pleasure in the studies of his destined profession, except only botany, for which he nourished from this period, down to almost the close of his life, a true passion. He remained at Woodbridge from 1770 to 1775; and while here he formed an attachment to Miss Sarah Elmy, the niece of a wealthy yeoman in the neighbouring village of Parham, an amiable and beautiful girl, who returned his affection, and after a lapse of twelve troubled years became his wife. This virtuous attachment appears to have had the strongest and most beneficial influence on his mind and manners, and consequently on his fortunes. It sustained him through miseries such as few young literary adventurers have ever gone through—it purified his feelings—fixed and enlarged his heart—and inspired his first poetry.

His early love-verses, of which his son gives some specimens, are not worth dwelling on: but before he left Woodbridge, he found means to publish at Ipswich a thin quarto, entitled 'Inebriety,'—of which, until now, we had never heard; but which, if we may judge from our biographer's extracts, it might be well to print in an appendix to the collective edition of his works. We are much amused with this couplet:—

' Champagne the courtier drinks the spleen to chase,
The colonel Burgundy, and Port his grace.'

The son says—

' He

‘He seems to be particularly fond of “girding at” the cloth, which, in those early and thoughtless days, he had never dreamed he himself should wear and honour. It is only just to let the student of his maturer verses and formed character see in what way the careless apprentice could express himself respecting a class of which he could then know nothing.

“The vicar at the table’s front presides,
Whose presence a monastic life derides;
The reverend wig, in sideway order placed,
The reverend band, by rubric stains disgraced,
The leering eye, in wayward circles roll’d,
Mark him the Pastor of a jovial fold;
Whose various texts excite a loud applause,
Favouring the bottle, and the Good Old Cause,” &c. &c.—p. 27.

‘Inebriety’ fell stillborn from the press: and, his apprenticeship having shortly after expired, George Crabbe returned to Aldborough, with the hope of proceeding to London to complete his professional education. But the salt-master’s purse was lighter than ever, and the young man was obliged to linger on for some months—how occupied, the following passage will tell us:—

‘One of his Woodbridge acquaintances, now a smart young surgeon, came over to Aldborough, on purpose to see him: he was directed to the quay of Slaughden, and there discovered George Crabbe piling up butter-casks, in the dress of a common warehouseman. The visiter had the vanity and cruelty to despise the honest industry of his friend, and to say to him, in a stern, authoritative tone, “Follow me, sir.” George followed him at a respectful distance, until they reached the inn, where he was treated with a long and angry lecture, inculcating pride and rebellion. He heard it in sad silence: his spirit was, indeed, subdued, but he refused to take any decided step in opposition to his parent’s will, or rather the hard necessities of his case. “My friends,” said my father, in concluding this story, “had always an ascendancy over me.” I may venture to add, that this was the consequence purely of the gentle warmth of his affections; for he was at heart as brave as affectionate. Never was there a more hopeless task than to rule him by intimidation.’—p. 32.

At length his father made an effort to send him to London, and he proceeded thither ostensibly to walk the hospitals, and attend medical lectures in customary form, but in reality with the purpose, as he said, of ‘picking up a little surgical knowledge as cheap as he could.’ He lodged in the house of an Aldborough family, humble tradespeople, in Whitechapel; and continued there for about eight months, until his resources were exhausted, when he went back to Suffolk, ‘but little,’ says his son, ‘the better for the desultory sort of instruction that had alone been within his reach.’ On his return home, he engaged himself as

assistant

assistant in an apothecary's shop; and presently was encouraged to set up for himself. But his medical career was short and unfortunate—

‘The sense of a new responsibility pressed sorely and continually on his mind; and he never awoke, without shuddering at the thought, that some operation of real difficulty might be thrown in his way before night. Ready sharpness of mind and mechanical cleverness of hand are the first essentials in a surgeon; and he wanted them both, and knew his deficiencies far better than any one else did. . . . His very passion for botany was injurious to him; for his ignorant patients, seeing him return from his walks with handfuls of weeds, decided that, as *Doctor Crabbe* got his medicines in the ditches, he could have little claim for payment. On the other hand, he had many poor relations; and some of these, old women, were daily visitors, to request “something comfortable from cousin George;” that is to say, doses of the most expensive tonics in his possession. Add to all this, that the poor leech was a lover separated from his mistress, and that his heart was in the land of imagination—for he had now resumed his pen—and it is not wonderful that he soon began to despair altogether of succeeding in his profession.’—p. 40.

Yet there was a short period when fortune seemed somewhat more favourable to him, even in Aldborough.

‘In the summer of 1778 the Warwickshire militia were quartered in the town, and his emoluments were considerably improved in consequence. He had also the pleasure of finding his society greatly estimated by the officers. The colonel—afterwards the celebrated field-marshal, Conway—took much notice of Mr. Crabbe; and among other marks of his attention, was the gift of some valuable Latin works on the subject of botany, which proved of advantage to him in more ways than one: for the possession of them induced him to take up more accurately than heretofore the study of the language in which they were composed; and the hours he now spent on Hudson’s “*Flora Anglica*” enabled him to enjoy Horace, and to pass with credit through certain examinations of an after-period. But the chief consolation of all his distresses at this period was the knowledge that he had gained a faithful heart at Parham. His spirit was buoyed up by the inspiring influence of requited affection; but this necessarily led to other wishes, and to them the obstacles appeared insuperable. Miss Elmy was too prudent to marry, where there seemed to be no chance of a competent livelihood; and he, instead of being in a position to maintain a family, could hardly, by labour which he abhorred, earn daily bread for himself. He was proud, too; and, though conscious that he had not deserved success in his profession, he was also conscious of possessing no ordinary abilities, and brooded with deep mortification on his failure. Meantime he had perused with attention the works of the British poets and of his favourite Horace; and his
desk

desk had gradually been filled with verses which he justly esteemed more worthy of the public eye than "Inebriety." He indulged, in short, the dreams of a young poet.—p. 41.

One gloomy day, the last of 1779, Crabbe strolled to a bleak part of the cliff above Aldborough, called 'The Marsh-Hill;' and stopped opposite a muddy piece of water, 'The Leech-Pond.' *One happy morning*, the son touchingly says, he pointed out this spot to his children;—'It was while I gazed on it,' said he, 'that I determined to go to London and venture all.' The same night his note-book shows this entry—

'The year of sorrow and care, of poverty and disgrace, of disappointment and wrong, is now passing on to join the Eternal. Now, O Lord! let, I beseech thee, my afflictions and prayers be remembered; let my faults and follies be forgotten!

'O thou, who art the Fountain of Happiness, give me better submission to thy decrees; better disposition to correct my flattering hopes; better courage to bear up under my state of oppression.

'The year past, O my God! let it not be to me again a torment—the year coming, if it is thy will, be it never such. Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt. Whether I live or whether I die, whether I be poor or whether I be prosperous, O my Saviour! may I be thine! Amen.'—pp. 42, 43.

It still remained to find the means of discharging some petty debts at Aldborough, and defraying the cost of a journey to London. After vainly endeavouring for help among his own immediate friends, Mr. Crabbe wrote to Mr. Dudley North, to whose family the salt-master had been useful in several elections. This letter has not been preserved, but Mr. North said many years after, 'A most extraordinary one it was—I did not hesitate.' The sum requested was five pounds—it was granted. Mr. Crabbe settled his affairs, shut up his shop, embarked himself on board one of the little sloops of the place, and having lived during the voyage with the sailors, and partaken their fare, at last landed on the Tower Wharf, 'master of a box of clothes, a small case of surgical instruments, and three pounds in money.'

Before quitting these opening chapters we ought to observe that, according to the Poet's own account, a great, 'he hoped a permanent' change occurred in his mind, in consequence of a severe illness from which he barely escaped with life, shortly after he had begun to practise for himself at Aldborough. His early religious impressions, the fruits of his good mother's precept and example, had been partly obliterated during his apprenticeship. He now revived them with penitent fervour; and from that moment, as it seems, his devotional temperament kept
warming

warming to the very close of his days. 'Henceforth, all who observed him agree that his life was that of a virtuous and religious man.' He had family worship regularly in his little lodgings, where his only sister superintended his affairs for him: he wrote a number of hymns; and, strange to say, years before he could ever have dreamt of being a clergyman, his note-books show various imitations of Tillotson. Who can doubt that this blessed change was intimately connected with the development of Crabbe's pure and manly passion for the gentle and pious young woman who was in the sequel to be his wife?

Every week that passes, we do not doubt, some raw adventurer arrives in this great city, with views and hopes, if not resources, much the same as Crabbe brought with him in January, 1780. One example such as his ought to be more than sufficient to impress upon the mind of every individual possessing authority or influence in the literary world, the propriety, the duty, of not turning a deaf ear to the application of any poor young man so situated. A thousand examples on the other side—nay, the simple fact that half a dozen examples on the same side with Crabbe's do not occur in the history of the last century—*nothing* will, we fear, have much effect in deterring clever lads, inflamed with a little provincial applause, from abandoning the callings in which diligence might ensure success, and flocking up to town here to repeat the most perilous of all experiments. To them we should preach in vain; but the one story of Crabbe may and ought to print deep lessons elsewhere.

Of that story we now open the most interesting and extraordinary chapter. The narrative of Mr. Crabbe's struggles, miseries, patience, and long-suffering here in London, from the first weeks of 1780 to June, 1781, is certainly one of the most remarkable additions that have lately been made to the literary history of this country. It is told, partly by the son, in a plain unadorned style which does honour to his feelings, partly by extracts from the poet's own diary, kept for the use of his Sarah (or, as he chose to call her, his *Mira*)—a precious document, which has been accidentally discovered within these few months, and from which even Mr. Crabbe's children have gathered their first exact knowledge of the extremities to which he had been reduced.

On arriving in town he had but one acquaintance there, Mrs. Burcham, an old companion of Miss Elmy, wife to a linen-draper in Cornhill. These good people had no distinct notion of his situation or views, but he was dear to their young friend at Parham, and they welcomed him with cordial kindness—in inviting him to make their house his home whenever he pleased.

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He was too proud to avail himself further of this offer than by dining with them every Sunday ; and fifty years afterwards he told Sir Walter Scott that he remembered their noonday leg of mutton baked in the pan as the highest of luxuries. But, chiefly that he might be near them, he took lodgings at the house of Mr. Vickery, a hairdresser, in Bishopsgate-street, who afterwards rose to distinction in his trade, and who still survives in extreme old age to testify the favourable impression left on his mind by all Mr. Crabbe's conduct while he remained under that roof. The young poet, on taking up his quarters here, was so little aware of the extreme of distress awaiting him that he equipped himself with 'a fashionable tie-wig, which made a sad hole in his three pounds;' but this was his only extravagance; and he immediately set himself to prepare some of the manuscripts he had brought with him for the press. These were of various sorts, prose and verse, and he soon put himself into communication with booksellers—who one after another rejected his applications. At last Mr. Payne, of Pall-Mall, undertook to bring out 'The Candidate, a Poem,'—and it was published accordingly. But though this anonymous essay was tolerably well spoken of by some of the critical journals of the day, and contains passages so nervous that it well deserves to be included in the collective edition of his poems, its merits and partial success had no effect in changing the author's position. He had been flattered with the glad tidings that he should soon receive something—'not much,' he says, 'but to me something was much: '—the week after his bookseller was a bankrupt! He applied to Lord North, the premier, who took no notice of his letter or of the verses which it inclosed; he applied to Lord Shelbourne—but with no better success;—(in a journal of 1817 he remarks on the contrast between his early reception at the door of Lansdowne House and that which he had lived to meet with there;—he, in short, hung on from week to week, from month to month, until actual starvation stared him in the face—and then at last, 'inspired by some happy thought, in some fortunate moment,' he made his case known to Mr. Burke.

His son tells us that during this sad period he formed acquaintance with three men, all then as poor as himself, who subsequently attained to honourable station—Mr. Dalby, the late Professor of Mathematics at Marlow; Mr. Reuben Burrow, (a merchant's clerk,) who died in a high civil office in Bengal; and Mr. Bonnycastle, for many years Master of the Military Academy at Woolwich. The first and third of these were then drudging as private teachers of the mathematics—a science for which their poetical friend retained his early fondness.

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'These then obscure but eminently gifted and worthy men were Mr. Crabbe's chosen companions, and to listen to their instructive talk was the most refreshing relaxation of his manly and vigorous mind; but bodily exercise was not less necessary for a frame which, at that period, was anything but robust, and he often walked with Mr. Bonnycastle, when he went to the various schools in the suburbs, but still more frequently strolled alone into the country, with a small edition of Ovid, or Horace, or Catullus, in his pocket. Two or three of these little volumes remained in his possession in later days, and he set a high value on them; for, said he, "they were the companions of my adversity." His favourite haunt was Hornsey Wood, and there he often renewed his old occupation of searching for plants and insects. On one occasion, he had walked farther than usual into the country, and felt himself too much exhausted to return to town. He could not afford to give himself any refreshment at a public-house, much less to pay for a lodging; so he stretched himself on a mow of hay, beguiled the evening with Tibullus, and, when he could read no longer, slept there till the morning.'—pp. 53, 54.

The following are detached entries in Mr. Crabbe's own diary to Miss Elmy:—

'*April 25.*—Reading the "Daily Advertiser" of the 22d, I found the following: "Wanted an amanuensis, of grammatical education, and endowed with a genius capable of making improvements in the writings of a gentleman not well versed in the English language." Now, vanity having no doubt of my capacity, I sent immediately a note to a Mrs. Brooke, Coventry-street, Haymarket, the person at whose house I was to inquire. An answer was returned verbally, by a porter, that the person should call in a day or two.

'*April 27.*—Called on Mrs. Brooke, from whose husband or servant in the shop I had the intelligence that the gentleman was provided—twelve long miles walked away, loss of time, and a little disappointment;—now for my philosophy.'

'*May 1.*—My good broker's money reduced to five shillings and sixpence, and no immediate prospect of more. Let me hope the last day of this month may be a more smiling one than the first. God only knows, and to Him I readily, and not unresignedly, leave it.'

'*May 16.*—The cash, by a sad temptation, greatly reduced. An unlucky book-stall presented to the eyes three volumes of Dryden's works, octavo, five shillings. Prudence, however, got the better of the devil, when she whispered me to bid three shillings and sixpence: after some hesitation, that prevailed with the woman, and I carried reluctantly home, I believe, a fair bargain, but a very ill-judged one.

'It's the vilest thing in the world to have but one coat. My only one has happened with a mischance, and how to manage it is some difficulty. A confounded stove's modish ornament caught its elbow, and rent it half away! Pinioned to the side it came home, and I ran deploring to my loft. In the dilemma, it occurred to me to turn tailor myself; but how to get materials to work with puzzled me: at last I

went running down in a hurry, with three or four sheets of paper in my hand, and begged for a needle, &c. to sew them together. This finished my job, and but that it is somewhat thicker, the elbow is a good one yet. These are foolish things, Mira, to write or speak, and we may laugh at them; but I'll be bound to say they are much more likely to make a man cry, where they happen.

'May 20.—O! my dear Mira, how do you distress me! You inquire into my affairs, and love not to be denied,—yet you must. To what purpose should I tell you the particulars of my gloomy situation; that I have parted with my money, sold my *wardrobe*, pawned my watch, am in debt to my landlord, and finally, at some loss how to eat a week longer?—yet you say, tell me all. Ah, my dear Sally, do not desire it; you must not yet be told these things. Appearance is what distresses me; I *must* have dress, and therefore am horribly fearful I shall accompany fashion with fasting—but a fortnight more will tell me of a certainty.'—p. 65.

We shall quote no more from this diary. We must observe, however, on one feature in it most characteristic of the writer's mind and heart. He regularly records, as nearly as he can, the sermons he hears preached at St. Dunstan's in the East, by the late worthy rector of that parish, Mr. Winstanley, 'being afraid,' he says, 'that my ever dearest friend has not a preacher so affecting.' The poet's son gives us one specimen of these abstracts; and he subjoins two or three entries from a note-book which his father kept at the same period, 'entirely for himself.' We give one of these:—

'Amid the errors of the best, how shall my soul find safety? Even by thee, O Lord! Where is unlettered Hope to cast her anchor? Even in thy blessed Gospel! Serious examination, deep humility, earnest prayer, will obtain certainty.

'My God, my God, I put my trust in thee; my troubles increase, my soul is dismayed, I am heavy and in distress; all day long I call upon thee: O be thou my helper in the needful time of trouble.

'Why art thou so far from me, O my Lord? why hidest thou thy face? I am cast down, I am in poverty and in affliction: be thou with me, O my God; let me not be wholly forsaken, O my Redeemer!'—p. 88.

The letter, which Mr. Crabbe, in the agony of his distress, at length addressed to Mr. Burke, is one of the most striking pieces in the language—but too long to be extracted. It closes in these words:—

'The people with whom I live perceive my situation, and find me to be indigent and without friends. About ten days since, I was compelled to give a note for seven pounds, to avoid an arrest for about double that sum which I owe. I wrote to every friend I had, but my friends are poor likewise. Having used every honest means in vain,
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I yesterday confessed my inability, and obtained, with much entreaty, and as the greatest favour, a week's forbearance, when I am positively told that I must pay the money or prepare for a prison.

'You will guess the purpose of so long an introduction. I appeal to you, Sir, as a good, and, let me add, a great man. I have no other pretensions to your favour than that I am an unhappy one.

'Can you, Sir, in any degree, aid me with propriety?—Will you ask any demonstrations of my veracity? I have imposed upon myself, but I have been guilty of no other imposition. Let me, if possible, interest your compassion. I know those of rank and fortune are teased with frequent petitions, and are compelled to refuse the requests even of those whom they know to be in distress: it is, therefore, with a distant hope I have ventured to solicit such favour; but you will forgive me, Sir, if you do not think proper to relieve.'—p. 92.

Mr. Crabbe enclosed some copies of verses—among others the rough draught of 'The Village.' Mr. Burke happened to open this, and his eye fortunately lighted on these fervid lines, describing the feelings under which the young bard had abandoned his native place.

'Here wand'ring long amid these frowning fields,
I sought the simple life that Nature yields;
Rapine, and wrong, and fear usurp'd her place,
And a bold, artful, surly, savage race,
Who, only skill'd to take the finny tribe,
The yearly dinner, or septennial bribe,
Wait on the shore, and, as the waves run high,
On the tost vessel bend their eager eye,
Which to their coast directs its vent'rous way,
Theirs or the ocean's miserable prey.

'As on their neighbouring beach yon swallows stand,
And wait for favouring winds to leave the land,
While still for flight the ready wing is spread—
So waited I the favouring hour, and fled—
Fled from these shores, where guilt and rapine reign,
And cried, Ah! hapless they who still remain,—
Who still remain to hear the ocean roar,
Whose greedy waves devour the lessening shore,
Till some fierce tide, with more imperious sway,
Sweeps the low hut and all it holds away,
When the sad tenant weeps from door to door,
And begs a poor protection from the poor.'

These verses satisfied Burke that his petitioner 'was a true poet.' Crabbe, after leaving his packet in Charles-street, St. James's-square, had felt himself so agitated, that he could not retire to rest—he spent the whole night in walking backwards and forwards on Westminster-bridge—the morning sun found him there.

there. Another great poet's 'Sonnet composed on Westminster-bridge' will recur to every reader's remembrance.

'Earth has not anything to show more fair.
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky . . .
The river glideth at his own sweet will . . .
And all that mighty heart is lying still.'

But never, alas! did *all* that mighty heart lie still! Sin, misery, death, are labourers that never pause; and at the moment when Wordsworth was enjoying the calm delight of his own contemplations on Westminster-bridge, it was probably paced by some brother as wretched, at least, as Crabbe was the morning that he called for his answer from Mr. Burke. He was told that Mr. Burke desired to converse with him.

'He went into Mr. Burke's room, a poor young adventurer, spurned by the opulent, and rejected by the publishers, his last shilling gone, and all but his last hope with it: he came out virtually secure of almost all the good fortune that, by successive steps, afterwards fell to his lot—his genius acknowledged by one whose verdict could not be questioned—his character and manners appreciated and approved by a noble and capacious heart, whose benevolence knew no limits but its power—that of a giant in intellect, who was, in feeling, an unsophisticated child—a bright example of the close affinity between superlative talents, and the warmth of the generous affections. Mr. Crabbe had afterwards many other friends, kind, liberal, and powerful, who assisted him in his professional career; but it was one hand alone that rescued him when he was *sinking*. In reflecting upon the consequences of the letter to Burke—the happiness, the exultation, the inestimable benefits that resulted to my father,—ascribing, indeed, my own existence to that great and good man's condescension and prompt kindness—I may be pardoned for dwelling upon that interview with feelings of gratitude which I should but in vain endeavour to express.

'But sensible as I am of the importance of Mr. Burke's interference in my father's behalf, I would not imply that there was not ample desert to call it forth. Enlarged as was Mr. Burke's benevolence, had not the writings which were submitted to his inspection possessed the marks of real genius, the applicant would probably have been dismissed with a little pecuniary assistance. I must add that, even had his poems been evidently meritorious, it is not to be supposed that the author would have at once excited the strongest personal interest in such a mind, unless he had, during this interview,

exhibited

exhibited the traits of a pure and worthy character. Nay, had there appeared any offensive peculiarities of manner and address—either presumption or meanness—though the young poet might have received both kindness and patronage, can any one dream that Mr. Burke would have at once taken up his cause with the zeal of a friend, and treated him like a son? In mentioning his new *protégé*, a few days afterwards, to Reynolds, Burke said, “He has the mind and feelings of a gentleman.” Sir Joshua told this, years later, to my grateful father himself.—p. 93—95.

This ready and generous patronage of Crabbe will form a bright page in Burke’s history, long after all interest has departed from the greater part of even *his* political exertions. The young poet was established under his roof at Beaconsfield—under his eye ‘The Library’ and ‘The Village’ successively issued from the press—and Reynolds, Johnson, Fox—in a word, all Burke’s intimate friends—partook his interest in his new *protégé*. Shortly after the appearance of ‘The Library,’ the turn of his mind and scope of his views being ascertained, he was encouraged to take orders; and by the end of 1781, Mr. Crabbe returned as curate to his native Aldborough.

‘He had left his home a deserter from his profession, with the imputation of having failed in it from wanting even common abilities for the discharge of its duties—in the estimation of the ruder natives, who had witnessed his manual awkwardness in the seafaring pursuits of the place, “a lubber,” and “a fool;” perhaps considered even by those who recognised something of his literary talent, as a hare-brained visionary, never destined to settle to anything with steadiness and sober resolution; on all hands convicted certainly of the “crime of poverty,” and dismissed from view as a destitute and hopeless outcast. He returned, a man of acknowledged talents; a successful author, patronised and befriended by some of the leading characters in the kingdom; and a clergyman, with every prospect of preferment in the church.’—p. 103.

Mr. Crabbe, however, was received at Aldborough, by the people in general, after the usual fashion of the prophet in his own country. His former equals could not endure to believe that he was worthy of being thus elevated above them, or capable of sustaining such a change without permitting himself to despise those who had hitherto been on his level. There are few eminent men, sprung from humble beginnings, whose lot has not been embittered by these grudgings and jealousies of their original compeers. The patient and affectionate mother of Crabbe, too, was, ere this, no more; and his father, long since all but lost to his family, had soon formed another and a most imprudent alliance. It is, therefore, nothing wonderful that the poet should be found writing of his situation at Aldborough, ere he had occupied it for many weeks,

weeks, in melancholy terms; or that he embraced, without hesitation, an offer which, through the unwearied kindness of Burke, reached him early in 1782—that of proceeding to Belvoir Castle as domestic chaplain.

The late Duke of Rutland and his lovely duchess were as kind as possible to the poet: his duties were light enough; “he read prayers on Sunday, and fared sumptuously every day;” but the guests and the servants were not always, it seems, so respectful as the chiefs of the castle, and Crabbe had not been long at Belvoir, ere his note-book shows the following confession:—

‘Oh! had I but a little hut,
That I might hide my head in;
Where never guest might dare molest,
Unwelcome or unbidden;
I’d take the jokes of other folks,
And mine should then succeed ’em,
Nor would I chide a little pride,
Or heed a little freedom!’

He had the good fortune to meet at Belvoir Dr. Watson, (the Bishop of Llandaff,) who recognised in him a strong mind, and cultivated him accordingly. One or two other eminent persons whom he met there showed him attention also,—but, on the whole, the life of the literary dependent in a great house was little suited to his taste. His son refers to his immortal tale of ‘The Patron,’ as proof sufficient that his situation at Belvoir ‘was attended with many painful circumstances, and productive of some of the acutest sensations of wounded pride that have ever been traced by any pen.’ He is, however, too candid not to own, that ‘neither nature nor circumstances had qualified him for it.’

‘The aristocracy of genius approaches too near the aristocracy of station; superiority of talent is apt, without intention, to betray occasional presumption. It is true, subserviency would be always despised; but a cool, collected mind—never thrown off its guard—pleased with what passes—entering into the interests of the day, but never betrayed into enthusiasm—is an indispensable qualification for that station. Mr. Crabbe could never conceal his feelings, and he felt strongly. He was not a stoic, and freedom of living was prevalent in almost all large establishments of that period; and, when the conversation was interesting, he might not always retire as early as prudence might suggest; nor, perhaps, did he at all times put a bridle to his tongue, for he might feel the riches of his intellect more than the poverty of his station. It is also probable that, brought up in the warehouse of Slaughden, and among the uneducated, though nature had given him the disposition of a gentleman—the politeness of a mild and Christian spirit—he may at that early period have retained

tained some repulsive marks of the degree from whence he had so lately risen ; he could hardly have acquired all at once the ease and self-possession for which he was afterwards distinguished. I must also add, that, although he owed his introduction to Burke, his adherence, however mild, to the Whig tenets of Burke's party may not have much gratified the circles of Belvoir.'—pp. 126, 127.

He mentions elsewhere that the chaplain had more than once 'to swallow bumpers of salt-water, because he would not drink Tory toasts.' Although, therefore, the duke seemed, the longer he stayed, to appreciate him the more highly, 'and would often dismiss a splendid party from his gates, and himself ride, accompanied only by Mr. Crabbe, to some sequestered part of his domain, to converse on literary topics, quote verses, and criticise plays,'—it seems nowise surprising that when his Grace was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, early in 1784, the poet should have felt no ambition to form one of his household at Dublin, but preferred to remain in Leicestershire, and fix himself at the curacy of Stathern, near Belvoir. We ought not, however, to forget that he was enabled to do so, in consequence of the duchess's intercession with the Tory Chancellor in his favour. The rough, but good-natured Thurlow, after conversing with him, told him he was 'as like Parson Adams as twelve to a dozen,' and gave him a small living in Dorsetshire, worth about 70*l.* a year. On this, and his curacy, he could afford to settle ; and shortly after the family removed to Dublin, he was at length rewarded, for twelve years of constant affection, by the hand of his Miss Elmy. At parting, the duke presented him with a portrait of Pope, by Kneller, and assured him of his anxiety to befriend him more largely hereafter ; this amiable nobleman, however, died at Dublin in the 35th year of his age, in 1787, and the curate of Stathern, with by that time a family of three or four children, concluded that he had seen the last of Rutland patronage. But the widowed duchess, on her return to England, interfered once more in his behalf with Lord Thurlow, and obtained for him the exchange of his small living in Dorset for a more valuable one, that of Muston, within a mile and a half of Belvoir Castle. To this rectory he removed in 1789 ; and it is to this residence that the earliest recollections of our author, born in 1785, go back.

In 1785 'The Newspaper,' a poem in all respects of the same class and merits with 'The Library,' was published, and Crabbe was anew encouraged by the favourable opinions of the critics, and, above all, of Burke, Reynolds, and Fox. In 1787 he printed a sermon on the death of the Duke of Rutland, and contributed a chapter on the natural history of the Vale of Belvoir to Nichol's account of Leicestershire ; but from this time he withdrew

withdrew wholly for *twenty-two years* from the public view. From his thirty-first year to his fifty-second, he buried himself completely in the obscurity of domestic and village life,

'hardly catching, from time to time, a glimpse of the brilliant society in which he had for a season been welcomed, and gradually forgotten as a *living* author by the public, who only, generally speaking, continued to be acquainted with the name of Crabbe from the extended circulation of certain striking passages in his early poems, through their admission into 'The Elegant Extracts.'

This twenty-two years' silence has always, it seems, been considered the great wonder of Crabbe's life—the present volume will probably be turned to with eagerness, chiefly because it is expected to solve this problem. Surely 'The Parish Register,' 'The Borough,' 'The Tales,' and 'The Tales of the Hall,' &c., produced in such rapid succession during the later part of his life, might have been thought sufficient evidence that his mind had not been idle during the vigour of his days—from thirty to fifty; but it now appears that his hand had never been more lazy than his intellect, and that though none of these performances were written during the period in question, they were all not only the fruits of the general mental activity of that period, but of the uninterrupted devotion to literary composition which had been from youth to age the solace of his retirement.

For ourselves, however, we must confess that we never partook in the common wonderment about the long silence of Crabbe as a poet. We always knew that he originally published because he wanted bread; and that soon after the appearance of 'The Village,' he acquired a competence in the church; and we must admit that we have never been much disposed to marvel at the abstinence from publication of any man, however gifted, however diligent, who has not the stimulus of want behind him. Least of all have we ever been able to see anything astonishing in the silence, during maturer years, of persons who have chanced to acquire some reputation by early exertions in literature. Boyish spirits evaporate—boyish efforts are rated at, or perhaps below, their due value—when a man begins to find himself recognised as an author at all, the painful question 'an author of what class?' begins also to force itself on his solitary meditation; and if he has continued to be a reader—to study, with the growing intelligence of advancing years, the great standard monuments of excellence—and if there be no immediate spur of indigence to make *dare all* his motto, we can find nothing to surprise us in the fact that the fears of modesty should be able to put a drag on the wheels even of already acknowledged talents. Where there are naturally great animal spirits, or where a tem-
perament,

perament, not in itself very high, is subjected to the perpetual forcing of town talk, and the flattery of *coteries*, such feelings as we have been adverting to may, easily no doubt, be counteracted; but that a devoted admirer of Horace and Pope, settled down in a country village, with an adequate income, and abundance of domestic and professional duties to attend to, should have, on reflection, thought but little of himself for having produced 'The Village,' and paused long before he adventured on another appearance as a poetical author, seems to us not only not wonderful, but the most natural thing in the world; and had 'The Village' been twice as good a poem as it really is, we should have, *à priori*, considered its writer as but the more likely to halt. In literature nothing equals the content of the ignorant but the audacity of the imbecile; and in these latter days the two seem generally to go together.

But suppose Mr. Crabbe had never, after he became a parish priest, written one page except of a sermon. What then? He was, from first to last, a most devout, holy, indefatigable parish priest. He never allowed any call, either of pleasure or worldly business, to interfere with the discharge of his professional duties. If a peasant was sick, and wanted him at his bedside, that was always a sufficient reason for suspending any journey or engagement whatever. So says his son, not on his own authority only, but on that of a crowd of old parishioners, one of whom adds,—*'No sympathy was like his—'*and probably to no human ear were ever so many sad tales of anguish and penitence revealed, as to that of Mr. Crabbe in his ministerial capacity. Moreover, although he had had slender success as a medical practitioner on his own account, he, during the nine-and-twenty years that he was a *country* clergyman, continued to practise as the medical attendant, *gratis*, of all of his own parish poor, supplying them too with medicines at his own sole cost, and not shrinking, when the occasion pressed, even from the most painful and anxious duties of the accoucheur! Had this story been all that was to be told, who would have been entitled to wonder at the poetical *inactivity* of the rector of Muston?

But his ministerial duties, and his medical benevolences, did not fill up Mr. Crabbe's labours during these long years of silence. He had been imperfectly educated—he had his education to finish. He made himself a very fair classical scholar—he taught himself French and Italian, so as to read all the principal authors in these languages with perfect facility and enjoyment—he of course traversed the whole field of English literature. He had shown an early taste for mathematics, and he pursued that science with undiminished zest—his masculine mind could at all times find
luxury

luxury in the driest calculations.' He had been from boyhood a keen botanist and entomologist—these studies he carried on with ardour almost to his dying day—and in his later years he added to these geology. He was the first discoverer of several species in the British Flora. He drew up a complete treatise on botany, and would have given it to the world in 1796, but for the pedantic scruples of a Cambridge friend, who persuaded him to put it into the fire because it was written in English, and to re-write it in Latin, which he never found leisure or heart to do. He finished, but subsequently, we are most sorry to hear, destroyed, no less than three novels. He finished, and burnt on consideration, a series of poems which had been offered for publication to Dodsley, in 1799. Finally, laying his sermons and a multitude of theological essays out of the question, as well as all the rough drafts of the 'Parish Register' and subsequent poems, his desk, after his death, was found to contain one-and-twenty volumes of manuscripts, prose and verse, some of them fully prepared for the press. Under the regulation of sound judgment and filial reverence, may we not yet hope to see many additions to the stock of our classical literature from the posthumous treasures of Crabbe? In his poetry, the detail of execution is so much, that we can suppose his sons may not think it right to hazard publishing any verses but those which were left marked with his own *imprimatur*; but the prose of his prefaces is singularly elegant—his letters, from the specimens now given, appear to abound in graphic energy of style, as well as in masculine originality of thought, and we therefore hope that the editor may be induced to go beyond what he as yet promises, namely, a selection from his father's sermons. If there be extant in manuscript such a novel as the 'Richard Glanshaw' which he describes from juvenile recollection, we earnestly urge him to give it his best and earliest attention.

Our author thus closes his account of Mr. Crabbe's silent period—

'As the chief characteristic of his heart was benevolence, so that of his mind was a buoyant exuberance of thought and perpetual exercise of intellect. Thus he had an inexhaustible resource within himself, and never for a moment, I may say, suffered under that *ennui* which drives so many from solitude to the busy search for notoriety. I can safely assert that, from the earliest time I recollect him, down to the fifth or sixth year before his death, I never saw him (unless in company) seated in a chair, enjoying what is called a lounge—that is to say, doing nothing. Out of doors he had always some object in view—a flower, or a pebble, or his note-book, in his hand; and in the house, if he was not writing, he was reading. He read aloud very often even when walking, or seated by the side of his wife, in the huge old-fashioned one-horse chaise, heavier than a modern chariot,

in

in which they usually were conveyed in their little excursions, and the conduct of which he, from awkwardness and absence of mind, prudently relinquished to my mother on all occasions.'

We must, before we skip to the time of Mr. Crabbe's re-appearance as an author, give one or two slight specimens of the sort of domestic details which his affectionate son has brought together, respecting the middle period of his life :—

'How delightful is it,' he says, 'to recall the innocent feelings of unbounded love, confidence, and respect, associated with my earliest visions of my parents. They appeared to their children not only good, but free from any taint of the corruption common to our nature; and such was the strength of the impressions then received, that hardly could subsequent experience ever enable our judgments to modify them. Many a happy and indulged child has, no doubt, partaken in the same fond exaggeration; but ours surely had everything to excuse it.

'Always visibly happy in the happiness of others, especially of children, our father entered into all our pleasures, and soothed and cheered us in all our little griefs with such overflowing tenderness, that it was no wonder we almost worshipped him. My first recollection of him is of his carrying me up to his private room to prayers, in the summer evenings, about sunset, and rewarding my silence and attention afterwards with a view of the flower-garden through his prism. Then I recall the delight it was to me to be permitted to sleep with him during a confinement of my mother's—how I longed for the morning, because then he would be sure to tell me some fairy tale of his own invention, all sparkling with gold and diamonds, magic fountains, and enchanted princesses. In the eye of memory I can still see him as he was at that period of his life—his fatherly countenance, unmixed with any of the less loveable expressions that, in too many faces, obscure that character—but pre-eminently *fatherly*; conveying the ideas of kindness, intellect, and purity; his manner grave, manly, and cheerful, in unison with his high and open forehead: his very attitudes, whether as he sat absorbed in the arrangement of his minerals, shells, and insects—or as he laboured in his garden until his naturally pale complexion acquired a tinge of fresh healthy red; or as, coming lightly towards us with some unexpected present, his smile of indescribable benevolence spoke exultation in the foretaste of our raptures.

'But, I think, even earlier than these are my first recollections of my mother. I think the very earliest is of her as combing my hair one evening, by the light of the fire, which hardly broke the long shadows of the room, and singing the plaintive air of "*Kitty Fell*," till, though I could not have been more than three years old, the melody found its way into my heart, and the tears dropped down so profusely that I was glad the darkness concealed them. *How mysterious is shame without guilt!*"—p. 189-141.

Whenever, in the sequel, our author has occasion to mention his mother, there is an evident reluctance to dwell on her memory, strikingly contrasted by the fond openness of his details about his father. Mrs. Crabbe appears to have been a charming and a most excellent woman—but to have fallen, early in her married life, into extremely feeble health, and, in a word, to have been for at least twenty years a mere invalid. It is hinted that her spirits were generally very low—but that sometimes they were extravagantly high. We respect the feelings of her son in shrinking from distinct particulars, but gather, on the whole, that the lady's mind suffered as much as her body; and that thus, during all the prime vigour of his manhood, the poet had a domestic affliction hanging over him, which demanded and received at his hands the most constant and tender attention. We have seen that, in spite of all his professional and domestic avocations, his pen was never idle; but if it had been so, would not the circumstances we are now adverting to have been enough to account for the fact? Who that has ever known real sorrow, will henceforth wonder that he should have long shrunk with sensitive shyness from the notion of again forcing himself into contact with the bustle of publication, and the hazards of criticism!

Our biographer has a highly-amusing chapter on a visit which his father and mother paid, accompanied by himself, when six years of age, and arrayed in his first suit, 'and that scarlet,' to their relations in Suffolk; and the whole description of Mrs. Crabbe's uncle, Mr. Tovell, of Parham, and his *menage*, is particularly good. We quote a few sentences.

'My great-uncle's establishment was that of the first-rate yeoman of that period—the yeoman that already began to be styled by courtesy an esquire. Mr. Tovell might possess an estate of some eight hundred pounds per annum, a portion of which he himself cultivated. Educated at a mercantile school, he often said of himself, "Jack will never make a gentleman;" yet he had a native dignity of mind and of manners, which might have enabled him to pass muster in that character with any but very fastidious critics. His house was large, and the surrounding moat, the rookery, the ancient dove-cot and the well-stored fish-ponds, were such as might have suited a gentleman's seat of some consequence; but one side of the house immediately overlooked a farm-yard, full of all sorts of domestic animals, and the scene of constant bustle and noise. On entering the house, there was nothing at first sight to remind one of the farm:—a spacious hall, paved with black and white marble,—at one extremity a very handsome drawing-room,—and at the other a fine old staircase of black oak, polished till it was as slippery as ice, and having a chime-clock and a barrel-organ on its landing-places. But this drawing-room, a corresponding dining-parlour, and a handsome sleeping apartment

apartment up stairs, were all *tabooed* ground, and made use of on great and solemn occasions only—such as rent-days, and an occasional visit with which Mr. Tovell was honoured by a neighbouring peer. At all other times the family and their visitors lived entirely in the old-fashioned kitchen along with the servants.

‘ If the sacred apartments had not been opened, the family dined in this wise: the heads seated in the kitchen at an old table; the farm-men standing in the adjoining scullery, door open—the female servants at a side table, called a *bouter*;—with the principals, at the table, perchance, some travelling rat-catcher, or tinker, or farrier, or an occasional gardener in his shirt sleeves, his face probably streaming with perspiration. My father well describes, in “The Widow’s Tale,” my mother’s situation, when living in her maiden days at Parham:—

“ But when the men beside their station took,
The maidens with them, and with these the cook;
When one huge wooden bowl before them stood,
Fill’d with huge balls of farinaceous food;
With bacon, mass saline! where never lean
Beneath the brown and bristly rind was seen:
When, from a single horn the party drew
Their copious draughts of heavy ale and new;
When the coarse cloth she saw, with many a stain,
Soil’d by rude hinds who cut and came again;
She could not breathe, but, with a heavy sigh,
Rein’d the fair neck, and shut the offended eye;
She minced the sanguine flesh in frustums fine,
And wonder’d much to see the *creatures* dine.”

‘ On ordinary days, when the dinner was over, the fire replenished, the kitchen sanded and lightly swept over in waves, mistress and maids, taking off their shoes, retired to their chambers for a nap of one hour to the minute. The dogs and cats commenced their siesta by the fire. Mr. T. dozed in his chair, and no noise was heard, except the melancholy and monotonous cooing of a turtle-dove, varied, however, by the shrill treble of a canary. After the hour had expired, the active part of the family were on the alert: the bottles (Mr. Tovell’s tea equipage) placed on the table; and as if by instinct some old acquaintance would glide in for the evening’s carousal, and then another, and another. One jolly old farmer, with much of the person and humour of Falstaff, a face as rosy as brandy could make it, and an eye teeming with subdued merriment—for he had that prime quality of a joker,—superficial gravity—sometimes rendered the colloquies over the bowl peculiarly piquant; and so soon as his voice began to be elevated, one or two of the inmates, my father and mother for example, withdrew with Mrs. Tovell into her own *sacrum sanctorum*; but I, not being supposed likely to understand much what might be said, was allowed to linger on the skirts of the circle; and the servants, not being more considered than the

dozing on the hearth, remained to have the full benefit of their wit, neither producing the slightest restraint, nor themselves feeling it.'—p. 142—146.

This was in 1791; in the November of the next year the hearty yeoman of Parham died, and Mrs. Crabbe's mother, Mrs. Elmy, was put into possession of a part of his estate. The old lady seems to have so pressed her son-in-law to come and help her in the management of the property, that he at last overcame some strong scruples connected with his own position as the incumbent of Muston. He appointed a curate to that parish, obtained two curacies for himself in Suffolk, and removed with his family to Parham; at which place, or in its immediate neighbourhood, he continued to reside for no less than twelve years, till the October of 1804. The arrival of the party at Mr. Tovell's on this occasion is told in this most natural manner:—

'How changed was every thing since I had first visited that house, then the scene of constant mirth and hospitality! As I got out of the chaise, I remember jumping for very joy, and exclaiming, "Here we are—here we are, little Willy and all!" but my spirits sunk into dismay when, on entering the well-known kitchen, all there seemed desolate, dreary, and silent. Mrs. Tovell and her sister-in-law, sitting by the fireside weeping, did not even rise up to welcome my parents, but uttered a few chilling words, and wept again. All this appeared to me as inexplicable as forbidding. How little do children dream of the alterations that elder people's feelings towards each other undergo, when death has caused a transfer of property! Our arrival in Suffolk was by no means palatable to all my mother's relations.'—p. 152.

During this residence in Suffolk, Mrs. Crabbe's health gradually declined, and her husband, consequently, mixed very little in society. He had, however, a few friends of whom he saw much,—the two brothers, Dudley North, and Charles Long,—both of whom had been very early acquaintances—and the Rev. Richard Turner, of Great Yarmouth, who was the rector of one of the parishes in which he now officiated as curate, and in whom (as the preface to the Parish Register tells us) he found not only the kindest of friends, but the most judicious of critics. At Mr. North's he was occasionally brought into contact with some of the eminent Whigs of the time; and one Christmas, in particular, was spent in company with Mr. Fox, who cordially recognised the *protégé* of Burke, and said playfully, as they were passing from the drawing-room to the dining-room, 'Ah! Mr. Crabbe, if you had had your deserts, you would have walked before us all.' It was at this time that Mr. Fox kindly offered to read any MS. Mr. Crabbe might ever prepare for the press; and the preface of the 'Register' has told us all how gracefully this promise was redeemed during that great statesman's last illness in 1806. Mr.

Mr. Crabbe was, his son says, 'a very popular preacher all the while he remained in Suffolk, and had large congregations;' but when he returned to his own living in Leicestershire in 1804, he found things not a little changed there; the parish church comparatively deserted; his own character and comforts assailed with annoyances of various sorts, on which we do not wish to dwell at length. The Wesleyans had formed a flourishing establishment at Muston; the Huntingdonians had made converts even among his own household servants; and the farmers generally had been taught to believe that their rector, when no longer under the shadow of Belvoir, had declined into a *Jacobin*; a report for which there never could have been the slightest foundation. 'My father,' says the writer, 'was one of the many good men who indeed hailed the dawn of the French Revolution, but who execrated its close.' The 'Parish Register' and its preface give us some hints as to all these affairs; therefore the biographer did well to clear the case up by the details now offered: but the only part of the story to which we attach much importance is, the poet's own manly confession, that 'he had done wrong in so long absenting himself from his own proper cure.'

Mr. Crabbe never regained the favour of the people at Muston; but if the applause of the literary world could have consoled him, he had enough of it during his second residence among them, which extended to the end of 1813. The 'Register' published in 1807, was followed by the 'Borough' in 1810, and by the 'Tales in Verse,' in 1812; and we need not recall the unanimous cordiality with which these additions to the English library were successively received. Our author's narrative, at this period, begins to be diversified with highly interesting letters to and from Mr. Crabbe. We have specimens of the epistolary vein of, among others, Mr. Canning, Lord Holland, Lord Grey, Mr. Roger Wilbraham, the late Bishop of Peterborough, Dr. Mansel—and, above all, we have a singularly affectionate sequence of letters between Mr. Crabbe and Sir Walter Scott. The admiration which these two great, good, and single-hearted men had long felt for each other, gradually ripened into a warm and confiding friendship; and the frankness with which, even before they had met personally, they communicated together on subjects of literary interest, and on their own private affairs and prospects, will ever form a pleasing feature in the biography of both. We refer particularly to the delightful extracts given at pages 192 and 209. The last piece of poetry that soothed and occupied the dying ear of Mr. Fox was Crabbe's tale of 'Phœbe Dawson;' and we are enabled to offer testimony not more equivocal of the sincerity of Sir Walter Scott's worship of his genius. Crabbe's poems were, at all times, more frequently

frequently in his hands than any other work whatever, except Shakspeare; and during the few intervals after his return to Abbotsford in 1832, when he was sufficiently himself to ask his family to read aloud to him, the only books he ever called for were his Bible and his Crabbe.

In the autumn of 1813, Mr. Crabbe lost his wife—and painful as her existence had long been to herself, he felt the blow deeply—it stunned him; a violent illness ensued, and he desired, day after day, that ‘the grave might be kept open.’ At length he rallied somewhat, but could not return to his usual occupations; his garden had lost all charms for him,—he was evidently an altered and a drooping man. At this moment the valuable rectory of Trowbridge fell vacant, and the Duke of Rutland, well knowing the uncomfortable footing on which he had for years stood with most of his parishioners, and sympathizing with the affliction which had now rendered his residence at Muston doubly painful to him, immediately tendered him this benefice. The people of Muston ‘rang their bells for his successor before he was out of sight of the parsonage!’ Alas for the people of Muston! But Mr. Crabbe not only gained a considerable increase of income by his removal, but what was of far more importance, found himself placed in a populous neighbourhood where friendly society soon gathered around him; and where, after eighteen years of ever increasing love and honour, he at length rested from his labours, among the tears of high and low, rich and poor.

He had some adverse circumstances to struggle against on his first arrival there; but these were very soon overcome, partly by the mildness, and partly by the determined courage of his nature. Of the latter one instance is given by Mr. Bowles, who witnessed the occurrence. An election mob surrounded the parsonage one day, when he was about to set out to give a vote of which they fiercely disapproved. Their clamours were furious, and their threats savage; but no persuasion could induce the old man to give way to their violence. He opened his door, saying, ‘You may kill me, if you choose, but nothing, while I live, shall prevent me from doing that which I have promised to do.’ He entered his carriage, and drove off without molestation.

We have not yet reached the middle of this volume—and its second moiety will, by many, be considered as interesting as the first; but our limits are narrowing before us, and we must cut short our observations on the old age of Mr. Crabbe.

The ‘*Tales of the Hall*’ (1819) were the only poems he published after his removal to Trowbridge; but from that time, he lived much more in the eye of the world than he had formerly done. The vicinity of Bath soon drew him into London society; he met many

many of the most distinguished men of his time beneath the hospitable roofs of the neighbouring nobility, especially at Bowood and Longleat. Through his brother-poet, Mr. Bowles, an incumbent in the same county, he became personally known to Mr. Moore and Mr. Rogers, and the latter gentleman at length prevailed on him to pay him a visit in London in the summer of 1817. He was then and thus, of course, sure of a warm reception in the most polished circles of this great metropolis; and his *Journals* of this period, detailing visits at Holland House, Mr. Canning's villa at Brompton, Mr. Frere's, Lord Haddington's, Sir Harry Englefield's, and elsewhere, present, to be sure, a most lively contrast to the woful diary of 1780 and 1781. Many of his remarks on men and manners in these careless journals are distinguished for that good-humoured slyness of observation which forms the staple of his verse, and occasionally he intersperses passages of dark reflection, in which we recognise the poet of Sir Eustace Grey.

' *June 19th.*—Dine at Lord Binning's. Lady Binning, with one visiter. She knows me, and we are at ease. Mr. Canning more lively as with his friends, and very pleasant. Mr. Frere could not dine—Lady Errol indisposed. Mr. Robinson. Conceive J. B.'s size and good temper, with a look of more understanding and better manner. Mr. Huskisson—countenance less open; grew more free, and became pleasant. The Speaker polite, and rather cheerful; a peculiar cast of the countenance; pleasing certainly. Mrs. Canning I thought reserved; but all appearance of this retired. I was too much a stranger among friends; but before we parted, all became easy. Lord Binning a sensible, polite man.

' *20th.*—I wake ill this morning and nervous; and so little do we judge of the future, that I was half inclined to make apologies, and not join the pleasantest of all parties. I must go from this infatuating scene.—Walk in the Park, and in some degree recover. Write two hours. At seven go to Sir Harry Englefield. A large house that overlooks the Park and Serpentine River. Disappointed of Mr. Spencer; but Mrs. Spencer, Miss Churchill, and Miss Spencer dine with us—Mr. Murray and Mr. Standish. Nothing particularly worthy of remark at dinner; but after dinner, one of the best conversations since I came to town—Mrs. Spencer and Miss Churchill chiefly—on the effect of high polish on minds; chiefly female—Sir Harry sometimes joining, and Miss Spencer. A very delightful evening. Sir Harry's present of Ariosto's inkstand. Of a double value, as a gift, and from the giver. Mr. Standish and Mr. Murray leave us. Part painfully at one o'clock. Yes, there are at Trowbridge two or three; and it is well there are. Promise (if I live) to return in the winter. Miss Churchill a very superior and interesting woman. Take leave of my friend Sir Harry. The impression rather nervous, and they will smile at —, I am afraid; but I shall still feel. I shall think of this evening.

‘21st.—I would not appear to myself superstitious. I returned late last night, and my reflections were as cheerful as such company could make them, and not, I am afraid, of the most humiliating kind; yet, for the first time these many nights, I was incommoded by dreams, such as would cure vanity for a time in any mind where they could gain admission. Some of Baxter’s mortifying spirits whispered very singular combinations:—none, indeed, that actually did happen in the very worst of times, but still with a formidable resemblance. It is doubtless very proper to have the mind thus brought to a sense of its real and possible alliances, and the evils it has encountered, or might have had; but why these images should be given at a time when the thoughts, the waking thoughts, were of so opposite a nature, I cannot account. So it was. Awake, I had been with the high, the apparently happy: we were very pleasantly engaged, and my last thoughts were cheerful. Asleep, all was misery and degradation, not my own only, but of those who had been.—That horrible image of servility and baseness—that mercenary and commercial manner! It is the work of imagination, I suppose; but it is very strange. I must leave it.’

We are not surprised to find that Mr. Moore, on reading this diary in MS., wrote as follows to his old friend’s biographer:—‘The Journal of your father is a most interesting document; and it is rather curious that some parts of it should so much resemble the journalizing style of Byron, particularly that describing his frightful dream after a day of enjoyment.’

We must abstain from quoting more of this note-book: what follows is from a communication by the author of the ‘Pleasures of Hope.’

‘The first time I met Mr. Crabbe was at Holland House, where he and Tom Moore and myself lounged the better part of a morning about the park and library; and I can answer for one of the party at least being very well pleased with it. Our conversation, I remember, was about novelists. Your father was a strong Fieldingite, and I as sturdy a Smollettite. His mildness in literary argument struck me with surprise in so stern a poet of nature, and I could not but contrast the unassumingness of his manners with the originality of his powers. In what may be called the ready-money small-talk of conversation, his facility might not perhaps seem equal to the known calibre of his talents; but in the progress of conversation I recollect remarking that there was a vigilant shrewdness that almost eluded you by keeping its watch so quietly. Though an oldish man when I saw him, he was not a “*laudator temporis acti*,” but a decided lover of later times.

‘He was very frank, and even confidential, in speaking of his own feelings. Though in a serene tone of spirits, he confessed to me that since the death of his wife he had scarcely known positive happiness. I told him that in that respect, viz., the calculation of our own happiness, we are apt to deceive ourselves. The man whose manners

are

are mild and tranquil, and whose conversation is amusing, cannot be positively unhappy.

‘When Moore left us we were joined by Foscolo; and I remember, as distinctly as if it had been yesterday, the contrasted light in which Crabbe and Foscolo struck me. It is not an invidious contrast—at least my feelings toward Ugo’s memory intend it not to be so,—yet it was to me morally instructive, and, I need hardly say, greatly in favour of your father. They were both men of genius, and both simple. But, what a different sort of simplicity! I felt myself between them as if I had been standing between a roaring cataract and a placid stream. Ugo raged and foamed in argument,—to my amusement, but not at all to your father’s liking. He could not abide him. What we talked about I do not recollect; but only that Ugo’s impetuosity was a foil to the amenity of the elder bard.’

Mr. Crabbe repeated these visits to London during several successive years; and his reception there continued to be more and more cordial. He, by degrees, came to be personally known to almost all our men of public merit and distinction—and he has said something about most of them—the most flattering notice, perhaps, being that of the present Lord Chancellor, whose conversation, his diary says, ‘reminded him of Burke.’ But—and here is a touching and most characteristic trait of the man—he hardly ever, on returning home, talked about what had happened to him during his absence. His children had no sort of notion how he had been flattered and *fêted*, until the hand that penned these diaries was mouldering in the grave. The modesty of Crabbe was more admirable than his genius.

After what his son calls ‘these intoxicating visits’ he returned, just as if nothing had happened, to all his usual occupations and pursuits:—

‘He resumed next morning his visits among his parishioners, his care of parish business, his books and papers, and last, not least, his long rambles among the quarries near Trowbridge: for never, after my mother’s death, did he return seriously to botany, the favourite study of his earlier life—fossils were thenceforth to him what weeds and flowers had been: he would spend hours on hours, hammer in hand, not much pleased if any one interrupted him, rarely inviting either my brother or myself to accompany him, and, in short, solitary as far as he could manage to be so, unless when some little boy or girl of a friend’s family pleaded hard to be allowed to attend him, and mimic his labours with a tiny hammer. To children he was ever the same. No word or look of harshness ever drove them from his side; and I believe many a mother will bless, many days hence, the accident that threw her offspring into the way of his unlaboured and paternal kindness and instruction.’

During forty years Mr. Crabbe never, when at home, failed to

officiate on Sunday; and of his manner of conducting the service his son gives us these interesting little notices:—

‘His style of reading in the desk was easy and natural—at any rate natural to him, though a fastidious ear might find in it a species of affectation, something a little like assumed authority; but there was no tone, nothing of sing-song. In the pulpit he was entirely unaffected—read his sermon with earnestness, and in a voice and manner, on some occasions, peculiarly touching; but he made no attempt at extempore preaching, and utterly disregarded all the mechanism of oratory. And he had another trait very desirable in a minister,—the most complete exemption from fear or solicitude. “I must have some money, gentlemen,” he would say, in stepping from the pulpit. This was his notice of tithe-day. Once or twice, finding it grow dark, he abruptly shut his sermon, saying, “Upon my word I cannot see; I must give you the rest when we meet again.” Or, he would walk into a pew near a window, and stand on the seat and finish his sermon, with the most admirable indifference to the remarks of his congregation. He was always, like his own Author-Rector, in the *Parish Register*, “careless of hood and band,” &c.’

His reading was, we think, finer than his son’s language would convey—it was so beautiful, that one of his parishioners, who possessed a learned taste for music, never doubted that Mr. Crabbe was, in that particular, as accomplished as himself. The truth, however, is, that an exquisite feeling for the rhythm of verse and of language generally by no means implies what is called an ear for music. As to this last affair—Lord Byron had a very false ear—Sir Walter Scott hardly any ear at all—and Mr. Crabbe, after some vain efforts in early youth to master *Gramachree* and *Over the Water to Charlie*, laid aside his flute in despair. We are not sure, however, that the *very highest* perfection of the metrical ear ever existed apart from a delicate musical one. We can hardly fancy Spenser, or Milton, or Collins, to have written as they have done without being masters of music.

Mr. Crabbe began, about 1820, to be affected with a most excruciating disease, from which he never recovered, the *tic dolo-reux*; and from that time he seldom, if ever, took up his abode for more than a night or two in London. He had, however, formed a strict intimacy with the family of the late Mr. Samuel Hoare, of Hampstead, and down to the last year of his life he paid them an annual visit there,—(occasionally dining in town among his eminent literary friends)—and almost every summer he made a short excursion in their society to some watering-place—Uffra-combe—Weymouth—Hastings—or Clifton. In 1822, however, he departed from his usual routine, and travelled into Scotland,

with

with the purpose of spending a fortnight with Sir W. Scott, at Abbotsford; but it unfortunately so happened that the fortnight selected was in that August which will long be remembered in Scotland for the visit of his late Majesty. Mr. Crabbe thus lost the opportunity of seeing his attached friend where he was ever seen to most advantage—in the halls which he had built, and among the woods which he had planted. He followed him, however, to Edinburgh, established himself under his roof, and was no doubt gratified with a succession of very brilliant shows and processions; and, in consequence of the unusual concourse of loyal highlanders in their native garb, with some insight into a totally new system of life and manners. His diary has the following among other entries:—

‘ Whilst it is fresh in my memory, I should describe the day which I have just passed, but I do not believe an accurate description to be possible. What avails it to say, for instance, that there met at the sumptuous dinner, in all the costume of the Highlands, the great chief himself and officers of his company? This expresses not the singularity of appearance and manners—the peculiarities of men, all gentlemen, but remote from our society—leaders of clans—joyous company. Then we had Sir Walter Scott’s national songs and ballads, exhibiting all the feelings of clanship. I thought it an honour that Glengarry even took notice of me, for there were those, and gentlemen too, who considered themselves honoured by following in his train. There were, also, Lord Errol, and the Frazer, and the Gordon, and the Macleod, and the Ferguson; and I conversed at dinner with Lady Glengarry, and did almost believe myself a harper, or bard, rather,—for harp I cannot strike—and Sir Walter was the life and soul of the whole. It was a splendid festivity, and I felt I know not how much younger.’

‘ But Sunday came, and the streets were forsaken; and silence reigned over the whole city. London has a diminished population on that day in her streets; but in Edinburgh it is a total stagnation—a quiet that is in itself devout.’

A friend who saw a good deal of him at this time, thus writes to our author:

‘ While all the mummeries and carousals of an interval, in which Edinburgh looked very unlike herself, have faded into a vague and dreamlike indistinctness, the image of your father, then first seen, but long before admired and revered in his works, remains as fresh as if the years that have now passed were but so many days—his noble forehead, his bright beaming eye, without anything of old age about it, though he was then, I presume, above seventy—his sweet, and, I would say, innocent smile, and the calm, mellow tones of his voice—all are re-produced the moment I open any page of his poetry; and how much better have I understood and enjoyed his poetry,
since

since I was able thus to connect with it the living presence of the man!

'The persons in company with whom I saw him the most frequently were Sir Walter and Henry Mackenzie; and between two such thorough men of the world as they were, perhaps his *apparent* simplicity of look and manners struck one more than it might have done under different circumstances; but all three harmonized admirably together—Mr. Crabbe's avowed ignorance about Gaels, and clans, and tartans, and every thing that was at the moment uppermost in Sir Walter's thoughts, furnishing him with a welcome apology for dilating on such topics with enthusiastic minuteness—while your father's countenance spoke the quiet delight he felt in opening his imagination to what was really a new world—and the venerable "Man of Feeling," though a fiery Highlander himself at bottom, had the satisfaction of lying by and listening until some opportunity offered itself of hooking, between the links of some grand chain of poetical imagery, some small comic or sarcastic trait, which Sir Walter caught up, played with, and, with that art so peculiarly his own, forced into the service of the very impression it seemed meant to disturb. One evening, at Mr. Mackenzie's own house, I particularly remember, among the *noctes cœnæque Deum*.

'I believe he really never had known, until then, that a language radically distinct from the English was still actually spoken within the island. And this recalls a scene of high merriment which occurred the very morning after his arrival. When he came down into the breakfast parlour, Sir Walter had not yet appeared there; and Mr. Crabbe had before him two or three portly personages in the full Highland garb. These gentlemen, arrayed in a costume so novel, were talking in a language which he did not understand; so he never doubted that they were foreigners. The Celts, on their part, conceived Mr. Crabbe, dressed as he was in rather an old-fashioned style of clerical propriety, with buckles in his shoes for instance, to be some learned Abbé, who had come on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Waverley; and the result was, that when, a little afterwards, Sir Walter and his family entered the room, they found your father and these worthy lairds hammering away, with pain and labour, to make themselves mutually understood in most execrable French. Great was the relief, and potent the laughter, when the host interrupted their colloquy with his plain English "Good-morning."

'As to the city itself, he said he soon wearied of the new town, but could amuse himself for ever in the old one. He was more than once detected rambling after nightfall by himself, among some of the obscurest wynds and closes; and Sir Walter, fearing that, at a time of such confusion, he might get into some scene of trouble, took the precaution of desiring a friendly *caddie* (see Humphry Clinker), from the corner of Castle-street, to follow him the next time he went out alone in the evening.'

We must now leap over nine years—the account of which offers many delightful little anecdotes and most touching extracts from Mr. Crabbe's letters and diaries—and come down at once to the closing scene. The *tic doloireux* visited him with increasing frequency and anguish from 1822 to 1831. On the 7th of January of this last year he thus writes to his affectionate biographer:—

‘I do not like drowsiness—mine is an old man's natural infirmity, and that same old man creeps upon me more and more. I cannot walk him away: he gets hold on the memory, and my poor little accounts never come right. Let me nevertheless be thankful: I have very little pain. 'Tis true, from a stiffness in my mouth, I read prayers before we take our breakfast with some difficulty; but that being over, I feel very little incommoded for the rest of the day. We are all in health, for I will not call my lassitude and stupidity by the name of illness. Like Lear, I am a poor old man and foolish, but happily I have no daughter who vexes me.’

The son thus continues:—

‘In the course of this month, I paid him a visit, and stayed with him three or four days; and if I was satisfied with the indications of his improved health when with us, I was most agreeably surprised to find him still stronger and in better spirits than I had witnessed for the last three years. He had become perceptibly stouter in that short interval: he took his meals with a keen appetite, and walked in a more upright position; and there were no counter-tokens to excite our suspicions. It is true he observed that he did not like the increase of flesh; but it was said in that light and cheerful manner that imported no serious fears. On the 29th I received a letter from my brother, stating that he had caught a sharp cold, accompanied with oppression in the chest and pain in the forehead, for which he had been bled. He added, that my father felt relieved, and that he would write again immediately; but on the following morning, while I was expecting an account of his amendment, a chaise drove to the door, which my brother had sent me to save time. In fact, all hope of recovery was already over.’

A week terminated this good man's sufferings.

‘During the days that preceded his departure, we had not one painful feeling arising from the state of his *mind*. It was more firm than I ever remembered, under any circumstances. He knew there was no chance of his recovery, and yet he talked at intervals of his death, and of certain consequent arrangements, with a strong, complacent voice; and bid us all adieu without the least faltering of the tongue, or moisture of the eye. The awfulness of death, apprehended by his capacious mind, had a tendency to absorb other feelings; yet was he calm and unappalled; and intervals of oblivion, under the appearance of sleep, softened his sufferings and administered an opiate to his faculties.

faculties. One of his characteristics—exuberance of thought, seemed sometimes, even when pleased, as if it oppressed him; and in this last illness, when he was awake, his mind worked with astonishing rapidity. It was not delirium; for on our recalling his attention to present objects, he would speak with perfect rationality; but, when interrupted, the greater portion of his waking hours were passed in rapid soliloquies on a variety of subjects, the chain of which from his imperfect utterance (when he did not exert himself) we were unable to follow. We seldom interrupted the course that nature was taking, or brought him to the effort of connected discourse, except to learn how we could assist or relieve him. But as in no instance (except in a final lapse of memory) did we discover the least irrationality, so there was no despondency—on the contrary, the cheerful expressions which he had been accustomed to use were still heard from him,—nay, even that peculiar elevation of the inner side of the eyebrows, which occasionally accompanied some humorous observation in the days of his health, was once or twice visible. But, if we were thankful for his firmness of mind, we had to lament the strength of his constitution. I was not aware how powerful it was till tried by this disease. I said, “It is your great strength which causes this suffering.” He replied, “But it is a great price to pay for it.”

‘On one essential subject it would be wrong to be silent. I have stated, that the most important of all considerations had an increasing influence over his mind. The growth was ripening with his age, and was especially perceptible in the later years. With regard to the ordinances of religion, he was always manifestly pained if, when absent from home on a Sunday, he was induced to neglect either the morning or evening services: in his private devotions, as his household can testify, he was most exemplary and earnest up to the period of this attack; yet, at that time, when fear often causes the first real prayer to be uttered, *then* did he, as it were, confine himself to the inward workings of his pious and resigned spirit, occasionally betrayed by aspirations most applicable to his circumstances. Among the intelligible fragments that can never be forgotten, were frequent exclamations of “My time is short; it is well to be prepared for death:”—“Lucy,” this was the affectionate servant that attended along with his sons, “dear Lucy, be earnest in prayer! May you see your children’s children.” From time to time he expressed great fear that we were all over-exerting ourselves in sitting up at night with him; but the last night he said, “Have patience with me—it will soon be over. Stay with me, Lucy, till I am dead, and then let others take care of me.” This night was most distressing. The changes of posture sometimes necessary, gave him extreme pain, and he said, “This is shocking.” Then again he became exhausted, or his mind wandered in a troubled sleep. Awaking a little refreshed, he held out his hand to us saying—as if he felt it might be the last opportunity, “God bless you!—be good and come to me!” Even then, though we were all overpowered,

overpowered, and lost all self-command, he continued firm. His countenance now began to vary and alter. Once we had the satisfaction of seeing it lighted up with an indescribable expression of joy, as he appeared to be looking at something before him, and uttered these words, "That blessed book!"

'After another considerable interval of apparent insensibility, he awoke, and said, in a tone so melancholy that it rang in my ears for weeks after, "I thought it had been all over," with such an emphasis on the *all*! Afterwards he said, "I cannot see you now." When I answered, "We shall soon follow;" he said, "Yes, yes!" I mentioned his exemplary fortitude; but he appeared unwilling to have any good ascribed to himself.

'When the incessant presents and inquiries of his friends in the town were mentioned, he said, "What a plague I am to them all!" And in the course of the night, these most consolatory words were distinctly heard, "All is well at last!" Soon after, he said imperfectly, "You must make an entertainment;" meaning for his kind Trowbridge friends, after his departure. These were the last intelligible words I heard. Lucy, who could scarcely be persuaded to leave him, day or night, and was close by him when he died, says that the last words he uttered were, "God bless you—God bless you!"

'The shutters of the shops in the town were half closed, as soon as his death was known. On the day of his funeral, ninety-two of the principal inhabitants, including all the dissenting ministers, assembling of their own accord, in the school-room, followed him to the grave. The shops were again closed; the streets crowded; the church full. The terrible solemnity seems yet recent while I write. The leader of the choir selected the following beautiful anthem:—

"When the ear heard him, then it blessed him;

And when the eye saw him, it gave witness of him.

He delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and him that had none to help him:

Kindness and meekness and comfort were in his tongue."

'The worthy master of the free and Sunday school at Trowbridge, Mr. Nightingale, on the Sunday after his funeral, delivered an impressive address to the numerous children under his care, on the death of their aged and affectionate minister. It was printed, and contains the following passage. "'*Poor Mr. Crabbe,*' said a little girl, the other day, very simply, '*poor Mr. Crabbe will never go up in pulpit any more, with his white head.*' No, my children, that hoary head, found, as may yours and mine be found, in the ways of righteousness and peace, is gone to rest; but his memory is embalmed in the house of our God. Sacred is the honoured dust that sleeps beside the altar. Is there one of you who has not experienced his kindness?—who has not seen his eyes beam with pleasure to hear you repeat, 'Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done?' Religiously keep the Bibles he gave you; and when you read these words

words of your Saviour—'I go to prepare a place for you—and when I come, I will receive you to myself'—think of your affectionate minister, and that these were his dying words—'Be thou good, and come to me.'"

The biographer closes his work by quoting these elegant verses, by whom written he does not inform us.

"Farewell, dear Crabbe, thou meekest of mankind,
With heart all fervour, and all strength of mind.
With tenderest sympathy for other's woes,
Fearless, all guile and malice to expose:
Steadfast of purpose in pursuit of right,
To drag forth dark hypocrisy to light,
To brand th' oppressor, and to shame the proud,
To shield the righteous from the slanderous crowd;
To error lenient and to frailty mild,
Repentance ever was thy welcome child:
In every state, as husband, parent, friend,
Scholar, or bard, thou couldst the Christian blend.
Thy verse from Nature's face each feature drew,
Each lovely charm, each mole and wrinkle too.
No dreamy incidents of wild romance,
With whirling shadows, wilder'd minds in trance,
But plain realities the mind engage,
With pictured warnings through each polish'd page.
Hogarth of Song! be this thy perfect praise:—
Truth prompted, and truth purified thy lays.
The God of Truth has given thy verse and thee
Truth's holy palm—His immortality."

We have now given our readers the means of judging for themselves of the personal career and character of this great poet, and of the manner in which his son has acquitted himself of his pious task as a biographer. We have only to add that it appears from one of Mr. Crabbe's letters here printed, that he had, as we indeed never doubted, a foundation of fact for every one of his tales. We have in the present volume several interesting specimens of the style in which he enlarged, condensed, or metamorphosed the subjects with which his observation of life furnished him, and we are led to expect a rich store of such information in the shape of notes to the poems, old and new, about to be included in an uniform and authoritative edition. We may, in the meanwhile, gratify ourselves, and, we presume, all our readers, by a single extract illustrative of what may be expected from the forthcoming *annotated Crabbe*. The poet's fourth brother, William, was a seafaring man. His nephew says:—

'Being made prisoner by the Spaniards, he was carried to Mexico, where he became a silversmith, married, and prospered, until his increasing

increasing riches attracted a charge of Protestantism; the consequence of which was much persecution. He at last was obliged to abandon Mexico, his property, and his family; and was discovered, in the year 1803, by an Aldborough sailor, on the coast of Honduras, where again he seems to have found some success in business. This sailor was the only person he had seen for many a year who could tell him anything of Aldborough and his family; and great was his perplexity when he was informed that his eldest brother George was a clergyman—the sailor, I dare say, had never himself heard of his being a poet. “This cannot be *our* George,” said the wanderer—“he was a *doctor*.” This was the first, and it was also the last tidings that ever reached my father of his brother William; and upon the Aldborough sailor’s story of his casual interview, it is obvious that the poet built his tale of “The Parting Hour,” whose hero, Allen Booth, “yielded to the Spanish force,” and

“no more

Return’d exulting to his native shore.”

‘Like William Crabbe,

‘There, hopeless ever to escape the land,
He to a Spanish maiden gave his hand:
In cottage shelter’d from the blaze of day
He saw his happy infants round him play,—
Where summer shadows, made by lofty trees,
Waved o’er his seat, and soothed his reveries.
Thus twenty years were pass’d, and pass’d his views
Of further bliss—for he had wealth to lose.’

‘But

‘Whilst I was poor,’ said Allen, ‘none would care
What my poor notions of religion were;
None ask’d me how I worshipp’d, how I pray’d,
If due obedience to the laws were paid:
I preach’d no foreign doctrine to my wife,
And never mention’d Luther in my life;
I, all they said, say what they would, allow’d,
And when the fathers bade me bow, I bow’d.
Their forms I follow’d, whether well or sick,
And was a most obedient Catholic.
But I had money—and these pastors found
My notions vague, heretical, unsound.

‘Alas, poor Allen! through his wealth were seen
Crimes that by poverty conceal’d had been:
Faults, that in dusty pictures rest unknown,
Are in an instant through the varnish shown.

‘They spared his forfeit life, but bade him fly—
Or for his crime and contumacy die:
Fly from all scenes, all objects of delight—
His wife, his children, weeping in his sight,
All urging him to flee—he fled, and cursed his flight.

‘He

'He next related how he found a way,
 Guideless and grieving, to Campeachy Bay;
 There, in the woods, he wrought, and there, among
 Some labouring seamen, heard his native tongue;
 The sound, one moment, broke upon his pain
 With joyful force; he long'd to hear again:
 Again he heard—he seized an offer'd hand,—
 "And when beheld you last our native land?"
 He cried, "and in what country? quickly say."
 The seamen answer'd—strangers all were they—
 One only at his native port had been;
 He, landing once, the quay and church had seen.' &c.

We have not met with anything more curious in this way than the passage which we have been quoting. Let us hope that the curate of Pucklechurch has the means to delight the world with many similar commentaries on his father's works; and, parting with him for the present with grateful respect, let us be pardoned for expressing our hope, that the eldest son and worthy biographer of Crabbe may not be much longer a curate. His method of alluding to the 'Tory and aristocratic leanings' of his father in his later years, indicates that he is not exactly of our way of thinking as to politics; but we cannot, after reading his book, doubt that he is a kind-hearted, good man, and a zealous parish priest; and, fully admitting that the Tory ministers were much to blame for their neglect of the illustrious father, it would give us sincere pleasure to learn that this had been in some measure atoned for, by the attention of their Whig successors to the virtuous and amiable son. It will always, we are sorry to say, be a national disgrace that the author of 'The Borough' did not die in possession of at least a golden prebend. But the House of Rutland did their part, and their patronage of Crabbe will be remembered as long as the glories of their Granby.

- ART. IX.—1. *Church Reform.* By a Churchman. 1830.
 2. *The Church of England: or safe, liberal, and Christian Principles of Reform in the Establishment; with the beneficial Changes which may be made, consistently with Reason and Religion, in the Ecclesiastical Affairs of this Kingdom.* By a Clergyman. London. 1830. pp. 51.
 3. *The Liturgy Revised; or the Necessity and Beneficial Effects of an authorised Abridgment and careful Revision of the various Services of the Established Church.* By the Rev. Robt. Cox, A.M., Perpetual Curate of Stonehouse. Lond. 1830. pp. 136.
 4. *The*

4. *The British Liturgy ; an Attempt towards an Analysis, Arrangement, and Compression of the Book of Common Prayer.* By the Rev. John Riland, A.M., Curate of Yoxall. London. 1833.
5. *The Book of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments, and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church, newly arranged, with Alterations and Abbreviations.* By Francis Russell Hall, B.D., Rector of Fulbourn, and late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Cambridge, 1833.
6. *A Petition to the House of Lords.* By the Rev. C. N. Wodehouse, Prebendary of Norwich. *Mirror of Parliament*, 5th August, 1833.
7. *Evidence of the Necessity of Church Reform.* By the Rev. George H. Stoddart, A.M., of Queen's College, Oxford. London. 1833. pp. 84.
8. *Reform without Re-construction, &c. ; accompanied with a Plan for the Compression of the Liturgy and Ritual of the Church of England.* By Uvedale Price, M.A., of Christ Church, Oxford. London. 1833.

THE Church of England is as a beleaguered city—she sees her most important outwork, the Church of Ireland, attacked, dismantled, and awaiting in helpless nakedness the hostile signal for general plunder. As concerns herself more immediately, she sees her coalesced enemies taking up, on various points, the vantage ground of attack; nor are there wanting—alas—many a *Sinon*, who, with hypocritical professions of attachment, would persuade us to breach our own walls for the reception of the monstrous *fabrications* of the enemy. Thus surrounded and distracted by virulent enemies and false friends, the Church cannot but feel a fearful anxiety for the result. She is well aware that there never was a season in which she was stronger for such a contest—when her doctrine was purer, her discipline more decent, her ministers, as a body, more worthy of respect, her congregations more numerous or more devoted—but she sees, on the other hand, that a combination of extraordinary and alarming circumstances—(*the chief of which is, no doubt, the predominating influence in the legislature which the Reform Bill has given to sectaries of all classes*)—renders her position more precarious, and the result of the, as it seems, inevitable conflict more tremendous than at any former crisis of her existence. All this she sees and duly appreciates; but she also feels, we trust, that higher than honourable—that purer than patriot—that better than moral—that CHRISTIAN courage, which rises with danger, derives strength from persecution, and sees, even through the clouds of temporary disaster, a future, a certain, and an eternal triumph.

But

But it is not the Church of England alone that is in danger: the principles which are afloat menace eventually all churches and all religion—they are essentially anti-Christian. We have watched, with increasing regret, the league—*ad hoc*—which the *sectarian* opponents of our Establishment have made with its *infidel* enemies. Even those amongst the Roman Catholics and Protestant Dissenters (and we hope they are the great majority) who abhor infidelity, and regret, in their hearts, their temporary alliance with it, are ready, it seems, to continue the partnership—*usque ad aras*—to the overthrow of the Church; and some even of the most moderate in temper, and the most sincere in piety amongst them, anticipate with complacency the early downfall of our Establishment; selfishly and foolishly hoping that their own separate religious interests will be not only not endangered by our danger, but advanced by our defeat and exalted by our fall. Natural reason, however, and historical experience, if sectarian prejudice and passion did not intervene, would lead them to the very opposite conclusion. Reason would tell them that the Church of England stands, as it were, in the midst, between the extreme opinions of the Christian sects; between what the Dissenters decry as the superstitious forms and blind credulity of the Roman Catholics, and what these denounce as the mundane discipline and sceptical doctrine of the Presbyterians; and that, were the Church of England removed out of the way, these two extreme sects would probably come into early and fierce collision. Her intermediate position, but still more her moderation—her tolerant spirit—her learning—her rank—her wealth—her political influence, and her spiritual purity, all combine to give her a kind of moral authority, even over those of other communions, which has tended to discountenance and mitigate, not merely persecution, but even the acerbities of controversy. Some of the most remarkable passages of our domestic history confirm this reasoning by the evidence of facts. In the Grand Rebellion, all the sectaries combined to pull down the Church, and they succeeded—but what followed?—The Roman Catholics vanished before the Presbyterians. The Presbyterians, in their turn, became as odious as the Church had been, and were soon overthrown and oppressed by the Independents; who again broke up into an hundred intolerant and fanatical factions, from which the weary and woful nation—Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, Independents and all, were glad once again to take refuge under the protection of an ‘Establishment in Church and State.’

Again: when James II. began his mad *crusade* against the Church of England, and planned the exaltation of popery on her ruin, on whom did he first try the wily arts of pretended toleration—of *Church Reform*? On the Protestant Dissenters. Them
he

he attempted to cajole by illusory indulgence, and for a time, with some success; but the fraud was soon detected—the Dissenters ultimately clung to the Church in what they had *then* the prudence to see was a common danger; and, by their joint power, popery was defeated and repressed. But the history of that day proves that much of the rigour of those repressive measures was owing to the zeal and influence of the Dissenters, and that the Church of England was exposed to some obloquy on account of her reluctance to push, as far as the Dissenters would have wished, the penal system.

Again: when the *Calvinists* of France fled from the bloody bigotry of Louis and Louvois, where did they seek refuge? Under the tolerant auspices of the Church of England. And again: when the French *Roman Catholic* priesthood escaped from the pikes of the infidel Jacobins, where did they find an asylum? In the sympathizing charity of the Church of England. If even there were not higher motives—more transcendent impulses, to induce us to cling with love and reverence to our communion, is there any man who does not feel his heart warmed and his spirit ennobled, by the thought of belonging to that Church, whose tolerant, benevolent, and impartial protection—the most adverse factions—the most discordant sects—the most infuriated adversaries—seek with confidence, obtain without condition, and enjoy without sacrifice or scruple?—‘*She has been a strength to the poor—a comfort to the needy in his distress—a refuge from the storm—a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm.*’—Isaiah xxv. 4.

These are considerations of human policy, which should, we think, (independently of higher motives,) induce every sincere *Christian*, whatever be his sect, to pause before he lends himself to the overthrow of this great bulwark of public liberty, this ready asylum from religious or political persecution. If *she* should be for a season overthrown—what is there that could supply her place in the social system of the civilized world?

From these general political considerations, we proceed to observe that the question usually styled CHURCH REFORM divides itself into two parts—the one, which may be called the *secular* part of the subject, including the temporalities of the Church—its property—the ranks, numbers, mode of election, and discipline of its ministers—ecclesiastical corporations and courts—pluralities—parochial registries and rates, &c. It is to this class of subjects that what is usually spoken of as *Church Reform* is understood to apply. It is on such matters that the king’s ministers pretend to have reformed the Irish Church, and that they *now* mean to legislate for the English Church. We have already expressed, however inadequately,
our

our disapprobation of much of the detail of what has been done in Ireland, and our alarm at the principle on which it is done. Still more strong are our apprehensions of what may be intended for England; but as the session of parliament is so near at hand, we believe we shall best consult the interests of the Church, as well as the wishes of our readers and the convenience of the public discussion, by reserving our further observations on this head of *secular reform* till we shall have before us the formal proposition of the Government.

But there is a second, and to us, still more important part of the subject, which has been brought into recent discussion—not by the *avowed* enemies of the church, but—by certain individuals calling themselves members of the Church of England—and *professing* to be actuated by a conscientious desire to advance her interests and to exalt her character;—we mean, what may be called LITURGICAL REFORM; that is, such alterations, abbreviations, and amendments, as, in the opinion of these individuals, may make the Liturgy more satisfactory to Churchmen, and more conciliatory to Dissenters.

Now to all such propositions, at this time, we are prepared to give at once our decided and uncompromising negative. We do not believe that there is any sincere and single-minded member of the Church of England seriously dissatisfied with her Liturgy, in any *essential*, and scarcely in any *formal* particular. The project of reclaiming any considerable number of the Dissenters is a mere vision; we are convinced that there is no alteration, which could induce *one* sectary to join us, that would not distress, if not alienate, *thousands* of the faithful: and we pledge ourselves to show that there is not one of these propositions which can stand individually the test of rational examination; and that, considered collectively, they contradict, refute, expose, and *annihilate* each other.

We must preface the more detailed discussion by some observations upon that most considerable class of critics who invest their opinions with the important authority of the *clerical character*. These gentlemen cannot be ignorant that with the public at large, and, above all, with those who are the professed adversaries of the Establishment, any admission on their parts—and still more any assertion—of errors in the doctrines or discipline of which they are the sworn guardians and ministers, must be of the most serious consequence. In the ordinary business of life, it would not be considered within the rules of honourable or even fair dealing, to turn the weight of authority against those who conferred it—in an advocate, for instance, to join in arraighing the client he was retained to defend, or in an agent
to

to employ the confidence with which he was entrusted against his principal. The public has, occasionally, seen with approbation a barrister throw up a deceptious brief, or a friend repudiate an unconscientious trust. But this is justifiable only in extreme cases—and *à multo fortiori*, we venture to think that the case must be one of the most extraordinary magnitude, of the most urgent necessity, and the most indisputable certainty, which should induce a clergyman of the Church of England—one who has adopted her Articles at the outset of his education, and embraced her Liturgy in the solemnity of ordination—not merely to abandon, but to arraign them. And, above all, we think we may safely say, that if such a person, after full consideration, feels that he is at liberty *to throw up his brief*, he is bound at least to *return the fee!* When he retracts his acquiescence in the Liturgy, he should resign the *trust* and *profit* which, on the express condition of that acquiescence, were conferred upon him.

The framers of our ecclesiastical constitutions so clearly foresaw this danger, and the serious consequences which might arise from light or litigious ministers employing the authority of the church *against* the church, that the law takes every possible precaution against such schism. The Reverend Mr. Riland, curate of Yoxall, for his own good reasons, as we shall see presently, calls such precautions ‘a trap and snare to *entangle* and *lacerate* the clerical conscience,’—(p. xxii) and a ‘contrivance borrowed from heathen and anti-Christian *mysteries*.’—(p. xvii.) Let us trace the facts.

Candidates for holy orders are *not* led—like the neophytes of either ancient or modern mysteries—blindfold into the sanctuary: they are *not* hurried into engagements which they do not understand, nor involved in doctrines which they have not had opportunities, and even exhortations, to consider maturely; they are *not* brought to the final and irrevocable pledge of ‘assent and consent to the Liturgy,’ but by a *series* of distinct steps, at each of which the candidate may pause—delay—and finally, if he pleases, decline the proposed engagement. The Articles of the Church meet the student in the very porch of the temple. During a college education of at least four years, he is necessarily a daily partaker of, and of course made familiar with every detail of the divine offices—(we say nothing of attendance on divinity lectures, or such other voluntary studies as are proper and usual, but not imperative). Next comes the form of ordination of a deacon, in which he accepts the doctrine and discipline of our church, in words of general spiritual import—the limited duties of the deacon’s office not requiring more particularity on that point, in this stage. But even yet the candidate has not assumed the full clerical

function. With superabundant tenderness to the mutability of human opinions, and to the scruples of tender consciences, the law not only does not oblige the deacon to assume the character of the priesthood, but will not even permit him to do so, without a due interval for instruction in its duties—for, after the ordination of deacons, follows this rubric:—

‘ And it must be here declared to the deacon, that he must continue in the office of deacon the space of one whole year, to the intent that he may be *perfect* and well expert in the things appertaining to ecclesiastical administration. In executing whereof, if he be found *faithful* and *diligent*, he may be admitted to the order of priesthood:—

Prior to which admission, after the same general obligations as before, the candidate-priest enters into a further more solemn and specific engagement—

‘ To give his *faithful diligence* always to minister the doctrines, and the sacraments, and the discipline of Christ, as the Lord hath commanded, and as *this church and realm hath received the same*, &c.’

Under this engagement, the candidate receives the character of a priest, and the consequent privilege of receiving an ecclesiastical benefice—but the caution and tenderness of the laws do not end here—there is another final, and (as it, therefore, ought to be) still more precise engagement. It is provided by ‘the Act of Uniformity,’ that no minister shall enjoy any benefice or promotion, till he shall have performed divine service according to the Book of Common Prayer, in his church or chapel—

‘ and openly and publicly, before the congregation, declare his *unfeigned assent and consent* to the use of *all things in the said book* contained, and prescribed in these words:—I, A B, do hereby declare my *unfeigned assent and consent* to *all and everything* contained and prescribed in and by the Book entitled the Common Prayer, &c.’

Here then we see the Church and the State have taken the most extraordinary care—(to a degree, indeed, which might, but for our experience of human falsehood and perversity, be thought supererogative)—to guard against the disturbance of men’s minds, by the critical curiosity, the morbid scruples, or the self-seeking presumption of individual ministers. And, we thank God, their pious care has been on the whole successful ! It has kept the church essentially together ; and though, as we see with sorrow and shame, it has not prevented a few ministers from broaching illegal, and, in *their circumstances*, culpable propositions, yet the authority of such men must be so invalidated by a consideration of all the previous engagements and promises that they have broken, that the danger from their schismatic deviations is considerably diminished. For even in the least offensive cases, and where we should be inclined to hope that there was a misguided *sincerity* at bottom, what confidence

dence can be placed in the judgment or the advice of men, who do not know their own minds from day to day? and how can we be assured that they will be more steady in their new-fangled and irresponsible doctrines, than they were to their former deliberate and sacramental obligations?

These considerations lead us to the case of one of the most important—in clerical rank at least—of those who have put themselves forward in soliciting a revisal of the Liturgy—we mean the Reverend Charles Nourse Wodehouse, Prebendary of Norwich; and we make no apology for mentioning his name and probing his case, because he has voluntarily brought himself before the public in a most unusual and ostentatious manner. We find that, on the 5th of August last, a petition was presented to the House of Lords from this gentleman to the following effect:—

‘That your petitioner was ordained a Deacon of the Church of England in December, 1814, and Priest in the following year; and within two years after was presented to the *preferment which he now holds*: That your petitioner begs to remind your Lordships, that by Statutes passed in the 13th Eliz., c. 12, and 14th Car. II., c. 4, and also by the 36th ecclesiastical canon, certain subscriptions and declarations are required from every clergyman at his ordination, and upon institution to a benefice: That your petitioner, *on reviewing in after years* the engagements which he had thus entered into, became doubtful whether he could renew them if called upon to do so; that further reflection only serving to add strength to such scruples, he feels himself bound no longer to conceal his opinions; and that he now ventures to lay them before your Lordships, in the hope of being relieved from the difficulty in which he is involved: That your petitioner begs accordingly to state, that when called upon to declare the Liturgy and Articles of the Church of England to be in every respect “agreeable to the word of God,” he thinks himself obliged to make such a declaration according to the plain, obvious meaning of the words then used by him; and that your petitioner cannot conscientiously affirm the following parts of the Liturgy to be sanctioned by Scripture—namely, the 2d, 28th, 29th, and 42d clauses of the Athanasian Creed; the form of absolution in the office for visiting the sick; and the words used at the imposition of hands in ordaining priests and bishops,’ &c. &c.

Our readers will observe that Mr. Wodehouse, by the palliative suggestion that ‘*he was very young when he did it*,’ betrays some little awkwardness in confessing that he is *now* disturbed by passages which he had formerly adopted under the most solemn sanctions. He was ordained deacon, he tells us, in 1814, priest next year, and within two years after, was presented to ‘*the preferment he now holds*.’ There are probably

many reformers who would consider this leading allegation, that a young gentleman was preferred to a rich stall within about two years and a half after his first ordination, as a very good argument for some other measure of church reform than the mere amendment of the Athanasian Creed. We leave Mr. Wodehouse to settle that matter with such troublesome allies; but we must observe that this gentleman has not stated the facts of his case with all that fullness and fairness which we should have expected from so scrupulous a mind. He *was very young when he did it*;—and this prebendal stall—one by the way so good as to have been just before held by a bishop—fell on him, it seems, quite suddenly, and dazzled and seduced his inexperienced innocence—

‘For Satan now is wiser than of yore,

And tempts by making rich, not making poor.’

But alas! we find that, before the Snarer of consciences had tempted him with this stall, the young and interesting victim had been previously assailed *twice over*, and *twice over* had fallen into similar temptations; for we see in the Ecclesiastical Register, that the Reverend Charles Nourse Wodehouse was presented to a certain rectory called Murningthorpe, in July, 1815, that is *within six months of his being ordained deacon*—(he must have found a most indulgent *Bishop!*)—and again, in October, 1816, to another living called Gildestone. But even this is not all: the petition states that he was presented in 1817 ‘*to the preferment*’ (in the singular) ‘*which he now holds*,’ leaving, in the reader’s mind, an impression that he holds but *that ONE* preferment. Now, it appears that he held *both* these livings at the date of the last edition of the ‘Ecclesiastical Register’ (1829); and, if we are not misinformed, he does, to this hour, enjoy one of his original preferments, and only resigned the other rectory a very short time since—in favour of *his own nephew*. It cannot fail to strike every reader that the fact of Mr. Wodehouse being a pluralist was probably disguised in his petition for two reasons;—first, to give more weight to his appeal, which would obviously have been impaired if it had furnished some more extensive reformer with such a *tu quoque*; and secondly, to conceal the fact that he had not only signed the thirty-nine Articles and professed the vows requisite at both degrees of ordination, but had *twice over read himself into* rectories, and had, probably for a couple of years, done parochial duty, with ample time and opportunity to consider and understand the meaning of the Athanasian Creed, *before* he accepted ‘the preferment he now holds!’ On the very reading of this petition, one of their lordships saw enough
of

of the case, as we find in the Mirror of Parliament, to induce him to say—

‘ If the petitioner entertains conscientious scruples on the subject to which his petition refers, *he can give up his preferment*; but so long as he remains in the church, he must conform to its doctrine.’

This is the common sense of the matter. When his conscience became troublesome, he should have relieved it by resignation, instead of disturbing other men’s minds by his petition.

Let it not be said that we deal hardly by the individual, and mix up, unfairly, personal topics with a public discussion. It is that individual himself who introduces the personal topics, and claims for his proposition the authority of his personal character. We only accept his own *data*, and apply his personal merits to the same purpose for which he introduced them—the illustration of the argument. If he modestly requires that the Liturgy of the whole Church of England shall be altered to fit *his* conscience, it is surely quite fair to show that his conscience seems to be of so particular a kind, that what would suit it might probably suit no other conscience in the realm.*

Again, the *Reverend John Riland, A.M.*, after having necessarily gone through all the consecutive forms of ‘ assent and consent ’ to our Church Liturgy, introduces *his* plan of reform, with these words—

‘ The Anglican ritual is *spotted and wrinkled* with such *sarcasm, resentment, abuse, and assumption* of its own excellence, as *grieves and irritates* its best friends; while it furnishes gratuitous matter of *contempt* and recrimination to those whom it should have pitied and disarmed.’—*Introduc.* xvii.

As Mr. Riland has not only taken all the previous engagements which we have quoted, but does still administer weekly, nay, daily, to a deluded flock, this ‘ *spotted, wrinkled, sarcastic, abusive, assuming, grievous, irritating, and contemptible* ’ ritual, we think it will be admitted that there is no need—however bad it may be—to alter it for the ease of the Reverend Mr. Riland’s conscience.

The same objection, *in foro conscientiæ*, applies to *all* the clerical proposers of liturgical reform. They have *all* voluntarily—deliberately—repeatedly—pledged their assent and consent to *all*

* A crazy reformer, whose trash is not otherwise worth notice, asks, what chance a clergyman of liberal sentiments would have had of promotion under the oligarchical Government of Lords Eldon and Liverpool? We tell this obscure scribbler that it is universally admitted, even by their *political* opponents, that Church patronage was never more judiciously and conscientiously distributed than during the administration of those noblemen. Lord Eldon may indeed think, with some degree of contrition, that it is to him that Mr. Wodehouse owes the preferments which he, as we think, so much *misemploys*. We should like to know to what interest the Prebendary owed the very unusual and (we will say, whoever did it) improper favour, of being allowed to resign and *name his successor*.

and everything in the *Liturgy*, and have all entered into the most solemn engagements to maintain, to the best of their power, uniformity of worship; and yet we find them all *dissenting* from that very *Liturgy*, some from one thing, some from another, some from less, some from more, but, collectively, '*from all and everything*;' and employing their individual and joint efforts to the alteration of that which, by all obligations human and divine, they were bound to maintain. We may be asked whether we mean, under a plea of conscience, to stifle conscience; to set up an infallible church; to deny to a Protestant minister the first and most essential human blessing of the Reformation—freedom of conscientious inquiry, and liberty of conscientious decision? We answer distinctly and without reserve—*No!*—We admit—in every form and mode of concession—the free and uncontrollable rights of *individual conscience*; but here comes the distinction:—we demand, for every man, full liberty for *his own* conscience; but his right to trouble the conscience of his neighbour is not so absolute, and at best is liable to certain limitations and conditions. First, in a man's anxiety for his neighbour's conscience, he should not neglect his own—and must therefore not employ, to forward any purpose, however meritorious, influence obtained on a promise of using it to defeat that very purpose. Secondly, it must be proved, to the fullest satisfaction of human evidence, that his neighbour is in a dangerous error:—for he can have no right to disturb another man's faith by the mere critical doubts of his own mind, or the indecision of his own temper. Thirdly, the error must be not only indisputable, but its importance must be grave, and the remedy certain; for no man has a right to disturb the conscience of another on *trifling* or *indifferent* matters, nor unless he has a hope of subsequently quieting what he has so disturbed.

No such excuses has any one of these clerical reformers to allege. For instance, the earliest, we believe, in point of date, certainly one of the most moderate and respectable of the liturgical reformers of *our time*, is the author of '*Church Reform, by a Churchman*;' by name, (as we learn from his publisher's recent advertisements,) Archdeacon Berens. His work applies to the whole question, discipline, law, property, *liturgy*—we, at present, are only considering the article of *Liturgy*—

'It is with awe and reverence that he presumes to *hint* at any alteration, however *trifling*, in our beautiful and scriptural *Liturgy*.'—p. 123.

The author may have quieted his own qualms by the use of such expressions as *hint* and *trifle*, but to us they are peculiarly offensive, and, as well as the whole of the three pages by which his propositions, on this subject, are prefaced, remind us of that admirable portrait of a false friend—

'Willing

‘Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike;
Just HINTS a fault and hesitates dislike!’

Little as we approve of Mr. Riland’s coarse censure, we—in point of taste and of conscience—ininitely prefer it to an introduction of the serpent in a basket of figs. The Archdeacon proceeds—

‘I am aware too, that, here especially, we must guard against unsettling the minds of the people, and that if anything should be done *tending* to weaken their attachment to the Liturgy—to which they have been so long accustomed—it might lead them to cast off their regard for public worship altogether.’—p. 125.

Perfectly just: but—

‘Still with this impression on my mind, there are *two* LITTLE alterations which I am *very anxious* to see take place.’—p. 125.

What?—are ‘the hesitation and diffidence’—‘the awe and reverence’ which ‘only presumed to *hint*,’ *already* grown into a *very anxious* desire to alter? And—so inconsistent will even the most cautious be, when not on the basis of truth—Mr. Berens has become so *very anxious*, that he broaches a subject of such acknowledged danger, for *two* LITTLE alterations!—A ‘*great anxiety*’ for ‘*little*’ things is not the characteristic of such a mind as ought to assume the responsibility of re-modelling the Church; nor can we understand how a clergyman can reconcile it to his conscience to break his ordination pledges for ‘*two little trifles*.’

The Archdeacon, however, soon gets courage to confess that with his *two little* matters he would not be quite satisfied—he would wish to see ‘*prepared a more extensive alteration* ;’ and then he proceeds through forty pages to suggest a long series of changes, which—many of them in words, and all of them in their principles and consequences—*tend* to the completion of the wildest schemes of the wildest of the innovators. But we have a fact to disclose which will, we think, surprise our readers, as much as we were surprised when we first heard Mr. Berens’ authority adduced for ‘a reform of the Liturgy.’ It is about ten years ago that Mr. Berens himself published a series of ‘Lectures on the Liturgy,’ in which most of the objections now made by himself and his brother reformers are *noticed*, and—REFUTED! and amongst the rest, his own *two little trifles* are specially mentioned, defended, and approved*! and this work Mr. Berens deems so satisfactory and useful, that he has caused it to be printed in ‘*cheap editions*, to ensure it a more extensive circulation.’† ‘The Archdeacon, at least, cannot allege that his unsuspecting youth had been entrapped, like poor Mr. Wodehouse’s.

* Lectures on the Liturgy, pp. 172, 200.

† Ib. p. v., edit. 1828.

But a few historical and literary facts, which have been carefully, but not very candidly, kept out of sight, will prove that all these learned and conscientious persons might—ought, and—we think—*must* have known, before they accepted ordination and preferment, that every one of the points they have now produced, as their individual spontaneous scruples, had been already advanced—enforced—disputed—refuted—and finally *rejected* by the good sense of the clergy and people of England, in times when the immediate danger of change was infinitely smaller, and the prospect of advantage infinitely greater, than at the alarming crisis when they have thought proper to *re-produce* them.

It would not be very unreasonable to expect that gentlemen liberally educated for the Church should have been aware of the controversies and conferences on those disputed points, under King Edward—Queen Elizabeth—James I.—the two Charleses and William III,—but the *whole matter* of their objections has been discussed, in all its details, in much more recent times—in days almost our own—and through channels open to even the most superficial readers of pamphlets and magazines.

In the year 1749, there appeared a general and methodical attack on the whole Anglican ritual, under the title of '*Free and Candid Disquisitions* relating to the Church of England.' The author was the Reverend John Jones, who however kept himself studiously concealed; but—by an artifice very prevalent with such reformers—he endeavoured to give his individual cavils more authority, by pretending that they proceeded from *associated authors*, and were published by other persons as *associated editors*. Some private letters of Jones which Mr. Nichols* has dug up in the Museum, exhibit the details of these pretences, and prove that Jones pursued what he complacently calls '*his honest cause*,' by no very *honest* means†. Now, in this work, *every* objection advanced by our modern reformers is distinctly made, always for the same reasons, and often in the same words. This work made a great deal of noise, and was the source of a smart controversy, which was continued briskly for a few subsequent years. In 1766 appeared the celebrated book called the *Confessional*, directed to the same general objects as the *Candid Disquisitions*, but written in a still more acrimonious spirit. We call it *celebrated*, because, though it was poor splenetic trash, it excited a great sensation when it was avowed as the work

* Literary Anecdotes, vol. i., p. 586.

† Immediately after Mr. Jones had published this mass of cavil, and while he was preparing for a second edition, he did not scruple to accept another benefice, and again, of course, *publicly* to declare his '*unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything*' from which he was *anonymously* dissenting. The *terms*, too, on which he obtained the benefice were rather suspicious. This was the patriarch of *Church Reform*!

of a *dignitary* of the Church of England—Francis Blackburne, Archdeacon of Cleveland. Blackburne, it turned out, had been a disciple of Jones, and had published, some years before, an anonymous defence of the *Candid Disquisitions*; and he was, indeed, a worthy pupil of that high school of schism. This affair made still more sensation than the *Disquisitions*; but when the first wonder at seeing an *apostate dignitary* had subsided, it died (in spite of a thousand shifts and artifices of the author to keep it alive) of general contempt; and the public conscience was never disturbed by *these* individual scruples. Yet two or three circumstances connected with this affair are worth preserving. Blackburne, like Prebendary Wodehouse, endeavoured to excuse his conduct, by alleging that he had *subscribed* inadvertently in his younger days: this, however, was a mere pretence, for he accepted his Archdeaconry, and some other preferments, after he had written his anonymous defence of the *Disquisitions*. The following fact is also curious, and, in reference to the reformers of the present day, instructive. On Blackburne's avowal of the *Confessional*, a worthy single-minded 'congregation of Dissenters in London, naturally concluding that the author of such a work *could not possibly continue a member of the Church*,' proposed to him to become their pastor. But—although two or three of Blackburne's followers and friends, Dr. Disney, Mr. Lindsay, and Mr. Jebb, had the honour and conscience to resign *their* preferments—the Archdeacon himself declined to give that pledge of his sincerity. In this point, as in so many others, our modern reformers agree with their respectable predecessor.

From this time, the question of Church reform slumbered, though it never was, indeed, wholly extinct—for the principle of making innovations in either government or religion is too congenial with human vanity and caprice ever to become obsolete. In 1789, Mr. Knox, a respectable layman, dedicated some of his leisure to the revival of the question of Church Reform. Mr. Knox thought so entirely as we do on the point of clerical allegiance to the Liturgy, that he prefaces his propositions with an apology, which, as coming from a professed Church Reformer, we recommend to the consideration of those of the *clergy* who have adopted this course, namely—

'That a layman, being *unshackled by creeds and subscriptions*, may do more towards removing the stumbling-blocks in the established forms, than the clergy are *at liberty to do*.'—*Observations on the Liturgy*, 1789.

Mr. Knox appears, by some other publications, to have been a vain, querulous, and disappointed man: his book on the Liturgy is poor dreamy stuff, and we notice it not as of any merit or importance,

importance, but because it gives some account of the Liturgy of the Episcopal Church in America—which is much applauded by our reformers, and to which we, too, shall willingly refer.

In the year 1786, at the request of a general Convention of the Episcopalian Protestants in the United States, who were anxious to continue in their Church the series of Apostolic ordination, certain learned and pious American clergymen, selected by their flocks for the episcopal office, were consecrated in Lambeth Chapel by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Archbishop of York, and the Bishops of Bath and Wells, and Peterborough. There was everything in the whole of this transaction to gratify the feelings of the Church of England. It was not only a strengthening and extending of the true Christian faith, which she, above all things, desires; but it was an unexpected and unquestionable testimony of approbation of her peculiar doctrine and discipline.* Mr. Knox, however, saw in it a cause for *exultation*—on very different grounds. The rulers of our Church, he asserts, *have given their sanction* to the greater part of the liturgical reforms he had been pointing out, by consecrating bishops for America, where those reforms have been adopted:—

‘To the orthodoxy of this reformed Liturgy, our whole illustrious bench of bishops have *set their seal*, by the consecration of bishops to preside over and superintend the American Church in the use of it.’
—*Ib.*

Now, even if the facts were accurately true, Mr. Knox’s consequence would not follow;—for certainly, the ordination of a minister, or the consecration of a bishop, does not *of necessity* involve any *sanction* of the *Liturgy* which such persons may afterwards use, and particularly where the ministry is to be exercised in a different and independent nation. The Church of England has never held that ordination—as ordination—is affected by a difference on points of discipline, or even of doctrine. Some of the fathers and martyrs of the Anglican Church had no other than popish ordination; and in our own days, we have seen several similar instances. Nor can any reasonable man imagine English bishops could pretend to enforce on the citizens of an independent state the exact forms of a Liturgy established by our own internal municipal law. This however might have been, on the part of Mr. Knox, only an error of *reasoning*; but we are sorry to say, that he prefaced it by a gross *mis-statement* of the fact: for there had been, pre-

* A summary of this interesting transaction has been lately given in the ‘British Magazine,’—(vol. ii., p. 117, and vol. iv., p. 601.)—a publication to which we gladly refer as one of great ability and of high and sound principles.

paratory to this consecration, a correspondence on the subject between the English bishops and the Convention of the American Church, in which the latter submitted to our prelates a copy of their proposed Liturgy. The answer of the archbishop and fifteen bishops, being all that were then in London, contradicts in the clearest manner Mr. Knox, and states,—

‘ Though it was impossible not to observe, *with concern*, that if the essential doctrines of our common faith were retained, *less respect was however paid to our Liturgy than its own excellence and your declared attachment to it had led us to expect*. Not to mention a variety of *verbal alterations*, of the *necessity or propriety* of which *we were by no means satisfied*, we saw *with grief* that two of the confessions of our Christian faith, respectable for their antiquity, have been entirely laid aside; and that even in that which is called the Apostles’ Creed, an article is omitted, &c. Nevertheless, as a proof of the sincere desire which we feel to continue in spiritual communion with the members of your Church in America, and to complete the ordination of your ministry, and trusting that the communications which we shall make to you on the subject of these and some other alterations, will have their desired effect, we have, *even under these circumstances*, prepared a bill for conveying to us the powers necessary for this purpose,’ &c.

Here, then, we find not only *not* what Mr. Knox alleges, but the *very reverse*; instead of *sanctioning* the American deviations, the prelates saw them with *concern and grief*; and by adhering to all the details of the Anglican ritual, they have recorded their solemn disapprobation of the reforms in favour of which Mr. Knox endeavours to enlist them: but this is not all; for it turns out that most of the suggestions of our prelates were accepted by the American convention, and that in all the essential points mentioned (except the Athanasian creed) the English and American Episcopalian Liturgies *are substantially the same*.*

* We beg leave here to offer our humble testimony of approbation to the American Episcopalian ritual, for the prudent and sober spirit in which the original frame was prepared—the candour and conciliation with which the suggestions of our prelates were considered—and the *close adherence* to our Liturgy which the whole now exhibits. The omissions (except of the Athanasian Creed and one passage in the Communion exhortations) are slight and unimportant; and, considering that the able and pious men who were employed on the work were ‘*unshackled by creeds or subscriptions*’—by popular prejudices or national habits—and had an unlimited option
—where to choose

— Their place of rest, and Providence their guide; we think that their having made no more serious alterations, is a satisfactory answer to the crowd of cavils to which we are replying. We believe that even these slight deviations would have been fewer—perhaps none at all—if they had not been influenced by the bold (and in England too much disregarded) objections raised by men who were ministers of our church, and professed for it (we fear very untruly) the greatest regard and reverence. It is in order that no similar acquiescence may be alleged as to the propositions of the present day, that we have undertaken this article.

After

After this statement, we are entitled to ask, with wonder and regret, how any of the clerical gentlemen, who now revive this long-vexed question, can pretend that *they* made their vows in ignorance,—that a new light has broken in upon *them*,—that they find their scruples *unexpectedly* excited—and that they are forced by their *newly-awakened* consciences to appeal to the world for that *peace* of mind, which—they will find—the world cannot give!

Oh, no; a few of them may have deceived themselves, but none of them we hope will ultimately deceive the public. Some, we admit, may have heedlessly entered this career under the impulse of good intentions and an Utopian hope of conciliating seceders, without having accurately considered the force of their personal obligations to the Church, or weighing, against the problematical good, the eventual evil of their proceedings: but, for the greater number, we can make not even this apology: a perusal of their pamphlets convinces us that they are actuated, some by that thoughtless desire of change, which is the moral epidemic of the day; more, by a silly hope of notoriety: others, by ill-disguised sectarian enmity to the Establishment; and others, again, by the *prudent* consideration that the distribution of mitres, stalls, and benefices is in the avowed promoters and patrons of *change* in all our institutions and especially in the Church—in a ministry which has evinced a *worldly-wise* disposition to strengthen the hands of its workmen, and reward the activity of its proselytes. We ourselves cannot imagine a better *recipe* for changing a curate into a rector, an archdeacon into a dean, a prebendary into a bishop, than a smart pamphlet in favour of Church Reform: if, in addition, it should deny the authority of the *Ten Commandments*, it might make its author an *Archbishop*!

We have now done with the argument *ad homines*—which the nature of the question, and the invitation of these gentlemen themselves forced on us—and shall proceed to discuss the more substantial merits of the case—the nature and value of the objections which have been raised to the Liturgy—the efficacy and consistency of the various remedies proposed—the benefits which they promise, and the counterbalancing evils with which they are pregnant. These various heads cannot, we fear, be kept logically distinct; but we shall endeavour to consider them with as much method as the mixed nature of the subjects will allow.

It is a remarkable feature of this discussion, remote and recent, that in almost every work (Mr. Riland's, we believe, alone excepted) which proposes specific amendments of the Liturgy—the objections are introduced by a general eulogy on the object of
attack;

attack; the modest and pious hope and desire of the Reformers being to make it *better* than *excellent*.

Archdeacon Berens calls it—‘*Our beautiful and scriptural Liturgy*, which approves itself to my unbiassed *judgment*, and is the object of my sincere *admiration* and of my warm *attachment*. The occasional offices are *instructive, edifying, beautiful* in themselves, and *excellently* calculated to *excite and strengthen devotional feelings*.’—pp. 121, 122. Mr. Stoddart talks of ‘the many and great *excellences* of our Liturgy.’—p. 68. Mr. Hall says,—‘That, as to the *general excellence* of the Liturgy, there is but one opinion amongst churchmen and dissenters; that it has great and many *excellences*; that, as a Liturgy, it is without an equal; and that the service it had done to the country is incalculable.’—pp. 1, 21. Mr. Price (a layman, and one of the least indiscreet of the reformers) says,—‘The Liturgy of the Church of England has been often praised as a pattern of *excellence* even by some who cannot be said to belong to her communion.’—p. 9. Mr. Cox expatiates on its ‘*peculiar excellence*,’ and tells us, ‘no manual of devotion has ever been more *generally* or *more deservedly* commended than the Liturgy of the Church of England.’—p. 1. And ‘A Clergyman’ professes to admire ‘its *devotional spirit*—its *sublime and beautiful* forms of prayer and praise.’—p. 44.

And yet all these gentlemen, filled, as we see, with such just and reverential admiration, are still not afraid to lay their hands upon this sacred ark, and have the modesty, good taste, and good sense to think that each, individually, (for we deal with those only who offer *specific* alterations,) is himself competent to improve a work, which they all admit to be *excellent*—which it has taken ages to mature—on the perfection of which the purest hands, the wisest heads, and the holiest hearts of the Christian world have been employed—to improve which, individual learning and assembled wisdom have humbly confessed their incompetency,—and in the daily contemplation of which, millions have for centuries found their comfort, their consolation, and we trust their salvation!

These eulogies—after the manner of the School for Scandal—on a character that they endeavour to ruin, we only notice to guard against the use which their latitudinarian allies will make of them. ‘See,’ say these, ‘the most pious churchmen—the most reverential advocates of the Liturgy—are the first, not only to admit, but to proclaim, that it requires amendment; and who shall gainsay a fact thus reluctantly, and by the predominant force of truth, *extorted* from such pious and affectionate members of the Church!’ We therefore reject their praise, and the inferences which may be drawn from it; while we readily accept their censure and all its consequences.

We

We must also protest against another artifice, in which the reformers of the present day imitate the authors of the '*Candid Disquisitions*,' and the '*Confessional*,' Mr. Knox, and other schismatics of the last generation. They are all ready to quote, as sanctioning the principle of general reform, the authorities of every orthodox divine of every age, who, in any speculative argument, or any *obiter dictum*, had admitted a difficulty, or suggested an improvement. Every considerable man, who attended any of the conferences in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, is produced as testifying, by his mere presence at such assemblies, to the propriety and necessity of reforms. But they keep out of sight the next step in this line of argument,—one, indeed, which is most important and clearly illustrative of the whole matter, and it is this—that these great men came to these conferences as *defendants*:—and admitting that they did so far countenance such inquiries as to participate in them, yet, with all their candour and conciliation, they found that they could do nothing satisfactory—and left matters just as they found them! If, then, reformers appeal to the *candour* of these venerable persons, we may surely appeal to their *judgment*—if it be alleged that they were willing to have done *something*, we are entitled to state that they, nevertheless, found that *nothing* could be done!

Let us now proceed to consider the various points of objection raised against the Liturgy of the Church of England; and our antagonists shall not have to say that we do not grapple with their questions, nor to accuse us of dealing in loose generalities, or of standing haughtily on prescription and authority. We have promised to meet them on their own ground, and we are prepared to dispute every inch of it. We cannot, of course, find room to examine every change of a word or every new turn of a phrase, but we shall endeavour to notice all that can be reduced to a *class*—every thing which seems to involve a *principle*. We shall show, first, the folly and inconsistency of the proposed amendments; and we shall then, as far as our humble abilities and narrow limits will allow, endeavour to explain the merits of our Liturgy as it stands, and to exhibit, like old Durandus, a *Rationale Officiorum Divinorum*—*quorum singula sunt cœlesti dulcissime redundantia, si tamen diligentem habeant inspectorem*; and compose what, indeed, St. Paul might call a '*reasonable service*.' We are not unaware of the difficulty of the defensive in such an argument, within such contracted bounds. We well know, as Dr. Johnson once said to a pert dogmatician—*plus negabit in unâ horâ unus asinus, quam centum doctores in centum annis probaverint*; and we might perhaps have evaded such a multitudinous conflict, if
we

we were not sure that, when we had collected the *asini* together, they would batter one another to pieces with their own heels.

The first, the most general, and most innocent of these objections, is the *length* of the Sunday morning service—the ‘*longsomeness*,’ as Archdeacon Berens terms it. *Long* and *short* are relative terms. ‘Time,’ Shakspeare says, ‘travels in divers paces with divers persons;’ and—with a playful anticipation of Mr. Locke’s doctrine of the succession of ideas, adds—‘I can tell you who Time *gallops* withal, and who he *stands still* withal.’ Now, we think we shall be able to show that men are disposed to think a period of time spent in church *very long*, which, in all the other affairs of life, would be called *very short*. Let us look at our watches: the usual Sunday morning *prayer* in a parish church is about *one hour*—a few minutes more, or a few less, as there may be more or less psalmody, or as the minister may be a little more or less voluble; to which is to be added the length of the *sermon*, which, again, varies according to the practice of the individual minister, or the extent of the topic selected for the day’s discourse; but if we allow *half an hour* for the *pulpit service*, we shall, we are satisfied, exceed the general average: thus, then, *ONE HOUR AND A HALF once a week* (for the immense majority of church-goers are content with that exercise of devotion), is what a Christian minister calls a ‘*longsome*,’—that is, an immoderately tedious—time to be wasted in praise and prayer to the Giver of temporal and eternal life. It seems to us no such excessive trial of human strength and patience! Observe Man in his other avocations; look at the twelve hours’ toil for six days in the week of the working classes—look at the sixteen hours of the poor factory children; or, if we are not to consider bodily labour, look at the daily sittings of the courts of law—the nightly attendances on the theatres; imagine the Archdeacon, the Prebendary, Mr. Riland and Mr. Cox seated at a whist-table; or, to come nearer in analogy, consider the length of sittings for lectures in schools, colleges, and public institutions—think of speeches in Parliament, where an hundred men who are prepared to vote the Liturgy *tedious*, can, with great satisfaction to themselves, expatiate so ‘*longsomely*’ on corn, currency, or corporations, that we know their audience would often gladly *compound for an hour and a half*. No one complains of six or eight hours *every day* in the week consumed in the amusements or businesses of the world, but *an hour and a half* on Sundays dedicated to our Creator and Redeemer is an intolerable infliction!

But—as ‘the great object of all these reforms is,’ it seems, ‘to remedy those abuses which have thinned *our congregations*, and
driven

driven *our* people to meeting-houses and conventicles'—we wish we could have a scale of the *comparative* length (not to say the tediousness) of the various sectarian services. This we know, that when we have occasionally attended sectarian places of worship, we have never got off for less than *an hour and a half*, and have often heard—aye, and without weariness—a sermon quite as long as our whole service. Indeed, the sectaries are proverbially long-winded, and it is not, we presume, by any rail-road velocity of prayer that we should attract *them* to church.

The reformers insist very much on the circumstance of our Sunday morning service being an awkward compound of *three*; and seem inclined to recommend its division into its original elements—an early Morning Service, the Litany, and the Communion, to be performed at separate times*.

Now, the alternative consequence of this plan would be, either that the people would go to more than one of these services—or that they would not. If they did, the aggregate time spent in Church would not be shortened, while the preparation for two or three attendances, and the additional walking to and from church, particularly in country parishes and bad weather, would be a serious inconvenience and waste of time. If, on the other hand, only *one* of these services were to be attended, it would necessarily be—*ex hypothesi*—imperfect as an only service; it would be too short to afford the mind leisure to acquire devotional composure; and, practically, we should find that people would not be at the trouble of coming to a service which was to be over almost as soon as begun.

But there *is* an advantage in our present practice, *primâ facie*, indeed, secular, yet not unimportant to the great end of bringing the people to church. Every one who thinks at all of the state of society in this country, must be aware of the constant and laborious occupation, from Monday morning to Saturday night, of the great mass of mankind—of all, indeed, except a very inconsiderable number of the richer classes. By all others, Sunday (in addition to its holy character) must of dire necessity be partly dedicated to certain minor but in-

* We know that they borrow this assertion about the *three* services from the popular expressions of some learned writers; and because three services are mentioned, they think they convict the Liturgy of grievous error for condensing them into *one*. If space admitted, we could, we think, show that this is a misunderstanding of these authors, and a misstatement of the fact. *Three services* do not necessarily imply three *distinct times* of service. In the earliest ages of the Church, services under different names were performed together, and the present Sunday service of the Church of England—though it consists of *three parts*—was never, we believe, parochially performed at three different times.

dispensable duties connected with personal cleanliness and domestic order—to the indulgence of kindred intercourse—and to the preparation of the little homely feast, which, *on that day alone*, can unite the children of toil in the bosom of their families. These duties can in no poor family, and in few even of the wealthier, be completed earlier than eleven o'clock—the usual hour of our first Sunday service—which ends also just before the usual dinner hour of the middling and lower orders; and then, lest the whole uninterrupted afternoon should be thrown away in idleness, an evening service is provided, where those who were, by heavier household cares, prevented from attendance in the morning, may find a satisfactory, though less ample, opportunity for devotion. The *practical* utility of this distribution of the Sunday services cannot have escaped any one who has considered the circumstances of the majority of our population. And who will answer that, if we were to disturb men's habits by a multiplication of the services, we should not confirm and extend the difficulty which is already, God knows, too great, of inducing the people to attend divine worship *even once* on the Lord's day? Convinced we are that these are not times for trying experiments of an inconvenient—or even a novel—kind, on the devotional temper of the lower classes, and we exceedingly doubt whether a curtailment of the service would be popular with *them*. 'If the poor man,' says Paley, 'lifts up his head anywhere, it is at church.' The church is not to them, as to too many of the richer orders, a weary—and as some of the clergy think—*longsome* infliction. It is not merely their place of worship—it is their only opportunity of anything like intellectual exercise—it is their library—we might almost say, the scene of their political liberty—there, and there alone, they feel that they are the *fellow-men* of the fortune-favoured few—there, and there alone, they hear themselves called the *brethren* of the rich and great—there, and there alone, they are addressed in a language of tenderness, and respect, common to them and to their superiors. Divide and scatter the services—the rich will soon frequent *that* one which is least convenient to the poor, and the poor will not be eager to attend *that other* where they no longer see their worldly superiors placed on the same Christian level with themselves. The distinctions between rich and poor are already, all reformers tell us, too wide. Why risk making them more so by an innovation on the strongest tie that at present unites them?

But though we observe that reformers advocate—in their *dissertations*—the plan of *two or three* Sunday morning-services, their practical specimens offer but *one*, varying from ours in point of time—according to the best computation we can make of such crude and contradictory propositions—by from ten to thirty minutes.

Now we are decidedly of opinion that, when the sermon and psalmody are of the usual moderate length, the time spent in church is not a jot too long. The present period is, we think, as happy a medium as could be, *à priori*, devised between the haste and hurry that would not afford a mind (employed on these thoughts but once or twice a week) sufficient time to settle down to devotion,—and the extreme length of some of the primitive and sectarian services, that not only weary, but bewilder.

And if we closely examine the order of our Liturgy, we shall find that there is a well-considered and convenient *principle* pervading it: the earlier portion is broken and exclamatory—the share of the congregation in it is more active—the responses are more frequent: when the disorder, inevitable on the assembling a congregation, begins to subside, and the worldly thoughts with which men entered the church have been expelled by the active share which they are obliged to take in this part of the service—the reading of the *lessons* affords a tranquilizing pause; after that, the series of prayer and thanksgiving proceeds with *growing* solemnity and intenseness; and when this has been carried as far and as high as is consistent with human faculties, we are not turned out from the heat of devotion into the sudden chill of the world, but are cooled, as it were, gradually, by the appeal to our reason in the *sermon* or *homily*, and with the comfort of the concluding prayer, ‘that we may profit by what we have heard’—and of the encouraging benediction, we are finally dismissed—in—as far as human institutions can work—the fittest and the happiest frame of mind! This beautiful, rational, wisely-graduated, and soul-inspiring order, every one of the proposed alterations tends to disturb, and most of them to annihilate.

We add one single observation more on this strange subject of *longsomeness*, which we should have been ashamed to discuss at all, if it were not the great stalking-horse of all the reformers. The two Sunday services are alike open to the *option* of all mankind—the first exceeds the second in length by nearly half an hour—yet, can it be denied, that the first service is, in general, the best attended? What can Archdeacon Berens and his unanimous tribe of *longsomes* (unanimous in this alone) reply to this notorious fact?

We shall now proceed to examine *in detail* the various propositions for shortening the duration and amending the doctrine of our services. We naturally begin with the proposed alterations in the very first lines of the Morning Service, the introductory *VERSICLES*, ‘*When the wicked man turneth,*’ &c., which we *take* rather than *select*, because it is the first proposition that presents itself in all the plans of *reform*, and shows, *in limine*, the degree of

of consistency and community of opinion which guide the reformers.

The service is, it is alleged, too long; and one of Mr. Riland's plans of abridgment is to retrench *eight* of the *eleven* versicles. But as, according to the present rubrick, the minister frequently reads but *one* and hardly ever more than *two*, and as Mr. Riland's rubrick *obliges* him to read *three*, this first *abridgment* would be to *lengthen* this portion of the service by one third. But while Mr. Riland thinks it right to *abridge*, this is, unfortunately, the very place where Mr. Hall thinks it right to *enlarge*, and he accordingly proposes to *add four new* versicles to the old eleven. Then comes Mr. Cox, a great champion for curtailing the service, and who puts the main force of his case in the title '*abridgment of the Liturgy*;' but he, like Mr. Hall, thinks these versicles too few, and therefore commences his *abridgment* with the *addition* of four more. And then, the modes of *addition* or *subtraction* being exhausted by his predecessors, Mr. Uvedale Price is obliged to look for originality elsewhere—he would not alter the versicles, but he would introduce a rubrick to restrict the discretion of the minister, and to enjoin which of them should be read on particular days; and this, too, though all these plans object to the existing rubricks for too much narrowing the minister's discretion; and at last, on collation, it turns out that two of the three versicles which Mr. Price forbids to be used except on *extraordinary* occasions, are precisely two of the very three which Mr. Riland insists should be used *every* day in the year. Then, again, it is objected to these versicles, that 'they are not Evangelical enough; Christ is not mentioned in them; they are principally from the Old Testament;' 'They do not,' says Mr. Stoddart, 'advert in sufficient numbers to our privileges under the gospel of Jesus Christ:' and for this reason, no doubt, and to redress the balance on this point between the old and the new Law, Mr. Hall's four additional versicles are from the *New Testament*. But, lo! Mr. Riland, in making his selection, had overlooked or neglected this system of proportions, and he takes *his* three morning versicles *altogether* from the *Old Testament*. This, to be sure, is unlucky enough—but Mr. Cox worse confounds the confusion; for *his* four additional versicles are *all* from the *Old Testament* also. Putting, then—as a sample—the whole proposition together, this is the result—

Objection, The whole service ought to be abridged.

Remedy, Lengthen its first step in the proportion of 19 to 11.

Objection, The introductory versicles are too numerous.

Remedy, Double their number.

Objection, There are too many from the *Old Testament*.

Remedy, Increase the number from the *Old Testament*, and forbid any others to be read.

Objection, They are not sufficiently Evangelical.

Remedy, Let them be less so.

Objection, The Minister has not sufficient latitude of choice.

Remedy, Let him have none.

Objection, The book is swelled by idle and perplexing formularies which are never used.

Remedy, Increase one class of these formularies from eleven to nineteen, and then forbid the use on ordinary occasions of more than *three*, and on certain stated days of more than *one or two*.

But all this time, none of these self-elected fathers of our Church—*that-is-to-be*, appear to have had the slightest idea of the practical use of these versicles. Schultingius*, a German divine, objected to them as an Anglican interpolation, and says, that such a mode of beginning the prayers is novel, and unknown to the ancient ecclesiastical writers. Schultingius is not quite correct; but it is true that they are not to be found in the later Roman rituals: the reason is obvious enough—the Roman mass does not require—it barely permits—the concurrence of the laity. The priest, his deacons and acolytes, are the effective congregation; they, therefore, were able to enter upon the higher duties of the service at once, and without any invitatory preparation. But when the Reformation restored to the *people* their rightful portion in the testament of their Saviour, some preparatory office became obviously necessary: no popular congregation can ever be disciplined to come and be seated to *a moment*. These versicles, therefore—besides their being most pious and appropriate prefaces and exhortations—are placed at the very commencement, unconnected, and in such numbers as to allow the minister, at his discretion, to read as many as may suffice for the placing of the people. When he sees his congregation already assembled, he reads but '*one*;' if he sees that they are dropping in, he *may* read '*more*.'† So that, even in this little preliminary detail, there

* Schultingius, *Bibliotheca Ecclesiastica*, tom. iv., pars 2, p. 132. See also Palmer's learned and instructive *Origines Liturgicæ*, c. i., p. 1, sec. 2.

† This object may be traced in the early rituals of *convents*, where there was an effective congregation to be assembled. 'In nocturnis vero conventiculis usque ad secundum psalmum præbetur tardenti dilatio,' &c., Cassian Instit. Cœnob., lib. ii., c. 7. St. Benedict also appointed two psalms to be chanted before the service began, to afford sufficient time for the brethren to assemble. *Origines Liturgicæ*, v. i., p. 222. The custom still exists in some colleges, and many a tardy student finds it convenient to be allowed to come into chapel any time before the conclusion of the Psalms, without thinking that he owes the indulgence to St. Benedict. On an analogous principle the discretionary number of the sentences during the Offertory has been provided.

is a consideration, a decency, a *rationale*, of which not one of these arrogant and ill-informed critics appears to have had the most remote idea. And all this mass of contradiction, ignorance, and blunder, occurs—*not on a topic invidiously selected by us*, but—on the *very first* of the proposed amendments. This is *stumbling at the threshold* with a vengeance!

The next subject is the GENERAL CONFESSION. With it Mr. Cox, alone we believe, happens to be content:—

‘This prayer,’ he says, ‘for conciseness, spirituality, and comprehension, is probably without a rival. It *certainly* does *not* require, perhaps does not admit of, any improvement.’

We entirely concur: but Mr. Hall proposes to new model one of the principal phrases;—Mr. Riland amends another into nonsense;—and Mr. Stoddart, in bolder contradiction to Mr. Cox, tells us ‘that it does *not* comprehend a sufficient exposition either of human sinfulness or of divine grace.’

The next object which presents itself is the LORD’S PRAYER; and even *that* is not sacred from their criticism. Mr. Cox is not quite satisfied with the received version; and Mr. Riland would, it seems, rather be forgiven his *debts* than his *trespasses*. (See Riland’s note on the Lord’s Prayer, and St. Matt. c. vi., v. 9.) But we must pass rapidly over such trivial cavils, to arrive at the grand objection, which all reformers, from Jones, of the ‘Disquisitions,’ down to those of the present day, have urged against our Liturgy,—namely, its REPETITIONS: and particularly the frequency of the Lord’s Prayer, which is repeated, say they, five times every Sunday morning, and oftener when the additional services of baptism, churching of women, &c. are to be performed. They also complain that two or more prayers, conveying identical ideas, are repeated in different forms of expression; and they object to the recurrences of what is called the *Doxology*—‘Glory be to God,’ &c.; of the *Kyrie Eleison*—‘Lord, have mercy upon us,’ &c.; to the responses in the Litany, and to the Commandments.

Now as to the Lord’s Prayer, it is rather singular that the *last* (and therefore if any be objectionable, the most so) of the five repetitions—viz., that from the pulpit—is *not* sanctioned by the rubrick, nor, we are inclined to think, required by the canon.* At all events, since every other provision of that canon is parochially neglected, can there be stronger proof that this practice, which has alone generally survived, is not *so* very discordant with

* There has been much controversy about the pulpit (technically called *bidding*) prayers; but we doubt whether the fifty-fifth canon was not originally meant to apply exclusively to sermons *separately* delivered—(such as the University sermon at St. Mary’s)—on which occasions, and the analogous case of Cathedrals, alone (as far as our experience goes) the *whole* canon is complied with.

the feelings of the priest and the people? But as the reformers' objection is the idle waste of *time*, let us look again at our watches:—we find that the most deliberate enunciator repeats the Lord's Prayer in less than *one minute*—from forty to fifty seconds: so that, by three omissions of the Lord's Prayer, the tedious *hour and half* would be shortened by about two minutes. Let it be observed we are now discussing only the *longsome* part of the subject, we shall notice the moral or spiritual effect of this repetition presently. But are the reformers agreed *how often* and *where* the Lord's Prayer should be omitted? Because, before we undertake to do a thing—however indifferent it may be, and *à fortiori* one which may be to many minds of serious importance—we should be sure that we can satisfy those whose satisfaction is our object.

Mr. Cox and Mr. Hall, it seems, would use the Lord's Prayer only *once*; but Mr. Cox would use it towards the *beginning* of the service,—Mr. Hall, towards the *end*.

Mr. Riland would use it *twice*, but in *neither* of the places proposed by Mr. Hall.

The 'Clergyman' would use it '*three or four times, omitting it from the pulpit,*' *one* of the two places where Mr. Riland would retain it.

But neither Mr. Price, nor, we believe, Mr. Stoddart, suggest any omission *at all*.

Thus the alteration proposed by any one of the reformers would dissatisfy the rest; while the making no alteration may satisfy two, and approximate to the opinion of a third.

But this is not all: Mr. Riland, though a great advocate for *abridgment*, would not only preserve the Lord's Prayer in the pulpit, but he goes to the trouble of *enlarging* his liturgy with ten *additional* prayers, one of which he prescribes to be used in the pulpit (as a collect generally is at present) before the Lord's Prayer; and he also provides, that, *in addition* to the collect and benediction now used after the sermon, one other of his ten additional prayers should *also* be used.

Mr. Cox, again, so far from admitting the *five* pulpit prayers of Mr. Riland, enjoins that only *one* of the usual collects shall be said before the sermon, and *one* benediction after it; but will our readers credit, that, instead of either of the beautiful *Christian* benedictions which the Liturgy furnishes, Mr. Cox would substitute a benediction of his own manufacture from the *Book of Numbers*?

Mr. Hall, again, *differs from both*—after ordinary sermons, he provides *neither* prayer nor benediction; but after '*missionary, or ordination, or visitation, or charity sermons,*' he would subjoin a *prayer*, to be *prepared* for the occasions.

The '*Clergyman,*' Mr. Stoddart, and Mr. Price seem, by their silence,

silence, to approve the present practice : and, on the whole, it appears, any one of the given alterations will dissatisfy five out of six.

The *Doxology* and the *Kyrie Eleison*—however to be revered as devotional aspirations—are, in point of time, of such small importance, that the attempt to retrench them is only worth noticing as it affords a proof that *every thing is to be altered*, on some pretence or other. To repeat ‘Glory be to God’ and ‘Lord, have mercy upon us’—even though the former should be repeated so often as six or seven times, and the latter thrice—seems no great *waste* of time ; but even these short ejaculations can neither escape the censure nor unite the opinions of the reformers ! And in fine, all that can be objected to the *repetitions*, on the score of *loss of time*, is, that they may occupy about five or six minutes one day in the week.

But there is another, more decent and spiritual view of this subject—which does not seem to have entered into the heads of any of our reformers. Some serious and considerate minds may, perhaps, think that repetition tends in some degree to deaden piety. This is a strain of thought far above such divines as we are dealing with, who would reform the Liturgy by the *stop-watch* ; and who look with undistinguishing eyes on the mere exterior of every question. But the point—though they do not urge it—requires some explanation. We are almost afraid of saying so much, or admitting that any reasonable doubt can be raised on any portion of the service, lest in the next new pamphlet we should find that ‘even the Quarterly Review itself admits that some improvements might be usefully made.’ Now, once for all we say, that though we do not pretend that our Liturgy is infallible or unalterable, we do object to *any alteration* without some great and preponderating reason, and without some prospect of certain advantage : we will not go *to sea* on the chance of discovering an *Utopia*. We may perhaps think that some things would have suited our own taste better if they had been differently arranged originally—but we know not that any one else might agree in our fancies ; and, therefore, we cheerfully sacrifice such private doubts on all trifling and indifferent points ; and prefer to adhere to the WHOLE LITURGY as it stands, rather than incur the danger—the certainty—of general disorder and dissent, if the career of individual criticism be once opened. There are, we know, some good men—and *women*, too—we say *women*, for we are proud to testify that, as the women of England surpass the men in attendance on the divine offices, they do not fall short of them in a conscientious and enlightened appreciation of the critical and spiritual merits of the compositions—there are, we say, some good men and women who have *doubts* (without how-
ever

ever being at all disturbed in point of conscience) whether a less frequent use of the Lord's Prayer and the interjectory versicles might not render them, when they should occur, more solemn and affecting; and reading over these forms in the cold-blooded tranquillity of the study, *we*, too, incline to that opinion. But when we look more deeply into the question, with reference to the human heart and temper rather than to human reasoning—and appeal from the caution of criticism to the ardour of devotion, we see that a different, and on the whole, *perhaps*, a juster view may present itself.

The reformers are ready enough to quote our Saviour's censure of the '*vain repetitions of the heathen*;' and *stopping there*—they would have us understand this as a prohibition of all repetition.

We need not detail the many other passages that explain this precept, and show that it was directed against a *special* abuse. But when our Saviour, some short time after, repeated and ordained, for *general* purposes, that beautiful formula of prayer which is honoured with his name, he was so far from forbidding that earnestness of devotion which exhales itself—not in *vain*—but in anxious and devout *repetition*—that he added a parable, which enforces the *necessity of repetition*.

'Which of you shall have a friend, and shall go unto him at midnight, and say unto him: "Friend, lend me three loaves, for a friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him." And he from within shall say: "Trouble me not: the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed—I cannot rise and give thee." I say unto you, though he will not rise and give him because he is his friend; yet, *because of his importunity*, he will rise and give him as many as he needeth.

'And I say unto you, ask and it shall be given you: seek and ye shall find: *knock* and it shall be opened unto you.'—*Luke xi. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.*

Here is a direct enforcement of the necessity of not merely *repetition*, but *importunity*—'ask'—'seek'—nay, '*knock*, and it shall be opened to *you*.' But our Saviour gave a still more authoritative precept in his own holy example; for when, on the night of his betrayal, he retired to pray, we find HIM *three* several times *repeating the same words*.—*Matth. xxvi. 39—41.* This we suppose is sufficient to prove that *repetition* of prayer is not *prohibited*.

One of the purposes of our Lord's assuming our nature was, we presume, to teach us, by his example, how to bear the ills and pangs of mortality; and he condescended to subject himself to human sufferings, the better to guide us how to act under similar inflictions. The human mind in distress instinctively indulges in repetition—the earliest cries of a child for pardon are repetition—the urgency of manhood for any desired object vents itself
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in repetition—in the extremities of punishment and on the bed of death, the soul exhales itself in petitions and repetitions—for cure, for mercy, or for pardon. It is the common language of human nature, of all ages, of all countries—it was the practice of our Lord himself in his agony—and if a Christian be awakened to a true sense of his transgressions, and if he pours out his soul in a *sincere* prayer for mercy, he will naturally indulge in the *universal form of repetition*—he will ask for the bread of life with ‘*importunity*,’ and he will ‘*knock*’ till the door of mercy be opened to him!* We venture to add one practical observation. Is there any sincere Christian who does not, in his or her private devotion, add one or two daily *repetitions* of the Lord’s Prayer to those that the reformers would make us believe are already insupportably frequent?

The objections next in order relate to the PSALMS, and as to them we find all these critics unanimous, as usual, upon the great principle that ‘*whatever is, is wrong*,’ but contradictory and inconsistent when they come to details. Some would read *fewer*, others *more*—one would have a more copious selection for *special* days; another would have nothing *but* selections for *every* day; and a third would have *no more* selections than at present. But the grand and general objection is critical and doctrinal—that we use a wrong version; to this latter and only important point we shall address our observations.

Our readers are aware that the version of the Psalms in Edward VI.’s and all succeeding *Prayer Books* was made in the preceding reign, and is alleged (somewhat too broadly, we doubt) to have been translated, not *directly* from the Hebrew, but from the Septuagint and the Vulgate. The version in the *Bible* was made in the general translation of the Old Testament, in the reign of James I., from the original tongue, but, though undoubtedly more literal, it has, from its close adherence to the Hebrew idiom, a degree of stiffness and strangeness† which has rendered it less generally acceptable than the freer translation of King Edward’s Psalter. We have shown, in a former Number,‡ the reasons which endeared the Book of Psalms to the early members of the Church, and in England especially that version of it from which, during the days of persecution, they had drunk deep draughts of courage and consolation. The idiom, the style, and the turns of this version of the Psalms are identified with the Eng-

* Non est loquax deprecatio, quamdiu respondit affectui;—non est *battologia* quibus ardor animi, veluti flamma, subinde major emicans, exprimit easdem voces, &c.—*Erasm. Modus Orandi Deum. Op. Om. v. 1112.* Dr. Paley also defends importunity in prayer, on the same natural reasons which have occurred to us.

† There are innumerable authorities to this point.

‡ Quarterly Review, Vol. XXXVIII. p. 24.

lish language: of all the sacred books they are the most frequently quoted, and innumerable expressions derived from them have passed into proverbs, and mingled themselves with our ordinary conversation. As exercises of devotion they have sunk into our hearts—as sublime poetry they have exalted our imaginations—as illustrations of human life they have stored our memories. It is, therefore, not surprising that, for the purposes of a *Liturgy*—for the joint *acclamation* of public worship, the Church should have continued to prefer this free, flowing, and *familiar* version to a drier, though more exact, one. But such considerations are lost upon philologists and verbal critics. Dr. Adam Clarke, a worthy Wesleyan minister, who, though he revered and occasionally used our ritual, could not feel the moral and spiritual attachment which endears the old version to the Church of England, descants on its imperfections like a grammarian: and Mr. Cox and Mr. Riland declare their entire assent to the following judgment of Dr. Clarke:—

‘The Psalms in the Prayer Book are rather a *paraphrase* than a version. There are many words, turns of thought, and varieties of mood, tense, and person in it which do not appear in the others. In the Psalms in our authorized (the Bible) version, the translators conscientiously, where they have added anything, even the smallest particle to fill up the sense, or to accommodate the Hebrew idiom to that of the English, have shown this by putting the expletive word in the *Italic* letter. Thousands of such expletives—many of them utterly unnecessary—are to be found in the Psalms in the Prayer Book, but they have *there* no such distinguishing mark, and are all printed as if they were the words of the Holy Spirit.’—*Clarke ap. Cox*, p. 55.

Dr. Clarke then proceeds to say that the Prayer Book Psalter ‘should be immediately *suppressed*,’ and ‘the very different and *very faithful* authorized version should be substituted’—that ‘it is passing strange that the rulers of the Church should have slumbered so long over subjects of *such magnitude and importance*,’ and that ‘to attempt to vindicate such a translation will neither serve the interests of the Church nor those of Christianity.’—*ib.* In this the whole chorus of reformers, without exception, join their *Amen*—delighted to have anything that looks like learning as an associate in the work of destruction. And Mr. Riland, with a coarse ignorance peculiar to himself, adds, that ‘the apocryphal *defilement* of our Prayer Book, with its confused and *fictitious* version of the Psalms, is too notorious to be further particularized.’—p. 16.

Now we, on the contrary, are disposed to vindicate this translation, not merely on the important *moral* grounds already stated, but on others more in Dr. Clarke’s own way; and when he talks
of

of our rulers 'slumbering over a subject of such magnitude and importance,' we think that we shall be able to show that

'It is not *they* that nod, but he who *dreams*.'

We have already shown, that, even admitting the superior *critical* fidelity of the Bible version, there are reasons which might render it inexpedient to disturb an order of *public devotion* to which the people were attached. In the next place, Dr. Clarke was a great practician of, and all our swarm of reformers are great advocates for, a large use of poetical paraphrases of the psalms. Now, assuredly, the best poetical paraphrase must be infinitely less accurate than the prose Psalter, yet we hear no complaints of such variations from the precise 'words of the Holy Spirit.' The Psalms are to be *said* or *sung*; in all cathedrals and colleges, and in some churches, they are still *sung*; and even where they are *said*, there is, in the loud recitation of the alternate verses by the people, the moral—aye, and not unmusical—effect of a *choral symphony*. Why should it be less proper to join the multitude of voices in a *prose* paraphrase than in a *poetical* one?

But let us work out the whole argument. Why are we to use the *Te Deum*, a human anthem—or the *Benedicite*, a human imitation of the Psalmist—or hymns, mere human compositions—while a paraphrase (even *if* it were only a paraphrase) of the Psalms is a 'defilement'? Why are we to use, as hymns, the exaltation of the Blessed Virgin, called the *Magnificat* (Luke i. 46), or the prophecy with which the Holy Ghost inspired Zacharias, called *Benedictus* (Luke i. 68), with as great *variations from the authorized version* of the New Testament as any that can be objected to the Psalter? Why are we enjoined to use the Lord's Prayer, and to hear the Ten Commandments, with some slight but convenient deviations from the authorized text? Why?—but that for *common* prayer, for public and general devotion, small critical niceties—hebraisms and grecisms—are waived in favour of a more vernacular idiom, a clearer expression, a more familiar style? Why are the Psalms—the least dogmatical and most popular portion of our service—to be *alone* subjected to the strictness of word-catchers—as if a parish church were a school of ancient literature or controversial theology?

But we are prepared to go a step further, and to ask, *is the Liturgical version so faithless, and the Bible version so transcendently exact, as to require a change?* Why are we not shown in what point, moral, doctrinal, or historical, the old version *misrepresents* the original text? Variations there are in abundance, in 'words, terms, moods, tenses, and persons,' as Dr. Clarke, with such *Priscianism*, asserts; but where is any *essential meaning* perverted? and, in the cases of trivial difference, are we sure that the Bible version is always in the right? In short, is it not certain that

that *that* version is liable to exactly the same sort of objections, as to literal fidelity, which are stated against the Psalter? So much is it so, that two eminent Hebrew scholars, divines of the Church of England, have lately thought it necessary to produce a still nearer and more literal version of the book of Psalms*. These translators, though they profess to adhere as closely as possible to the Bible version, found themselves obliged to differ from it both in style and substance, infinitely more than the Prayer Book Psalter does from the Bible. Let us exhibit one or two examples; which we will take (to avoid all suspicion of unfair selection) from the two *first* passages, in the two *first* psalms, in which there is any variation.

<i>Psalter.</i>	<i>Bible.</i>	<i>Cambridge Version.</i>
Ps. i. 3.—And he shall be like a tree planted by the <i>water side</i> , that will bring forth his fruit in <i>due</i> season.	And he shall be like a tree planted by the <i>rivers of water</i> , that bringeth forth its fruit in its season.	He is like a tree planted near <i>streams of water</i> , which yieldeth its fruit in <i>due</i> season.
Ps. ii. 9.—Thou shalt <i>bruise</i> them with a rod of iron: and <i>break</i> them in pieces like a potter's vessel.	Thou shalt <i>break</i> them with a rod of iron—thou shalt <i>dash</i> them in pieces like a potter's vessel.	Thou shalt <i>crush</i> them with a rod of <i>iron</i> —like a potter's vessel shalt thou <i>break</i> them in pieces.
In the <i>only</i> psalm which Mr. Riland retains in <i>his</i> liturgy, he discards the old and substitutes the new version.		
Ps. lvii. 1.—God be merciful to us and bless us, and <i>show us the light of his countenance.</i>	God be merciful to us and bless us, and <i>cause his face to shine upon us.</i>	May God be gracious to us and bless us! <i>May he show us the light of his countenance!</i>

The meaning is the same in all—the expressions of the first version have been generally imitated in the two others—and in the niceties where there is a difference, the Psalter is nearer than the Bible to the *new literal* version!

Again,—we find that Dr. Johnson once observed on the difference between the Psalter translation and the Latin Vulgate in the first verse of the 36th Psalm—of which we have also a translation by Bishop Lowth:—let us examine a point which has excited the attention of such eminent men.

Vulgate.—Dixit injustus ut delinquat in semetipso: non est timor Dei ante oculos ejus.

* A New Translation of the Book of Psalms, from the original Hebrew, with explanatory Notes, by William French, D.D., Master of Jesus College, and George Skinner, A.M., Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College. Cambridge and London. Murray, Albemarle Street. 1830.

Septuagint.—Θησιν ὁ παράνομος τοῦ ἀμαρτάνειν ἐν ἑαυτῷ, οὐκ ἔστι φόβος Θεοῦ ἀπέναντι τῶν οφθαλμῶν αὐτοῦ.

Psalter.—My heart sheweth me the wickedness of the ungodly : that there is no fear of God before his eyes.

Bible.—The transgression of the wicked saith within my heart, that there is no fear of God before his eyes.

Bishop Lowth.—The wicked man, according to the wickedness of his heart, saith, There is no fear of God before mine eyes.

Cambridge Version.—The subject of my thoughts is the dictate of sin to the wicked ; before whose eyes there is no fear of God.

Now, of these six versions, who can doubt that the Psalter is the best ; more exact than the Vulgate, Septuagint, or Lowth's, and more intelligible than the two more literal translations* ?

And, finally, let us notice the most remarkable and most honoured passage in the whole Psalter—the beautiful ejaculation from the 31st Psalm, with which our Saviour resigned his human existence, ‘ Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.’—(Luke xxiii. 46.) We admit that in such a passage, so sanctioned—so *sanctified*—any variation, however slight, would be matter of regret ; the *ipsissima verba* are here desirable, if it were only to designate that they were a *quotation*. Unhappily, however, for Dr. Clarke and his learned followers, the Psalter version here agrees, to an iota, with the authorized translation of the New Testament ; while the Bible version differs considerably : ‘ Into *thine hand* I *commit* my spirit.’† It is very remarkable, and we think quite decisive of the present question, that the authorized translators should, in this awful passage, have *preferred* the old version of the Psalter even to *their own*!—and with good reason ; ‘ *commend*’ is, no doubt, a fitter expression than ‘ *commit*,’ because it involves a *devotional* idea, which the latter does not.

Such, and of ‘ such *magnitude* and *importance*,’ are the errors for which the reformers would no longer suffer the *fictitious* Psalter to *defile* our Liturgy. Let us not, on the other hand, be understood as depreciating the Bible version. Nothing could be more right and proper than the making, in the reign of James I., that wonderful translation of the Bible—wonderful both for purity of language and accuracy of interpretation ; in it the Psalms were necessarily included ; and it is a great satisfaction and advantage to have, for reference or study, as close a version as possible. But we are not, on that account, convinced that the old version

* The Bible and the Cambridge versions of this passage—and particularly the latter—seem to show that, in a *verbum verbo* translation, the meaning sometimes evaporates.

† The Septuagint and the original Gospel are identical.—Εἰς χεῖράς σου παρατίθωμαι το πνεῦμα μου.

—which is, in the slight degree that it differs from the other, freer and more poetical—ought to be prohibited from *common* use.

But even a recurrence to the Bible version, though the reformers use it, for the moment, as a machine to demolish the Liturgical Psalter, would not satisfy their scruples. Many of them press for a new translation of the whole Bible itself—so that, though they urge us to dismiss our version *immediately*, they are as yet provided with no other to put in its stead.

Besides these general contradictions, there are not wanting, under this head, the usual instances of individual inconsistency.

Mr. Cox applauds vehemently, and affects (very untruly) to have imitated—and Mr. Riland quotes with approbation—the *American* Episcopal ritual; but they conceal the very important fact, that the compilers of the American ritual—with no antecedent obligations one way or the other—with an unfettered option to select what might seem best, and well aware of the controversies on the subject of the two versions—*have* continued our Prayer Book Psalter, and *not* the Bible translation!

Again, Mr. Riland and Mr. Cox adopt Dr. Clarke's objection, that the Psalter has not marked the expletive words in *italics*, and therefore fraudulently passes mere human additions as 'the words of the Holy Spirit.' But Dr. Clarke forgot, and they, poor men, have not discovered, that the system of *italics* was not in use till the translation in James I.'s time; and that if it be true, as they allege, that the Psalter was translated, not from the original, but from the *Greek* or *Latin*, it was physically impossible to distinguish what should be considered as *expletives* in reference to the *Hebrew*; and, moreover, that as the Psalms in the Liturgy are for *vivâ voce* use, the variety of type could be of no value. But then follow two instances of inconsistency, which, even after all they have seen, will, we think, surprise our readers: Mr. Cox, when he chooses to introduce a passage from the Psalms into his own new-fangled Liturgy, takes it from the 'apocryphal and fictitious version' of the Prayer Book! and both he and Mr. Riland, in the very pages in which they (after Dr. Clarke) stigmatise the omission of the *italics* from the Psalter, do themselves omit these *italics*, not only from the passages in the Psalms which they happen to introduce, but from the other portions of the Scriptures also, and especially—where it might be of some importance—in the Decalogue! We do not blame them for imitating in this respect our Liturgy, but it is rather too bad to find them arraiging our Prayer Book for what they have adopted in their own.

And now—are we not entitled to ask whether there is any sufficient reason for—whether, on the contrary, there is not every reason against—the abrogation of the present Psalter?

We

We next arrive at what, before we read all this discordant trash, we understood to be the chief stumbling-block of all Church reformers,—the canticle *Quicumque vult*, commonly called the ATHANASIAN CREED. As the main profession of all these plans is the hope of reconciling seceders, and as the Athanasian Creed has been for two hundred years the chief alleged cause of secession—as complaints of it and propositions for its expulsion have been the oldest and most general form of Liturgical criticism—we expected that we should here find our reformers unanimous, and that we should have to fight this point at least *on the merits*. We find, with equal pleasure and surprise, that we were mistaken. The reformers agree no more on the Athanasian Creed than on anything else.

Mr. Archdeacon Berens would be satisfied with the omission of *two* clauses: this is one of his *trifles*.

Mr. Prebendary Wodehouse stickles for the removal of *four*.

Mr. Riland would omit the canticle altogether.

Mr. Uvedale Price would not touch a hair of its head.

Mr. Hall, with becoming laconism and indifference, says, ‘Omit it, *or* the damnable clauses,’—just as we please.

Mr. Stoddart is not quite clear whether it would be better to keep it in the Liturgy, *or* remove it to the articles, *or* omit the clauses, *or* retain them with a cautionary rubrick, *or*—we know not what—nor he neither.

Mr. Cox’s ingenuity finds, after this variety of opinion, a mode of differing from all the rest,—he is *against* ‘expunging or softening down’ particular *clauses*, and proposes to preserve it ‘*whole in the prayer-books, as a most venerable and authentic document, well deserving the attention of Christians in every age*’—but, *then*, he desires that it may never be read!

This, we think, exceeds all former specimens of unanimity. Until the adversaries of the Athanasian Creed shall be better agreed on their line and object of attack, it is unnecessary—and after the arguments of Wheatley, Waterland, and all our greatest divines—it would be presumptuous in *us* to offer anything like a detailed defence of this creed; it may safely stand on the concurrence of the Church of England ever since it has been a church, and on the assent of the Christian world for now *fourteen hundred years*! But lest the reformers should say that we have *blinked* any of their questions, we shall venture to make a few observations on this important subject. The objections we cannot do better than state in Archdeacon Berens’s own words:—

‘The *harsh* complexion of the two (damnable) clauses has acted with a repulsive force, unfavourable to the acceptance of the doctrines they were intended to guard—I am satisfied that they are seldom pronounced in the public services without a secret *revulsion* in both
minister

minister and people; that they are a burden on the consciences of many young men. *And why should these harsh-sounding clauses not be expunged?*—p. 130.

To this we offer, as our first reply, the following passage from Mr. Berens's own '*Lectures on the Liturgy*.' [After explaining the clauses (not *here* called *damnatory*), the lecturer adds—

'I would now ask any unprejudiced person, if there is *anything* in this Creed—fairly and rightly interpreted—that is *severe, unchristian, or uncharitable*—or that we should *scruple* to assent to and repeat?'—p. 200.

and so on for two pages. But we will not rest the question on the *automachy* of Mr. Berens. Let us look a little beyond his scope. Nothing is more plausible than to say—'these are *damnatory* clauses—it is contrary to Christian charity to imagine the condemnation of one's neighbour for a speculative error.' Certainly;—that any *individual* should so condemn any other individual, would be harsh indeed; but that the *Church* should *warn* unbelievers (not individually, but as a general class) of the danger in which they stand, is not only duty but charity. Who imagines that we condemn our neighbours to death, when we say—'if you attempt to wade this water, you will be drowned'—'if you swallow that poison, you will die?' The first and most essential duty of a CHURCH, is to preserve its members in the *one true faith*, by displaying the *promises*, and by urging the *menaces* by which our Lord, in his Holy Gospel, has been pleased to enforce his commands. And, therefore, it would be more consistent with the meaning and intention, and even with the expressions of the Creed, to call these clauses *minatory*, rather than *damnatory*—for the *terms* are *less* *damnatory* than those of the passages of Scripture on which they are founded. What says the *book* by which alone these clauses and all other offices must stand or fall—the book of *life* to the faithful, the book of *death* to the unbeliever?—

'But the *unbelieving* and the abominable, and the murderers, &c., shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is second *death*!'—Rev. xxi. 8.

'The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven taking *vengeance* on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with *everlasting destruction* from the presence of the Lord.'—2 Thess. i. 7, &c.

And again,—

'They *all* shall be DAMNED *who believe not the truth*.'—2 Thess. ii. 12. And, finally, (not to multiply quotations,) we shall conclude with our Lord's *own* words, after his resurrection, and when He instituted the apostolic mission on which the Church is founded, and whose responsibility it inherits—

'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel unto every creature.

He

He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved ; *but he that believeth not shall be DAMNED.*'—Mark xvi. 16.

These are very awful '*damnatory clauses*,' and we see that our Saviour does not merely assert them as *abstract doctrine*, but especially commands the Church to repeat them to all creatures ; and this—*our Saviour's parting precept*—the Church fulfils in the Athanasian Creed. And how those ministers who scruple to read its clauses, merely because they are *damnatory*, can reconcile themselves to the still more forcible denunciations of Scripture, on which they are founded, we really have no conception.

We have another observation to make, which we think of some moment. The reformers, for their own purposes, always class this *canticle* with the *Creeds* ; now, the Church uses it on some occasions in the place of one of the creeds, but does not give it that title. The Rubrick calls the Apostles' and Nicene *Creeds* by that precise name ; but this of St. Athanasius it marks, as it does other *canticles*, by its Latin designation of '*Quicumque vult*,' and it terms it 'a confession of faith *commonly called* St. Athanasius's Creed.' This distinction, though nice, is not unimportant, and throws additional light on the real meaning of the Athanasian symbol. In the *Creeds*, properly so called, each Christian speaks for *himself*, in his own individual person, 'I believe ;' and enounces nothing but his own private faith. But in the Athanasian '*confession of faith*' the individual does not speak of or from himself, but recites the judgment of the Church relative to unbelievers in general, expressed in the *third* person—'This is the Catholic faith, that *whoever* will be saved, *he* must hold, &c.' This is not a *creed*, but a commentary—an explanatory illustration—an argumentative *precept* ; and has nothing of that arrogant and uncharitable tone which it would have, if uttered in the first person as the result of individual opinion, or the menace of individual authority.

In the same sort, the *Communion* invokes God's vengeance against sinners in language quite as severe ; and the share of the congregation in this awful denunciation is more direct, frequent, and formal, than in the Athanasian Creed. Yet no reformer that we have met with (except one*) rejects this really *damnatory* service. And why ? The answer affords a clue to the whole labyrinth of their inconsistency. The Communion, though it curses (besides specific offenders) 'those who do err and go astray from the commandments of God,' does not expressly mention the doctrine of the TRINITY—to inculcate which the Athanasian com-

* It is another specimen of the uncertain views taken by these writers, that Mr. Price, who is the only one who would *wholly* omit the *damnatory* portion of the Communion, is also the only one who would retain *the whole* of the Athanasian Creed.

mentary is mainly directed—*hinc lachrymæ—inde iræ*. Hence the hostility to the Athanasian Creed! And to the same Unitarian principle of impugning the *divinity of our Saviour*, may be traced most of the minor alterations by which the reformers would conciliate the sectaries.

But—‘as if increase of appetite did grow by what it feeds on’—the mutilation, or even the expulsion, of the Athanasian Creed would not satisfy the reformers. We were astonished (before we had considered the pervading motive) to find that they object to *all our Creeds!*

Mr. Riland abolishes both the Nicene and the Apostles’ Creed;

Mr. Cox would not read either of them;

Mr. Hall, in his off-handed way, throws the Nicene Creed after the Athanasian, but adheres to that of the Apostles;

While Mr. Uvedale Price—as if it were providentially determined that no two of them should agree in anything—retains the Nicene and Athanasian, and rejects the Apostles’! Is not this Babel, where the Lord says, ‘Go to—let us go down and confound their language, that they may not understand one another’s speech.’

There is one portion of our Liturgy so peculiarly admirable—so comprehensive in its scope—so appropriate in its details—so exalted in its doctrine—so clear in its arrangement—so inspiring to the soul by the fervour of its piety—so grateful to the voice and the ear by the sweetness of its harmonious cadences—that we consider it as the brightest gem of our Liturgy, and as (up to these sad days) of acknowledged perfection. Our readers anticipate that we mean the LITANY, but they cannot anticipate how these strange workmen would hack and hew this beautiful form.

We complain not (except as it is *change* without adequate reason) of the proposition for melting into the Litany the ‘Prayer for the Parliament;’ but we are astonished that Mr. Cox, who professes to think that ‘the *Trinity* is the *substance of the Protestant faith*,’ should propose to alter the special address to the TRINITY in the fourth versicle of the Litany, into

‘Holy, blessed, and glorious *Jehovah*.’

We know that *Jehovah* is the *Trinity*—we know too that *God* is the *Trinity*—but if the one general comprehensive term were enough, why does Mr. Cox, after the three addresses to *God*, think it necessary to add a fourth to *Jehovah*?—and why merge in the indistinctness of the Hebrew *Jehovah*, the definite English expression *Trinity*? Is it not clear—if the fourth address is to have any meaning—either as expression of faith or even as a completion of the train of reasoning—that the *distinct* mention of the
mystery

mystery of the TRINITY is here not merely proper but necessary? If Mr. Cox's amendment *includes* the doctrine of the *Trinity*, then it is idle; if it means to *exclude* it, then it is fraudulent: and either way it is indefensible!

Mr. Cox next proposes to omit from the enumeration of our Saviour's progressive condescensions and sufferings for our sake, his '*holy nativity and circumcision*,' and '*his precious death and burial*!'—Our readers are amazed, but so it is.—To omit his '*precious DEATH*!'—*His* peculiar sacrifice—*Our* great exemplar—the one atonement—the price of salvation!—*that*, of all things, is to be *omitted*! Does this learned divine imagine, that, by '*agony*,' which only means *trial*, or by '*passion*,' which only means *suffering*, Christ's *death* may be *inferred*—by an *innuendo*? Could we for a moment suppose the framers of the Litany to have been so blind or careless, as to have omitted the distinct commemoration of the *death and burial* of our Saviour, and yet to have gone on to celebrate his '*glorious resurrection and ascension*,'—such critics as Mr. Cox would have complained (and justly) that it was idle and illogical to talk of the *ascension* of him whose *burial* had not been announced—of a resurrection where no *death* had been recorded.

Mr. Riland follows, and gives us a fair specimen of what will happen if we once open the flood-gates of innovation. He had, when he wrote, Mr. Cox's work before him—he quotes it—approves it, imitates it—yet differs from it more widely than Mr. Cox does from the Church. Mr. Riland *rejects* all Mr. Cox's essential alterations in the Litany—he retains the address to the *Trinity*—and the grateful mention of our Lord's *nativity, death, and burial*. Those who know anything of ecclesiastical history, those who have studied the human mind, will see, even in this difference, the seeds of dissent, dissatisfaction, and schism, far greater than anything that can be alleged against the present state of the Church of England.

But though Mr. Riland cannot concur in Mr. Cox's amendments, he has several notable ones of his own. Mr. Riland will not join Mr. Cox in praying for the continuance of the '*Sovereign in righteousness and holiness of life*'—nor does he concur with another important clause in which Mr. Cox prays for the illumination of

'*Our bishops and clergy, and all other ministers of the UNIVERSAL Church,*'

believing probably that *our bishops* are part of the clergy, and that the distinction is at best idle. He may also be averse to imploring the divine grace on the preaching of the Jesuits and other ministers of *that* which calls itself, κατ' ἐξοχην, the Universal

Church. 'What!' Mr. Cox may say, 'will you not pray that God may be pleased to illumine the Roman Catholic clergy?' 'Yes,' Mr. Riland might rejoin, 'but not in the *same words and in the same sense* in which we implore him to assist and forward the efforts of Protestant ministers.' Thence another schism; and the *Coxites* and *Rilandists* will rival the Brownists and the Muggletonians! It is unnecessary, after such examples, to waste time on the minor differences of the Coxites and Rilandists on the subject of the Litany!

Next we arrive at some verbal criticism: for not content with turning all the doctrines of the Liturgy inside out, and all its forms upside down, these worthy gentlemen think it necessary to display their literary taste in correcting its style. The emendations of such a work, by such hands, would amuse, if they did not edify our readers. The elegance of Mr. Riland—the precision of Mr. Hall—the judgment of Mr. Cox, are no doubt needful to correct and polish the work of the authors of the Liturgy. Some words, it seems, convey a dubious meaning—others are *harsh* and *vulgar*—some want the polish which such delicate tastes desire—and others have, in the opinion of these exquisite judges, become obsolete. On a less solemn occasion, we should have been glad to enliven our article with specimens of the ridiculous absurdity of such emendations: but we will now only seriously observe upon the endless inconvenience and mischief of opening a career of verbal criticism on the text of the Liturgy. See how the two greatest critics that our country has produced—Bentley and Warburton—have, with due professions of reverence and affection, mangled and disfigured the two greatest of uninspired writers—Milton and Shakspeare. What would it be if not only the 'slashing Bentleys' but the 'piddling Tibbalds' were to have plenary power of emendation over the Liturgy?

But there is one verbal alteration which we must notice, as involving a principle—we mean the second *trifling* objection made by Archdeacon Berens, and we believe, by all the rest, to designating the king as '*religious*.' In addition to Mr. Berens's own defence of the term in his *Lectures* (p. 172), we beg leave to throw out two or three suggestions. The king is, it is true, but a man, and as a man, liable to the misfortune of not being duly sensible of religious obligations, but be it remembered, that he is also (as some even of these reformers expressly call him) the supreme head of the English Church on earth—how, then, can that Church consider him in any other light than as *religious*? When James II. rendered it impossible any longer to apply to him the term *religious*, in its legal sense, he was also deprived of the title of king. And again; it will be
admitted

admitted that it is in the highest degree desirable—if possible, necessary—that the king *should* be religious. Looking at the motives which are most operative on the human heart, can we imagine any other human consideration so likely to *make* a king religious, as that his people assembled in the House of God should, in the fervour of their loyalty and devotion, invest him with that character, and *load* him, if we may use the expression, with that responsibility? And, finally—and *ad homines* most conclusively—all the reformers agree, in their improved Liturgies, in calling the king ‘the *servant* of God;’ and the majority of them implore God ‘to *keep* and *strengthen* in *righteousness* and *holiness* of life his *servant*, &c.’ Surely, one who *is* the *servant* of God, and for whose *continuance* in a life of *holiness* we pray, may not improperly be called *religious*?

But after all, the omission of the term *religious* would not satisfy the objectors—the word ‘*gracious*’ must also be erased. Except as a change, and a change disrespectful to the head of the Church, we do not think this criticism worthy of a moment’s thought, *pro* or *contra*; but we cannot but smile at the consistency with which the critics support their amendment—

‘Independently,’ says Mr. Cox, ‘of the objectionable phrase “most religious and gracious king,” the epithet *gracious* is applied, in the same sentence, to the King of Heaven and to our earthly sovereign. This blemish is evidently an inadvertency, and cannot too soon be expunged.’—Cox, p. 81.

Mr. Cox himself having, in this short instance, *aggravated the alleged blemish*, by applying the word ‘*king*,’ both to the earthly monarch and to the Heavenly Ruler. And, as all the reformers employ the terms *lord*, *king*, *sovereign*, and *majesty* indiscriminately to the *Prince* and to the *Creator*, we cannot conceive why they should be so very nice about the humbler epithet of ‘*gracious*.’

In the COMMUNION SERVICE there are two or three serious alterations proposed, which, although these critics would pass them off as mere matter of *form*, are, in our minds, of much deeper importance.

In the first place, Mr. Cox and Mr. Riland seem to agree that the little they retain of that service on days when the Lord’s Supper is not actually administered, should be all performed at the *reading-desk*, and not at the *altar*.

Mr. Cox’s Liturgy omits the Lord’s Prayer, the Nicene Creed and the Epistle and Gospel.

Mr. Riland retains the Epistle and Gospel.

Mr. Price, under the authority of that Christian prelate Archbishop Whately, *rejects altogether the Ten Commandments*.

Mr. Hall

Mr. Hall would not omit either the Commandments or the Epistle and Gospel.

The 'Clergyman' again differs from them all, and would retain, as it seems, the whole service, but would have it used only on alternate Sundays.

These propositions are, it is obvious, irreconcilable; but we shall not be satisfied with thus exhibiting their inconsistency—we shall prove that they are not only inexpedient, but mischievous. First, if it were expedient to omit the Lord's Prayer anywhere, it certainly is not *here* that it should be suppressed. We have already stated that our service, as it proceeds and as men's minds are gradually warmed, *rises* in solemnity; and the offices of the altar are of a higher tone than those performed at the reading-desk. The very change of the minister's place from the desk to the altar is itself a solemnity. And if, for the purpose of rendering it more remarkable—of giving it greater effect—the Lord's Prayer were to be used but *once* in the whole service, it would assuredly increase that solemn effect to have it pronounced from the altar. These forms may be indifferent to our *reason*, but they are not indifferent to our *feelings*. It is the nature of man to be much affected by, and to set a serious value on, such distinctions. We all know in worldly affairs—political and social—with what zeal and anxiety such apparent trifles have been debated by individuals and corporations—by cabinets and parliaments. For analogous reasons we think, if the Lord's Prayer were to be used but *once*, it should, as being the *very words of God himself*, be pronounced from the altar. It is for the same reason that the only other *words of God himself* which our service contains are also promulgated from the highest and most authoritative place! Is it not natural and appropriate, that from the *Lord's Table* we should hear the *Lord's Commandments* and the *Lord's Prayer*?

As to Mr. Price's proposition for omitting the Commandments altogether—which are really the rule, not merely of religious, but of moral and social conduct also—we dismiss it without further notice, we had almost said—*pace Ricardi Dubliniensis*—with contempt.

For the reason above given, the Epistle and Gospel are also most properly read from the altar:—the *Lessons* of the day are read from the *desk*, as it were, *historically*; they provide for the instruction of the people in the whole bible—its facts as well as its precepts;—but the Epistles and Gospels are lessons of a higher order, and are selected, not for general or historical *information*, but with a view to *instruction* more directly doctrinal and spiritual; they inculcate and explain the higher mysteries of faith, and open the deeper

deeper fountains of grace; and are, therefore, most judiciously invested with a more impressive ceremonial.

But there is still a further reason for maintaining the altar service. These propositions for curtailing or abolishing it are, we are persuaded, only the symptoms of the revival of the old puritanical objections to the *altar*, and the preliminary steps of a *system* for stripping off the peculiar reverence with which the Church has invested the whole administration of the LORD'S SUPPER! This is evident from the ulterior propositions.

We pass over some of what Mr. Cox calls *slight abridgments* in the introductory *Exhortations*, but which seem to us to impair essentially the solemnity of the Communion service—to notice with strong disapprobation some still more offensive alterations in the actual administration of the Sacrament.

The two beautiful and awful forms in which the elements are presented to the communicant, are to be (as we think, profanely) mutilated—for Mr. Riland would authorize the minister to substitute the following sentences—

‘Take, eat; this is Christ’s body, which was broken for you; do this in remembrance of him.’

‘This cup is *his* blood of the New Testament shed for you, for the remission of sins; this do ye in remembrance of him.’

It may, we are aware, be said that these are the words of our Saviour himself, in distributing the elements to the Apostles: but they are *not*. If we are to deviate from a form ‘hallowed to the feelings, and interwoven with the habits of the nation,’ for the sake of *exactness*, let us be *exact*; if we are to be *literal*, let us be *literal*. Now Mr. Riland’s forms are *not* the *literal* expressions of any one of the Evangelists, nor are they even an *exact* selection from their several gospels. And if the introduction of the exact words used by our Lord in the original institution be necessary, as no doubt it is, Mr. Riland is well aware that the previous Consecration does contain the *exact* words of our Lord, selected and combined with the nicest and happiest care from all the Evangelists:* and when Mr. Riland, after adopting this most accurate statement, affects to give in the next breath the *ipsissima verba*, and does *not* do so, he only excites doubts and disturbs consciences, for no purpose but idle and mischievous alteration. We think that neither Archdeacon Berens, nor Mr. Hall, nor Mr. Stoddart, nor Mr. Price would consent to receive the Holy Sacrament in the formula of Mr. Riland; and here again we should, no doubt, have a new and serious *schism* in this *reformed* Church!

* Any one who desires to see a most beautiful example of the combination of several statements into one narrative, preserving *every word* of each, may compare and collate this part of the service with the Gospels.

But in the next proposition, though it is even more irreverent than the last, there is more apparent agreement amongst the innovators. We know not how others may feel, but to us, one of the most impressive and comfortable characteristics of the Holy Communion is its *individuality*. It is no longer *common* prayer—it is no longer *congregational* devotion; every man and woman feels that this matter is their own peculiar and vital, or, if ill received, deadly, concern. The elements are blessed for all in common; but they are delivered to *each* for his private comfort—for his own individual salvation; in that matter there can be no *partnership*; and the reverence with which the elements are committed to each several hand, and the exhortation is whispered into each particular ear, are calculated to increase the feeling of awful responsibility in every heart.

But this individual distribution is *tedious*, forsooth. In one case it has occupied, 'in a populous parish, three-quarters of an hour'—aye, full forty-five minutes—and it is therefore expedient to save time and trouble by a Calvinistical *clubbing* of the communicants. Our readers will scarcely believe that such a proposition could be made by one professing to belong to the Church of England; we, therefore, extract the words of Mr. Riland's rubric:—

'Then shall the minister deliver the bread and wine to as many as can conveniently kneel, *sit**, or *stand* before the Communion Table *in companies*, using the words of delivery *once only* to each company: less reverently, in fact, than they swear a common jury at Clerkenwell; and pretty much in the fashion of a city dinner, where the guests are arranged *in companies*, and my Lord Mayor's chaplain says one grace for all Guildhall! Is not this amazing?—But the other reformers, as usual, concur in the principle, but are quite at variance as to the details. Mr. Cox suggests a mode by which the business would be cut still shorter; namely—

'the appointment of *suitable* persons to deliver the elements after the words had been audibly read by the minister.'—p. 90.

Mr. Hall, vague and vacillating as ever, says, 'the minister shall deliver the communion' (for a critic, the expression is not very exact) 'to one person or *more*, at his discretion' (p. 8); while Mr. Price would restrict it to *two* at a time; and for accomplishing this, he has a device which on any other subject would be laughable:—

'I think,' he says, 'no possible objection could be urged against a rubric authorizing the priest, holding a cup *in each hand*, to adminis-

* It is curious that those punctilious *sitters*, who reject kneeling as *popish*, are the real imitators of popery—*Romanus Pontifex ad sedem communicat*.—*Durand. Rat.* l. 4, c. 54, s. 5.

ter the holy sacrament to two communicants at once, addressing them, of course, in the plural number.—p. 27.

This is mighty well for the two *cups*!—but the bread is also to be delivered; and when the minister had a paten of bread in each hand, he would need *two hands more* to deliver that element. Why, to be sure, that is a difficulty! But Mr. Price, with great ingenuity, *adds a note* at the foot of the page, which sets all right:—

‘ With regard to the delivery of the consecrated *bread* to two communicants *at once*, the best mode, I think, would be for the priest to deliver the bread to *one* communicant at the words “ Take and eat this; ” and to the *other*, at the words “ and feed on him in thy heart. ” ’

The absurdity of these schemes is so great, that our observations, if we were to enter into details, would have an air of levity which—though the fault would not be ours—we are anxious to avoid; and we shall, therefore, only say, that these worthy gentlemen need not take such extraordinary precautions on *this* point, for if their earlier propositions be adopted, we think we can engage that their altars will not be surrounded by an inconvenient number of communicants.

But, after all, what is the amount of the inconvenience? The extreme delay alleged is three-quarters of an hour; but suppose it were twice as much; when does it occur?—only in very populous parishes, and not more, *we fear*, than two or three times in the year! and on an occasion so rare and so solemn, where a pause for self-examination and devout contemplation is essentially necessary, nay, where it is absolutely enjoined, we cannot think that three-quarters of an hour, nay, double the period, so spent—and for which the communicants come prepared—is such an enormous sacrifice of our precious time.

We learn from these pamphlets that this division of the communicants into *gangs* or *platoons*, who are to perform their exercises by one word of command, is already practised in several populous parishes. We are sorry to hear it. We never saw it—if we had, we should certainly have never joined such *companies* again. And on what ground can such a violation—not of the rubrick alone, but (as we think) of reason and decency—be justified? Could not the minister exhort his congregation to come on different days—for instance, on Good Friday and Easter Day—on Trinity and the following Sunday—on Christmas Day and some neighbouring feast. By a little care of this sort, the duty on any given day might easily be alleviated. But suppose a strong desire is shown to communicate on Easter Sunday or Christmas Day, or any other marked occasion—could there not be

be two communions on these days (as there now are in many places)? Besides, the numbers are only inconvenient in great parishes—the parsons of great parishes are, or ought to be, adequately assisted by curates—great parishes, moreover, are generally rich benefices, and the incumbent, if he and his ordinary curates do not suffice to the work, ought to provide further assistance. If every minister will do his duty, in his own person and by such additional assistance as may be easily procured, there would be rarely even a pretence for the very revolting changes which the reformers propose.

But let us not blind ourselves to the real motive. It is not *form*, it is *doctrine* that is struck at—convenience is the pretence, latitudinarianism is the object. The *Lord's Supper*, the peculiar symbol of Christianity, is to be secularized into a kind of social meeting, at which the guests may *kneel, sit, or stand*, as they please—or *walk* about—or, peradventure, *lie* along the benches*; while *suitable* persons (the clerk and sexton, for example) might circulate the bread and wine through the assembly, as Mr. Rilaud proposes—or where, as Mr. Cox suggests, the guests might help themselves.—p. 92. Of any decent form or posture, adopted from conscientious motives, and reverently practised by the whole congregation, (as, for example, *sitting* is in the Church of Scotland,) we do not mean to speak disrespectfully; though we infinitely prefer—for the reasons given in the Anglican rubrick—the practice of *kneeling* and *individual* reception. But if a discretionary variety and conflict of modes and attitudes were to be permitted—what scenes—if indeed such practices did not extinguish the sacrament altogether—what scenes might not our churches present? What bustle, what scrambling, what indecencies, what disorders! Alas, alas! that such devices should even be suggested! But it is a blessing that they are so early and so boldly avowed!

As to the OCCASIONAL SERVICES—though they, like the rest of the book, are the object of innumerable verbal cavils, there are but two points which have even the shadow of importance. One is an objection to the form of absolution in the *Visitation of the Sick*;—the other to two expressions in the *Burial Service*. In the former the minister thus addresses the dying penitent:—
‘Our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath left power to his Church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in him, of his great mercy, forgive thee thy sins, and by his authority committed to me I

* An anonymous reformer, of the old and consistent school, seems to have doubted whether the Lord's Supper should not be eaten, like the Passover, *staff in hand and girt up* as for a march; though, on the whole, he inclined to think the *recumbent posture* was that used by our Saviour and his disciples;—and if we once begin to change, we shall, no doubt, soon have another crazy Henley propounding his wild notions of the ‘*Primitive Eucharist*.’

absolve thee from all thy sins, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!’

‘This,’ says Mr. Cox, ‘has been reprobated as an unjustifiable and arrogant elevation of the authority of the priesthood, and the word *absolution* (which has a grating sound to the ears of many protestants) should be expunged from all the services.’—p. 36. And Mr. Cox’s Liturgy accordingly omits, from the absolution in the Morning Service, these words—

‘Who hath given power and commandment to his minister to declare and pronounce to his people, being penitent, the absolution and remission of their sins.’

Here Mr. Cox is, for once, consistent—but as far as we can discover, he stands alone. Yet by what logic can those who affirm in the daily service ‘the power and commandment given to ministers to declare and pronounce absolution,’ object in the *Visitation Service* to the minister’s doing what it is acknowledged he is by God not only empowered but commanded to do? But why, they say, should the minister in the latter case give absolution in such *special and direct terms*, while in the former the expression is studiously general? The answer does not seem to have occurred to any of these critics, yet it is obvious enough. The *general* form is prescribed for the *public* service after a *general* confession. In the *Visitation of the Sick* the *special* absolution is to be given after a *special* confession—the *principle* is the same, but the *form* is judiciously varied to suit the varied circumstances. Let us picture the case. See the poor agonized creature on the verge of death,—he has unbosomed himself by a special confession of his sins—he is gasping for the words of comfort which may tend to quiet his mental sufferings, and even to alleviate (by tranquillizing his mind) his bodily pain; and then imagine that—instead of those words of special comfort which his special penitence has earned and which his personal peril requires—imagine that he is to be put off with the same general formulary which is pronounced every Sunday from the reading-desk to the whole parish: could we approve such a cold generality, so likely in a sensitive mind—and at that moment all minds are sensitive—to produce mental despair and to aggravate bodily danger? But no! our Church, in the true tenderness of Christianity, endeavours to tranquillize and support the sufferer by that direct and personal consolation for which his soul is thirsting! Hear what Jeremy Taylor—assuredly no favourer of popery—says. After citing the various passages* of Holy Writ which sanction the forgiveness of sins, he adds,—

* Particularly that unanswerable one from St. James, (v. 14, &c.)—*Let the elders of the Church pray over the sick man, and if he has committed sins they shall be forgiven him.* See also St. John xx. 23.

‘As to confess sins to any Christian in private may have many good ends, and to confess them to a clergyman may have many more; so to hear God’s sentence at the mouth of his minister—*pardon pronounced by God’s ambassador*—is of huge comfort to them that cannot otherwise be comforted, and *whose infirmity needs it*; and, therefore, it were very fit it were not neglected in the days of our fears and dangers—of our infirmities and sorrow.’—*Holy Dying*, c. v. § iv.

But there is a most remarkable ingredient in this case which all these reformers have kept out of sight, namely, that the rubrick provides that after the sick person shall have unburdened his conscience, expressed his repentance, made worldly amends for any wrong he may have done, and declared himself to be ‘in charity with all the world,’ then, ‘*if he humbly and heartily desire it*, the minister shall absolve him *after this sort*.’

Here, then, can be no scandal or violence to any conscience;—for the absolution is not to be given, save at ‘the *humble and hearty desire*’ of the penitent himself; and it seems as if the Church wished carefully to provide for the infinite variety of individual cases, by saying the absolution is to be given—*not* ‘in these words,’ but ‘*after this sort*’—still leaving to the minister—though a form be given for his general guidance—a discretion, to fit it by necessary variations to the individual case.* And, finally, the prayer that follows the absolution inculcates most carefully that it is not an *absolute* judgment pronounced by the priest, but merely *conditional* on the reality of the repentance. Reformers may think us blind or bigotted to our habits and prejudices, but we most conscientiously declare that we cannot imagine that human prudence and Christian tenderness were ever more successfully combined than in the whole of this admirable provision.

To the *Burial Service* there are two objections raised. The first is to the expression—

‘We give thee *heartly thanks* for that it has pleased thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world.’

The second is to the phrase—

‘We commit his body to the ground—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust—in the sure and certain *hope of the resurrection* to eternal life.’

To the former, it is objected that it is false and hypocritical ‘to *thank* God for removing from us a parent or a friend.’ We reply, that it is false and hypocritical to put such a gloss on the words; we thank God for removing the departed, *not* from our affectionate eyes and hearts, but from ‘the *miseries of a sinful world*!’ If the deceased has been suffering ‘the *miseries of a*

* We know not whether the commentators confirm this interpretation; but reason seems to require, and the expression to justify it. Indeed, it is observable, that the rubricks of this service appear to leave, very wisely, much to *occasion and discretion*.

sinful world,' the reformer would admit the phrase to be proper ; and such must have been the state of the vast majority over whom the service is to be read. But if he dies in apparent prosperity, (and how much, alas! of human prosperity must be only apparent!) is it wrong to thank God for having, by a happy death, saved him from the risk of suffering the sad reverse—and as a *reverse* doubly sad—of ' the *miseries* of this sinful world.' Let the whole of this sublime service be considered—the reformers themselves all agree in its general merits, ' its pathos, and the topics of consolation it affords to the bereaved mourners '—(*Cox*, p. 111);—let the whole service, we say, be considered, and it will be seen that it is, from first to last, a pathetic enumeration of the ills of life; every line inculcates consolation by a picture of the miseries of the world. The passage which the reformers would *reject* is a clear logical consequence of all the rest which they would *retain*. And these topics of consolation are drawn, not from the events of the physical world or from gospel revelation only, but also from the natural workings of the human heart. Which of us have ever lost a beloved friend, or a darling child, that have not experienced that the usual—we had almost said the *common* form of consolation—is, that we should be thankful that the dear departed has exchanged a miserable for a better world?—But that expression which is always the first on the tongue of consolation and first in the ear of mourning, our cold-blooded critics would expunge from the last sad and solemn offices of the grave.

Hear, again, the angelic voice of Jeremy Taylor :—

' As our life is short, so it is very *miserable*, and so it is well it is *short*. God, *in pity* to man, lest his nature should be an intolerable load, hath reduced our state of misery to an abbreviation. We should in reason be *glad*'—(not merely *thankful*, but *glad*)—' to be out of a place of sorrows and tears, of so great evils and of such constant calamity; and when God sends his angel with a scroll of death, let us look on it as an *act of mercy*. For a man, at least, gets this by death, that his *calamities* are not immortal.'—*Holy Dying*, c. 1, § iv.; c. 2, § vii.

The other objection is of a nature somewhat analogous. How, they ask, can the Church pronounce over the body of a notorious sinner ' a hope for his resurrection to eternal life ? ' The Church does no such thing ; the phrase is not ' *his* resurrection,' but *the* resurrection, and is only an application to the individual case of the great truth—(which we suppose even *Dublinized* Reformers will not deny)—of a *future state* ; the subsequent words clearly prove this general meaning :—

' —resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change *our* vile body, &c.—

not

—not *his*, the individual deceased's body, but *ours*, the bodies of all mankind.—But if the words *did* imply a hope of *salvation*, and even of the salvation of the individual, is it wrong to express such a *hope*? who will be so uncharitable, so presumptuous, as to limit the mercy of the Almighty? 'Judge not, lest ye be judged.' When this cavil was once mentioned to Dr. Johnson, he replied—'Sir, *we* are not to judge determinately of the state in which a man leaves this life. He *may*, in a moment, have repented effectually; and, it is *possible*, may have been accepted of God. There is, in Camden's Remains, an epitaph on a very wicked man killed by a fall from his horse, in which he is supposed to say—

"Between the stirrup and the ground
I mercy asked, I mercy found."*
"

But even if the doctrinal point were dubious, would nothing be due to the feelings of the living—to a consideration of the scandal and strife which must ensue, if the minister were to act *pro re nata*, according to *his* notion of the spiritual state of the deceased? Or is one inexorable form to be adopted, which—for the sake of including the rare, the almost impossible case, where there can be *no hope*—should deprive the friends of the millions who die in *hope*, of the consolation of hearing it revived and confirmed at the awful moment when the grave is closing on their departed friend? Are their ears to hear no soothing voice to mitigate the dismal and discordant sound of the earth shovelled upon the coffin?

Mr. Riland, with that blundering flippancy which distinguishes him, tells a story which he thinks supports his view of the question, and which, in our opinion, so entirely disproves it, that it is worthy of notice.

'Once,' he says, 'many years since, and only once, I omitted some expressions in the burial service—it was at the grave of a suicide, canonized by a coroner's certificate: a person, present on the occasion, complained of my conduct, because the soul of the departed was a loser by it.'—p. 26.

Mr. Riland tells this anecdote for the purpose of sneering at the complainant for 'being sunk into such a hopeless depth of ignorance as to imagine that the dead were beatified by a minister's prayer.' But whether Mr. Riland has accurately reported the complainant's objection or not, we have hardly words to express our reprobation of Mr. Riland's own conduct. In the first place, to gratify his own, perhaps peevish, fancies about the individual case, he forfeited his sacred pledges, and mutilated a divine office which he was bound, by the most solemn obligations, to perform without

* See Croker's Boswell, v. 92; and Mr. Markland's very judicious note on the passage.

deviation. In the next place, he insulted the laws of the land, in presuming to treat as *felo de se* one whom the legal authority had—not *canonized*, as he irreverently phrases it, but—*acquitted* of that shocking crime. And, lastly, he violated every feeling of Christian charity, in inflicting on an already miserable family the additional horror of not only seeing their father, brother, friend, refused the legal rights of Christian burial, but of hearing even his memory blasted by the charge of the most atrocious of felonies; and it is to fit this gentleman's conscience that the rituals of the Church of England are to be *reformed*!

We have exhausted our space and, we fear, the patience of our readers—certainly our own—but not, alas! the mischievous mass of ignorance and folly which these pamphlets contain. We have omitted, we believe, no essential article; though we have declined to take advantage of many additional evidences of inconsistency and discord. We have overlooked many vague puerilities, to discuss the leading practical propositions: and that discussion has, we boldly assert, led to this decisive and irrefragable conclusion, that, amongst such various and discordant plans, we had better—even for the purpose of satisfying individual scruples and of keeping as many as possible in communion with the Church—*stand as we are*!

All these reformers profess their desire to conciliate *dissenters*—our first object, we humbly think, ought to be to satisfy *ourselves*. How can men who differ so widely from each other, hope to bring a third and most reluctant party to an unanimous opinion? But the fact is notorious and avowed, that no alteration which did not divide the Church would attract one single dissenter. Mr. Yates, a respectable dissenting minister, has lately published a sermon, under the candid title of '*The Grounds of Dissent from the Church of England not materially diminished by the present prospect of Ecclesiastical Reform.*' And a Mr. Binney, in an address recently delivered on laying the foundation of a Congregational meeting-house, after charging against our Church, in very bitter language, the scandal, schism, and apostasy of her clerical reformers, clearly shows that the only union which the Dissenters contemplate is an accession to their own strength by the *dissolution* of our 'discordant and divided' establishment*.

The Rev. Dr. Arnold, late master of Rugby School, has pub-

* On the other hand, be it observed, there are numerous and important examples (and particularly a recent one of a respectable minister and large dissenting congregation at Plymouth) to prove that many orthodox Presbyterians and other Trinitarian Dissenters are satisfied to adopt our liturgy *as it stands*, and, by its mediation, to reconcile themselves with the Church. These valuable acceders are, perhaps, attracted (as we ourselves, in their case, would be) by some of the very things which the reformers would expunge.

lished a work on the *Principles of Church Reform*, which, although it does not fall within our present scope, (as it proposes no specific alterations in the Liturgy,) deserves attention as revealing the real and ultimate end of all Church Reform. Dr. Arnold is very eloquent on the evils of *dissent*, and is for maintaining a *well-endowed establishment*; and carries farther than even we should be inclined to do the union of *Church and State*. These doctrines surprised us in a reformer; but all surprise (except at Dr. Arnold's candid extravagance) ceased, when we found that *his* established church was to be one, so comprehensive, as to include not merely the churches of England and Scotland, with '*Presbyterians, Methodists of all denominations, Independents, Baptists, Moravians,*' but even—(though that might be more difficult)—'*Quakers, Roman Catholics, and Unitarians.*'—(*Prin. of Ch. Ref.* p. 31.) At first sight, '*the schoolmaster*' seems so very much '*abroad*,' that he might be suspected of *monomania*—but it is no such thing—he opens to us with perfect consistency the real PRINCIPLE of *Church Reform*. Our worship is to be altered and amended, abridged and lowered, till it shall suit *all* appetites—the sour tastes of the Unitarians on one side, and the luscious palates of the Papists on the other. Doctrines, discipline, and service, must be brought down to *this* common level. In short, the Church of England is to be *so* reformed, as to become an amalgamation of all churches—that is, no church at all! Archdeacon Berens—Prebendary Wodehouse—and Messrs. Hall and Price, will no doubt protest against being supposed to favour such a change. But Dr. Arnold is a more consistent reasoner—he views the whole, where the others see but a part—they work, each at his own little job—he unrolls the general plan—they deal with *details*—Dr. Arnold, as his work professes, with *principles*;—his plan is impracticable—as wild as *Laputa*,—but it works out the only true *theory of comprehensive Reform*.

There are some of Dr. Arnold's suggestions—particularly on the mischiefs of sectarianism and the advantages of an establishment—in which we should concur; many more which we should utterly reject; and the conclusion to which he comes is visionary; but we thank him for showing, in a general proposition, to what the details of all the piecemeal reformers ultimately tend.

We, on our part, have endeavoured to expose these details—first, as being in themselves either futile or mischievous; secondly, as being contradictory and irreconcilable; and thirdly, as inevitably leading to the final *principle* of a *deistical* Establishment. This is the real question. And we earnestly implore and adjure every sincere member of the Church of England—and especially those who may have been led away by plausible ob-
jections,

jections, or disturbed by alleged blemishes—to consider candidly the answers to such objections, the explanations of the supposed blemishes—and to judge whether, on the whole, there is anything in our present practice, so seriously erroneous or even inconvenient, as to justify our incurring the enormous, the inevitable danger of such a career of unsatisfactory change as is opened before us—whether for the sake of *petty repairs*, on which no two architects can agree—we should—in the awful tempest which now shakes all our institutions—risk both the superstructure and foundation of our beautiful temple?

We do not pretend that our Liturgy, any more than our temporal Church itself, is infallible: but we have seen, heard, read, of nothing which approaches so nearly to perfection. It is, to repeat the eloquent language of Comber, it is, in its present state, ‘so judiciously contrived, that the wisest may exercise at once their knowledge and devotion; and yet so plain that the most ignorant may pray with understanding: so full, that nothing is omitted which is fit to be asked in public; so particular, that it comprises most things which we would ask in private; and yet so short as not to tire any that hath pure devotion:—Its doctrine is pure and primitive; and its ceremonies so few and innocent, that most of the Christian world may agree in them; its method is exact and natural; its language significant and perspicuous; most of the words and phrases being taken from Holy Scripture, and the rest being the expressions of the first and best ages.’* But if, again, as in the grand rebellion, the Church of England is to undergo a persecution—and if, by the fraud and force of her enemies, and by the weakness, indifference, and disunion of her members her strength is doomed to be for a season trammelled, and her splendour eclipsed—we shall have the same consolation that mitigated the adversity of our forefathers,—‘We shall,’ in that dark season, ‘call to mind the pleasures of the temple, the order of her services, the beauty of her buildings, the sweetness of her songs, the decency of her ministration, the assiduity of her priests, the daily sacrifice, and that eternal fire of devotion which went not out by day or by night. These were the pleasures of our peace; and there is a remanent felicity in the very memory of these spiritual delights †!’

* Companion to the Temple, vol. i. p. 4.

† Jeremy Taylor, Preface to Apology for Liturgy.

NOTE ON A PAMPHLET ENTITLED

'A Refutation of the Calumnies against the Lord Chancellor contained in the last Number of the Quarterly Review.'

As the lawyer who wrote this pamphlet holds 'truth to be a libel,' we are not surprised that he should call our statements calumnies; but he has signally failed in disproving any one of those statements. We think the Lord Chancellor unwise in selecting an advocate who 'had no further knowledge of the ministerial Reform pamphlet, than was derived from the article in our last Number;' and really a writer in defence of Lord Brougham ought to have some better evidence than the noble lord's own speeches. With the aid of these one hundred and seventeen pages are eked out; and they contain, we must admit, many shining declarations of the legal ability, indifference to pecuniary concerns, and high reforming qualities of the noble lord.

In regard to the offices held by Mr. James Brougham, the solemn charge against us is, that we asserted, untruly, that there was a *recommendation of a Committee of the House of Commons in favour of the salary of 14,000*l.*, grounded upon the giving up of those offices.* It is said that we called Lord Brougham's examination before that Committee a mountebank examination, 'because he proceeded from the House of Lords with the mace, which he left at the door of the committee-room, and was examined sitting on a chair, and covered;' whereas, we so termed it, because the noble Lord did conduct himself on that occasion like a mountebank, and eloquently discoursed upon his drunken coachman, additional house-maids, the embroidery of his bag, and such like 'moving accidents by flood and field.' But to the charge—it is asserted that the Report of the Committee contains 'not one iota respecting the giving up of these offices,' and 'that it is incontestable that the extinction of those places was not taken into account.' Now the Committee reluctantly reported in favour of the 14,000*l.* a year, but they referred to the *Lord Chancellor's evidence* as their justification; and he consoled them with the assurance that all the expenses of all the judges of the court, and of the speaker of the Lords, &c., &c., should come out of the Suitors' Fund! Lord Lyndhurst's average was only 14,177*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* a year, collected from various objectionable and uncertain sources; not paid, as Lord Brougham would say of his own 14,000*l.*, in 'a slump sum' by the Bank, without deduction. Lord Brougham, in his *evidence*, stated what sinecure offices were held by the connexions of former Chancellors, and his catalogue included the offices in question. 'Every one of these offices,' he said, 'it is my great disposition to have abolished, and I am now in negotiation to endeavour to reduce the amount of some of them even with the present holders; but, at all events, I hope to see them cut off entirely for the future. The Great Seal will, in this way, be stripped of all that patronage which would have enabled it to provide for a family, as the instances of former Chancellors show, and the Chancellor will then be left without any such means whatever.' Strong as this statement was, the Committee were not satisfied with it. 'Are the Committee,' they asked, 'to understand that it is your intention to divest the office of Lord Chancellor of all those situations which hitherto have been considered as sinecures, and as affording a provision for his family?'—'If,' says his lordship, 'I can obtain the concurrence of Parliament, my strongest disposition is, to divest the Lord Chancellor of all that patronage, without any exception, which has hitherto gone to the maintenance of the Lord Chancellor's family.' Referring to this evidence, the Committee report in favour of 14,000*l.* a year; yet now the Lord Chancellor and his friends assert openly, that he was under no engagement to relinquish the offices in question, and he actually received into the family chest a few thousands for two of those very offices. Was it, we ask, necessary to pay such a sum, 'in order to affix to the office-copy of an affidavit a valid and legal stamp and signature?' Could not a clerk have effected that operation? Will any man dare to say that Mr. James Brougham had a vested interest in those offices which entitled him to compensation? Could the accidental falling in of the offices long after the report of the Committee fixing the salary, vary the right? Is it material when the 14,000*l.* was secured? The salary was granted on the footing of the report. In truth, the Lord Chancellor not only

'talked

'talked over the Committee delightfully' at the time, but has sadly deceived them since. They considered 14,000*l.* a year the mark, with the bankrupt business to perform, and a pension of 4000*l.* The Lord Chancellor threw out a lure for an additional 1000*l.* a year to his present pension of 4000*l.*, in respect, he said, of the heavy duties to be imposed on him in attending the Privy Council Court after he should cease to be Lord Chancellor, but the Committee did not take the hint. Now the account stands thus :—

1. Lord Brougham says—I mean to divest myself of all means of providing for my family—then, say the Committee, you shall have 14,000*l.* a year, 'although we are sensible that the sum may appear large at first sight.' (We are quoting from the Report.) In page 10 of the same Report, the Committee state that the Lord Chancellor receives 5000*l.* a year as *Speaker of the House of Lords*, and the 2 and 3 Will. IV. c. 122, secures him a net 10,060*l.* a year as *Lord Chancellor*; so that he gets 15,000*l.* a year, and we understated the case in our Review; and he now insists that he was also entitled to retain all the family patronage; and he has at once, at a vast expense, invested himself with new patronage, and divested himself of the labour of the bankruptcy business.

2. Lord Brougham says—give me an additional provision of 1000*l.* a year for the heavy labours I mean to perform after I cease to be Lord Chancellor. The Committee are silent. *Le silence du peuple est la leçon des rois.* But no: by the 2 and 3 Will. IV. c. 111, the Lord Chancellor has the 1000*l.* a year secured to him, not for services to be performed, as he proposed, for none are imposed, but as a compensation for the offices which were intended to be paid for by the 14,000*l.* The Pamphleteer occupies pages in admiration of the Lord Chancellor's disinterestedness during the delay in securing his salary and pension; but we here again understated the case, for he gained by the delay. If the bills had been brought into parliament immediately after the Report of the Committee, the two offices never could have been filled up by him, and his additional pension of 1000*l.* a year would not have been granted. We assert that our original statement on this head is more than borne out by the 'Report of the Select Committee on Reduction of Salaries,' of the 15th of February, 1831, to which we refer our readers.

It is but a poor excuse for filling up the obnoxious offices with a member of his own family at the old salaries, without uttering one syllable in public as to his intention of speedily abolishing them, to turn round now, and say, O! he did mention it privately to some of his colleagues;—they say so. If his intention was pure, why did he express himself with so much bitterness against a member of the House of Commons, for simply inquiring what his intentions were?

We now have the admission of the Pamphleteer, that 'the whole of Lord Brougham's amendments are to be found in the Report of the Chancery Commissioners made in March, 1826:—so much for his pretensions to originality as a legal reformer!

We are gravely told that the compensation clauses in the 3 and 4 Will. IV. were not in the act when it left the Lords. The writer ought to have known that they could not have been introduced there; but he does not venture to deny that the provision in the act extends to Mr. W. Brougham, and that he intends to claim the benefit of it. He must know that he is not speaking truly when he compares that gentleman's practice at the bar with Mr. Trower's and Sir Griffin Wilson's.

The Pamphleteer himself proves that the Lord Chancellor has been compelled to admit that the judges of his bankruptcy court were too many, and the court too expensive;—but then he has imposed new duties on that court!—Yes, because they had but little to do;—yet a greater violation of good faith was never committed than by converting the bankruptcy judges into insolvent commissioners; but Lord Brougham let his resentment against an individual get the mastery over his sense of right. The anonymous writer is delighted with 'the happy results from the official assignees; not even the Quarterly Reviewer has denied that.' We were but too forbearing. With the administration of the bankrupt law in the Court of Review there is a universal dissatisfaction. The official assignees are also generally complained of in the City. Mr. John Smith himself has signed a petition to the court, complaining of the allowance to an official assignee. In a comparatively small estate, with scarcely any labour, the official assignee was allowed nearly 500*l.*

for about one hundred working days, approaching within a few shillings to 5*l.* a day, and all his expenses were paid besides. Such things are the subject of just and general complaint. The accounts returned by order of the Commons show the great gains of the official assignees; but the public does not know the whole truth, as the published accounts show not what they have *gained* during a given period, but only what they have *received*. As to the secretary of bankrupts, the Pamphleteer is so dull as not to see that such an officer might be proper for a Chancellor when he heard all the bankrupt business, and yet be an highly improper one for a Chancellor who does not hear half a dozen of cases in a year. The proposition of Lord Brougham's scribe is, that because a salary of 2500*l.* is proper for an office full of charge, 1200*l.* is the right sum for a sinecure.

Upon the subject of patronage, the Pamphleteer boldly states, that no sooner were the appointments of the Masters known, than even the complaints of rival candidates were hushed. We assert, on the contrary, that the Chancery Bar was disgusted with the manner in which the patronage was exercised; they said, with Shakspeare, that 'preferment goes by letter and affection.' We suspect that the Pamphleteer and his reforming friend are anxious themselves to be Masters; and, naturally enough therefore, do not like to have the pretensions of candidates too strictly investigated. The Pamphleteer does not attempt to refute our assertion as to the *extent* of the Chancellor's patronage. The learned Lord strove hard before the Salaries' Committee for a little more! He wished to have the patronage of the colonial judgeships. To win them to his way he said, 'If the Chancellor makes a bad appointment—he incurs immediately the frown of the bar which he has to face every day, and then he dares not do that which a mere political minister would do in safety.' This exactly corresponds with our former view; but when the Lord Chancellor said this, had he not made up his own mind to be a political judge only, and to withdraw himself, with all his vast patronage, from that 'searching eye' which he would not 'face every day'? By the time the Chancellor has appointed Recorders of whig-radical principles throughout the empire, with good salaries, his cup of patronage, we opine, will be full to overflowing.

Our remarks upon an extraordinary provision in the Privy Council Bill are met by an assertion that it was not suggested by Lord Brougham. If the Pamphleteer had read the ministerial pamphlet, he would have known *who took credit for it*:—at every step this writer demolishes his patron's title to rank as a legal reformer. He is too dull to comprehend our moderation in confining our strictures to the part of the act selected by the 'ministerial manifesto.' Does he know that Westminster Hall rings with complaints against the provision in the act, which enables a court of appeal—and such a court of appeal!—to examine or re-examine any witnesses, whether there was evidence below or not? Such a provision—a scandal to the law of England—renders it impossible to acknowledge Lord Brougham as an enlightened legal reformer. Upon whom is the disgrace of this provision to be cast?

The Pamphleteer attempts to defend the correctness of the acts of parliament passed by the present government. He complains that we only gave one instance of error. If he were competent to the task he has undertaken, he would know that we might give numberless examples of mistakes, absurdities, and clashing clauses. On the 14th of last August it was enacted (3 and 4 Will. IV. c. 41, s. 26.), that any *two judges* of the Court of Review might sit in the absence of the chief judge at the privy council, except that any two judges are not to hear any matter by way of appeal from any commissioner or subdivision court; and on the 28th of the same month (3 and 4 Will. IV. c. 47, s. 7.) power is given to his Majesty to authorize *one or more judges* of the said court to exercise the same jurisdiction in all respects as was vested in any three of them! Has the Pamphleteer never heard of the blundering clause in the Bankrupt Act about the eligibility of officers to parliament?

The Pamphleteer praises the Chancellor's speed. May we ask him, what has become of the Chancellor's business? Where are the motions? When had he a cause petition day? How many cause petitions has he to hear? How often has he had regular lunatic petition days? Does not the Secretary make the orders? How many bankrupt petitions has the Lord Chancellor heard during the last year? Above all, has not the business of the House of Lords been shamefully neglected in order to keep down the business in the Chancellor's own court? Finally,

Finally, the pamphlet touches upon the intended separation of the judicial from the political functions of the Great Seal, and the intention imputed to the Lord Chancellor to secure to himself 12,000*l.* a year. The writer insinuates, rather than states, that the Chancellor is only to have 8000*l.* a year; but this operative evidently is not in the secret. In the bill brought into the Lords last session by Lord Brougham to separate the jurisdictions—(of which bill, by some *mismanagement*, only one or two copies were printed)—he provided 8000*l.* a year for the *Lord Chancellor*, and no other emoluments; but he did not prohibit him from being Speaker of the Lords;—to the 8000*l.* therefore add 5000*l.*, and the income will be 13,000*l.* Indeed we are led to believe that he intended to commence as political Chancellor and Speaker with 14,000*l.* a year; it seems to us that, although the Salaries' Committee were ignorant of his drift, he must have had this in view when he said to them,—‘My distinct opinion is that the Lord Chancellor ought to be paid by two sums, but net sums without emolument. What I mean by preferring two sums to one, is for this obvious reason, that he is paid both as Chancellor and as Speaker of the House of Lords. The offices might be severed; and as the Speaker of the House of Commons has 6000*l.* a year, you *might pay* the Chancellor 6000*l.* a year as Speaker of the House of Lords, and let him have whatever else you may think fit to make up his salary from the Suitors' Fund.’ The 6000*l.*—which was suggested in the House of Commons by Sir Thomas Denman—added to the 8000*l.*, would just make 14,000*l.* We may, we fancy, take some little credit to ourselves if a smaller salary is ultimately accepted.

We admire the tenaciousness of the Chancellor to his secretaryships in lunacy and bankruptcy. By the Bill, to which we have alluded, he was to retain them both *after he was no longer accessible to the bar*—and although matters both in lunacy and bankruptcy require at times the instant intervention of the court—but the patronage was too powerful to be resisted.

We think it not improbable that we may shortly be called upon to consider this important subject with more deliberation. Since our last Number was published, the 18th section of the 3 and 4 Will. IV. c. 94, has been *repealed* by an order of the Lord Chancellor's of the 26th of November. Confusion and dismay were introduced into the Chancery offices and amongst the suitors. Seventeen orders promulgated on the 26th of November have been superseded by others on the 21st of December, and many orders on dismissals of bills, which *before the Reform* cost 10*s.*, are now to be charged 4*l.* 10*s.*; and many orders on common motions, although called special, which cost 3*s.* or 4*s.* before, will now cost 1*l.* These examples do not prove that legal reform is not desirable, but that it should be intrusted to other hands.

INDEX

TO THE

FIFTIETH VOLUME OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

A.

- ABSENTEEISM, evils of, 397.
 Africa, Narrative of Voyages to explore the Shores of, under the direction of Captain Owen, 121—Africa less explored than other regions, 122—geography of incomplete, *ib.*—object of the expedition, 123—a Mr. Robinson the ostensible rédacteur of the narrative, *ib.*—charges against the editor, *ib.*—the captain's instructions, 124—Delagoa Bay, *ib.*—the Zoolos or Hollontontes, 125—Bay of Natal, *ib.*—barbarities of the chief Chaka, *ib.*—hippopotami, 126—sickness among the officers and crews, 127—trait connected with the last moments of Captain Lechmere, *ib.*—river explorations the cause of the ravages by sickness, 128—expedition to the Quilimane, 129—description of the residents, 130—Chaponga, *ib.*—account of Donna Pascoa, *ib.*—Senna, 131—Mozambique, 132—laxity of the social code in, *ib.*—curious phenomenon, 133—Quilimane, 134—phenomenon of the rollers, *ib.*—Sofala, 135—the Bazaruta islands, 136—Ibo, *ib.*—Quiloo, *ib.*—Muskat, *ib.*—Pemba, *ib.*—Melinda, 137—Mombas, *ib.*—Madagascar, 139—return to Delagoa Bay, *ib.*—results of this expedition, 141.
 American Episcopalian ritual, testimony of approbation to, 523.
 Antediluvian deposits illustrating the order of creation as narrated in Genesis, 30.
 Apprehension, effect of upon disease, 128.
 Arabia, Narrative of Voyages to explore the Shores of, under the direction of Captain Owen, 136—settlement of Quiloo, *ib.*—Muskat, *ib.*—Zanzibar, *ib.*
 Aristocratical emigration, lamentable extent of, 397.
 Associations to resist the payment of taxes, 269.
 Athenæum Club-House, architecture of, 147.
 Atmosphere, the, described, 26.

B.

- Bank Charter, measure of the Reform ministry for the renewal of, 231.
 Bankrupt Bill, 246.
 Barlow, Mr., value of his fluid refracting telescope, 7.
 Belgian question, conduct of the Reform ministry relating to, 253.
 Bell, Sir Charles, his Treatise on the Hand, its Mechanism and Endowments, as evincing Design, 5.
 Bergami et la Reine d'Angleterre, en cinq actes, par MM. Fontan, Dupeuty, et Maurice Alhoy, 207.
 Berri, Duchess of, in La Vendée; comprising a narrative of her adventures, with her private papers and secret correspondence, by General Dermoncourt, 189—heroic character of the Duchess, *ib.*—the General's account of himself, 190—and of the Vendean war, *ib.*—progress of the Duchess's mad crusade, 192—romantic incident, 194—M. Berrier's journey from Nantes to the Duchess's hiding-place, 195—defeat of the Chouans, 197—entrance of the Duchess into Nantes, 198—treachery of the Jew Deutz, 201—character of the Duchess, 205—getting-up of the work, 206.
 Biela comet, 24.
 Blair, William, Esq., his 'Inquiry into the state of Slavery among the Romans,' 399. See *Slavery*.
 Boat navigation, miraculous escape in, 138.
 Books, saying of Cervantes concerning, 149.
 Bridgewater Treatises, &c., on the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation, 1—the dispositions of the noble and reverend testator strangely misinterpreted, 2—improper classification of the proposed theme, 3—defects of Dr. Chalmers's treatise, 4—Sir Charles Bell on the Hand, 5—Dr. Kidd on the Adaptation of External Nature to the Physical Condition of Man, *ib.*
 —Mr.

—Mr. Whewell's Astronomy and General Physics considered with regard to Natural Theology, *ib.*—view of the prominent topics to which these treatises are dedicated, *ib.*—position of man on the scale of the universe, *ib.*—real purpose for which life was given him, *ib.*—demonstrations of the existence of an omnipotent intelligence, 6—the stars, 7—value of Barlow's fluid refracting telescope, *ib.*—Sirius, 9—Saturn, *ib.*—Sir John Herschel's Treatise on Astronomy, 11—Mrs. Somerville's Connexion of the Physical Sciences, *ib.*—decay of the fixed stars, 12—eclipses of the sun and moon, *ib.*—astronomical discoveries of Kepler and Herschell, *ib.*—family likeness throughout all the systems of the universe, 13—Mercury, Venus, Mars, 14—activity with which the elements perform their duties, *ib.*—the wheel animal, *ib.*—the moon not capable of supporting animal life, 15—the sun, *ib.*—centre of gravity, 16—doctrine of the Cartesians, 17—Encke's comet, *ib.*—the resisting medium, 18—the zodaical light, 19—decay of the solar system, 20—evidence of the wisdom and beneficence of the Omnipotent Creator, 21—Biela's comet, 24—process of evaporation, *ib.*—the atmosphere, 26—elements of the earth, 28—antediluvian deposits, illustrating the order of creation as narrated in Genesis, 30—dignity attached to man by his Creator, 31—the mind, 32—the heart, 33—laws of vision, *ib.*
'British Magazine,' a publication of great ability, and of high and sound principles, 522.
Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau; by an Old Man. See *German Watering Places*.

C.

Calthorpe-street riot, conduct of the police in, 266.
Capelle, Baron, 'de l'Origine et des Progrès de l'Esprit Révolutionnaire,' 143.
Carmichael, Mrs., her 'Domestic Manners in the West Indies,' 374.
Chalmers, Rev. Dr. Thomas, 'On the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man,' 4, 30.
Chancery, reforms in Court of, 236, 562.
Chateaubriand, M. de, his 'Etudes, ou Discours Historiques sur la Chute de l'Empire Romain,' 273, 297—his 'Génie du Christianisme,' 298. See *Gibbon*.

Cheap law, mischiefs of, 245.
China, free trade to, 430.
Church Reform, 508. See *Liturgical Reform*.
Climates of the earth, 28.
Colosseum in the Regent's Park, 147.
Cooke, the translator of Hesiod, singular anecdote of, 55.
Coral reefs and islands, consequence of their increase in the Indian and Pacific Oceans, 142.
Corporations, measure of the reform ministry relating to, 249.
Cosway, the miniature painter, 79.
Cousin, Victor, his testimony to the importance of Christianity and of an established clergy, 304.
Cox, Rev. Robert, his 'Liturgy Revised; or the Necessity and Beneficial Effects of an authorized Abridgment and careful Revision of the various Services of the Established Church.' See *Liturgical Reform*.
Coxe, Archdeacon, his Memoirs of the Administration of the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, 88—parentage of Mr. Coxe, 101—his education, *ib.*—his intimacy with, and character of, Mr. Law, afterwards Lord Ellenborough, 102—admitted to deacon's orders, 104—appointed tutor to the Marquis of Blandford, on the recommendation of Jacob Bryant, 105—plans the 'Mirror,' *ib.*—attempts a life of Petrarch, 106—becomes tutor to Lord Herbert, *ib.*—makes the tour of Europe, *ib.*—his 'Travels in Switzerland,' 107—makes a pilgrimage to Vacluse, *ib.*—visits the Abbé de Sade, *ib.*—his northern tour, 108—publishes his 'Account of the Russian Discoveries,' 109—origin of his acquaintance with Dr. Douglas, *ib.*—and with Dr. Johnson, *ib.*—his character of Professor Porson, 110—publishes his 'Travels in Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark,' 111—becomes travelling tutor to Mr. Whitbread, *ib.*—presented to the rectory of Bemerton, 112—publishes his 'Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole,' and of Lord Walpole, 114—publishes his 'Tour in Monmouthshire,' *ib.*—his marriage, *ib.*—is appointed prebendary of Salisbury, archdeacon of Wells, and canon-residentary, *ib.*—his habits of literary composition, 115—publishes a 'History of the House of Austria,' *ib.*—'Memoirs of the Kings of Spain,' 116—'Memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough,' *ib.*—failure of his sight, and total blindness, 117—publishes his

his 'Correspondence of the Duke of Shrewsbury,' 118—is employed upon the 'Memoirs of the Pelham Administration,' *ib.*—his death, *ib.*—his peculiar handwriting, 119—his literary character, 120.

Crabbe, Rev. George, Life of, by his Son, 468.

Crichton, Captain, his Memoirs, by Swift, 189.

Cunningham, Allan, his 'Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects,' 50. See *Painters*.

D.

Dermoncourt (General), his 'Duchess of Berri in La Vendée,' comprising a narrative of her adventures, with her private papers and secret correspondence, 189.

Disease, produced by sympathy and apprehension, 128.

E.

East India Charter, measure of the reform ministry relating to, 232, 430.

Ellenborough, Edward Law, first Lord, his character, by Archdeacon Coxe, 102.

Elephant, instance of the sagacity of, 140.

Eloquence, dearth of in the Reformed Parliament, 286.

Encke's comet, 17.

England, the sole country of individual liberty, 148.

Evaporation, process of, 24.

Excellence in the fine arts alone valuable, 63.

F.

Fame, striking instance of the thirst after, 122.

Fuseli, characteristics of his works, 76—the Macpherson of his art, *ib.*—his picture of Zeuxis, 77—his affection for Mary Wolstonecraft, 78.

Fenner, Dr. H., his 'Schlangenbad und seine Heiltugenden,' 308. See *German Watering Places*.

Finances of the country, measures of the reform ministry relating to, 228.

Fine Arts, excellence in, alone valuable, 63.

Foote, Samuel, after Moliere, the greatest master of comic humour, 54—his eccentric habits and irregular conduct, *ib.*—an edition of his works a desideratum, *ib.*—his probable insanity, 55.

Foreign policy of the reform ministry, 252.

G.

Gainsborough, the first painter who taught the charm of English landscape, 74.

Genius, infirmities of, illustrated by referring the anomalies of the literary character to the habits and constitutional peculiarities of men of genius, by R. R. Madden, 34—the author's personal incapacity for such an inquiry, *ib.*—his title-page and motto, 35—his pretensions to classical learning, *ib.*—his flagrant plagiarisms, 38—superstructure, *ib.*—vague and inconsiderate way in which he has set about his work, *ib.*—his violation of feeling and decency, 40—his treatise a repetition and amplification of small and dirty gossip, *ib.*—his alleged alliance between genius and infirmity, 41—intrinsic interest of the subject which he rashly presumes to handle, 42—his anatomy of Pope, *ib.*—and of Dr. Johnson, *ib.*—instances of the author's gossiping and mendacious style, 43—his anatomy of Burns, Cowper, Byron, and Sir Walter Scott, 46—other martyrs to literary glory, 48—his tables, exhibiting the order of longevity among men of genius, 49—omission of females from his tables, 52—longevity of eminent literary ladies, 53—clue by which the infirmities of genius might be traced to hereditary disease, 55.

German Watering Places, 308—'Bubbles from the Brunns of Nassau, by an Old Man,' *ib.*—fidelity with which it represents external nature, *ib.*—the author's voyage from the Tower to the Brille, and from Cologne to Coblenz, 309—compagnons de voyage, *ib.*—employment by Englishment of foreign couriers, 311—English servants on the continent more a hindrance than a help, *ib.*—Ehrenbreitstein, *ib.*—Ems, *ib.*—Schwalbach, *ib.*—romantic ravines, 312—climate, 313—Duchy of Nassau, *ib.*—the Duke of Nassau, 314—his estate and revenues, 315—Langenschwalbach, *ib.*—its several springs, 316—the author's visit to Dr. Fenner, 317—a day at this pleasant watering-place, *ib.*, 318—the blacksmith's shop, 321—mode of shoeing a vicious horse, *ib.*—German posting, 321—the question which is better, to bear a horse's head up, as in England, or to pull it downwards, as in Germany, discussed, 322—English and German management of horses in harness contrasted, 324—the bath, 235—and its effects, 326—cheapness of German

- man luxuries, 327—the dinner, 328—visitors of the brunns, 329—state of society, 330—immoderate use of tobacco, 332—street-smoking forbidden in Germany, 333—German and English servants contrasted, 334—the promenade of Langenschwalbach, 336—chapter of natural history, 337—the author visits Schlungenbad, 341—legend respecting the spring, 342—the new bath-house, 343—wonder-working qualities of the water, *ib.*—visit to the source of the Seltzer water, 344.
- Gibbon, Edward, Esq., extensive reputation of his great historical work, 273—his 'Decline and Fall' an unapproachable subject to the future historian, 274—his work the standard history of the period, *ib.*—his qualifications for the task, *ib.*—respect shown to his authority by the historians of the continent, 275—M. Guizot's edition of the French translation, *ib.*—personal life of Gibbon identified with that of the author, *ib.*—his autobiography inimitable in point of pure and finished execution, 276—his love affair with Mademoiselle Curchod, *ib.*—his conversation described by M. Suard, 277—his historic manner described by Porson, 278—his early adoration of Voltaire, 281—first grand conception of his work, 282—his parliamentary career, *ib.*—his high admiration of Lord North, 285—harmony of design in his great work, 286—his correctness and accuracy, 289—his inferential liability to exception, 292—misrepresentation which pervades his history, *ib.*—his hostility towards Christianity, 293—good taste of Dr. Watson in confining his 'Apology' to one specific point, 293—Dr. Paley's emphatic sentence, 295—Gibbon unanswerable by the ordinary arts of controversy, *ib.*—necessity of a Christian history of the period embraced by Gibbon, *ib.*—radical defect in the 'Decline and Fall,' 296—M. de Chateaubriand's 'Études Historiques,' 297—and Génie du Christianisme, 298—the genuine subject of Christian history, 303—a supplement or commentary on the 'Decline and Fall' a desideratum, *ib.*—a foreign writer the first to bring up this great work to the level of modern historic knowledge, *ib.*—able manner in which M. Guizot has accomplished his undertaking, *ib.*—call for variorum editions of our standard books, 307—and for the continual improvement and completion of the imperishable works of English literature, *ib.*
- Great Britain in 1832, by Baron d'Haussez, 142—the Baron's general character, 143—his work singularly flippant and superficial, 144—description of the small towns in England, *ib.*—first view of London, 145—white-washing abominations, 146—London, 149—an English dinner, *ib.*—and cookery, 150—family connexions, 153—visit to Sir Walter Scott, 155—female education in England, 159—chapter on hospitals, 160—study of medicine in England, 161—English clergy, 163—poor laws, 164—mail-coaches, 165—the author's total ignorance of English manners and habits, 168—anti-English tone of his work, *ib.*
- Goethe, motto of his ring, 345.
- Gothic characters in printing, wisdom of abolishing the use of, 169.
- Greece, conduct of the reform ministry towards, 252.
- Grimm's 'Deutsche Grammatik,' 169—great merit of the work, *ib.*—undeserved reproach cast upon philological researches, *ib.*—wisdom of abolishing the use of Gothic characters, *ib.*—relations between the corresponding letters of the various alphabets, 170—pronouns, their origin and employments, 172—explanation of the word 'how,' 181—comparison, 188.
- Guizot, M. F., his *Histoire de la Décadence et de la Chute de l'Empire Romain*, traduite de l'Anglais d'Edouard Gibbon: nouvelle édition entièrement revue et corrigée, précédée d'une Notice sur la Vie et le Caractère de Gibbon, et accompagnée de Notes critiques, et historiques relatives pour la plupart à l'Histoire de la propagation du Christianisme, 273. See *Gibbon*.
- H.
- Hale, Mrs., Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of, in the character of Euphrosyne, 71.
- Hall, Rev. Francis Russell, his 'Book of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments, and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church, newly arranged, with alterations and abbreviations.' See *Liturgical Reform*.
- Hamilton, Mr., his 'Men and Manners in America,' quoted, 265.
- Hand, the, Sir Charles Bell on its mechanism and endowments, 32.
- Harvey, his celebrated experiment on the heart, 33.

Haussez,

- Haussez, Baron d', his 'Great Britain in 1832.' See *Great Britain*.
 Heart, Harvey's celebrated experiment on, 33.
 Herodotus, harmony of design in his history, 286.
 Herschel, Sir John, his Treatise on Astronomy quoted, 9—characterized, 11.
 Herschell, Sir William, his astronomical discoveries, 12.
 Hippopotamus, courage exhibited by, 126—hunting of the, 139.
 Hogarth, masterly sketch of his life by Walpole, 58—best appreciated in his engravings, 59—character of his pictures, *ib.*—his *Sigismunda*, *ib.*—his 'Analysis of Beauty,' 61.
 Hook, Theodore, his proposed edition of Foote's works, 54—large portion of Foote's spirit possessed by, *ib.*
 House of Commons, the reformed, characterized, 257—dearth of eloquence in, 286.
 'How,' explanation of the word, 181.
 Hume, David, long-cherished admiration of his History, 273—call for a variorum edition of, 307. See *Gibbon*.

I.

- Inchbald, Mrs., a singular example of rectitude of conduct, 54.
 Indo-European Languages, Grimm on, 169.
 Ireland, measures of the reform ministry relating to, 223.
 Jesse, Mr., his 'Gleanings in Natural History' quoted, 21.

K.

- Key, Sir John, conduct of the reform ministry in the case of, 268.
 Kidd, Dr. John, on the adaptation of external nature to the physical condition of man, principally with reference to the supply of his wants, and the exercise of his intellectual faculties, 5.

L.

- La Porte, his *Memoires* characterized by Gibbon, 106.
 Law Reform, 234, 562.
 Lawrence, Sir Thomas, 79—his early drawings from actual life, *ib.*—in his portraits second only to Reynolds, 81—exquisite elaborateness of his drawing of the face, *ib.*—his females, 82—large prices received by him, *ib.*—his conversation and manners, 83—his reputation for gallantry, 84.
 Lebeau, his defects as an historian, 288.
 Lewis, M. G., his 'Journals of a West Indian Proprietor,' 374—the work the best production of his pen, *ib.*—his cha-

acter by Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott, 375—literary merits of the work, 377—first voyage to Jamaica, *ib.*—a storm and calm, 378—Don Quixote, 379—an Irish gentleman the pilot, *ib.*—'The Helmsman,' 380—post-obitular affection of a shark, 381—landing on the coast of Jamaica, *ib.*—procession of the John-Canoe, 382—Kingston balls, *ib.*—Savannah la Mar, 384—procession to his mansion house, *ib.*—grand feast in honour of his arrival, 386—a negro village, 382—negro houses, *ib.*—West Indian accommodations and modes of life, 389—description of Cornwall-house and its environs, 390—adventures of Plato, a runaway negro, 393—absenteeism, 397—'The Hours,' 398—'The Isle of Devils,' *ib.*—death of the author, 399.

Lingard, Dr., his character as an historian, 273.

Liturgical Reform, 508.

'Livre des Cent et Un,' pompous mediocrity of, 143.

Local Courts Bill, 244.

Longevity of eminent literary ladies, 53.

Louis XVI., his observation on a discursive preacher, 248.

M.

Madagascar, Captain Owen's survey of the coast of, 139.

Madgett, M., his *Life of Marlborough*, 116.

Madden, R. R., his 'Infirmities of Genius' illustrated by referring the Anomalies of Literary Character to the habits and constitutional peculiarities of Men of Genius,' 34. See *Genius*.

Marjoribanks, Charles, Esq., his 'Letter to the Right Hon. Charles Grant on the present State of the British Intercourse with China,' 430. See *China*.

Markland, Jeremiah, Esq., his character, 110.

Mozambique, laxity of the social code in, 133.

Montbel, M. de, his life of the Duke of Reichstadt, 143.

Moon, the, not capable of supporting animal life, 15.

N.

Navigation, Boat, miraculous escape in, 138.

North, Lord, his character by Gibbon, 285.

O.

Opium, demoralizing effects of in China, 454.

Owen, Capt. W. F. W., his 'Narrative of Voyages to explore the Shores of Africa, Arabia, and Madagascar,' 121. See *Africa*.

Painters,

P.

Painters, Sculptors, and Architects, Lives of the most eminent British, by Allan Cunningham, 56—general character of the work, *ib.*—the art of painting, in Italy, indigenous, 57—in England, the art and its professors imported, *ib.*—Holbein, *ib.*—taste and well-directed liberality of Charles I., *ib.*—Rubens and Vandyke, *ib.*—Lely and Kneller, 58—Cooper and the two Olivers, *ib.*—Hudson and his rivals, *ib.*—Hogarth, *ib.*—complaint against the 'ignorant cognoscenti,' 61—project for establishing an Academy of Art in England, 62—exhibition of the Orleans' Gallery, *ib.*—difference between the encouragement of artists and the encouragement of art, 63—Sir Joshua Reynolds, 64—Barry, 72—Romney, 73—West, *ib.*—Gainsborough, 74—Wilson, *ib.*—Fuseli, 76—Opie, 79—Bird, *ib.*—Morland, *ib.*—Hoppner, *ib.*—Northcote, *ib.*—Lawrence, 79—advantages derived from the contemplation of the Italian models, 86—originality better than the cleverest imitation, 87.

Paley, Dr., his emphatic sentence on Gibbon, 295.

Palgrave, Sir Francis, his antiquarian sagacity, 273.

Paletzch, of Proletz, his astronomical discoveries, 9.

Parliament, British, its superiority as a school of political oratory, over the French Chambers, 285.

Parliament, reformed, dearth of eloquence in, 286.

Patronage, profuse employment of, by the reform ministry, 267.

Pelham, Right Hon. Henry, *Memoirs of the Administration of*, by Archdeacon Coxe, 88—the work planned as a sequel to the *Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole, ib.*—the period not fertile in remarkable occurrences, 90—character of Mr. Pelham, and of his administration, *ib.* See *Coxe*.

Peyronnet, M. de, his contributions to the 'Livre des Cent et Un,' 143.

Philological researches, reproach cast upon, 169.

Physician, Voltaire's description of, 337.

Police, conduct of, in the Calthorpe-street riot, 266.

Polignac, Prince, invited to give a history of his administration, 143.

Political Unions, 269.

Poor-Law Question, present state of, 347—extracts from the Report of the Poor Law Commissioners, 348—Mr. Senior,

351—distinction between the use and abuse of the poor-law, *ib.*—the evils of the allowance system, *ib.*—necessity of abolishing it, 361—mal-administration of the poor-laws by county magistrates, 362—remedial suggestions, *ib.*—necessity of a law of local settlement, 363—of an improvement in the management of workhouses, and in the keeping of the parish accounts, 364—and of a central authority, 365—redundancy of labour, 367—necessity of checking Irish immigration, *ib.*—and of extending the poor-law to Ireland, *ib.*—labour-rate 369—parish relief, 370—savings banks and benefit societies, 371.

Poor-Laws, measure of the reform ministry concerning an amendment of, 251.

Porson, Professor, his character by Archdeacon Coxe, 110—his description of Gibbon's historic manner, 278.

Portrait-painting, 63—true advantages of, 65.

Portugal, conduct of the reform ministry towards, 256.

Post-Office, New, architecture of, 147.

Price, Rev. Uvedale, his 'Church Reform without Reconstruction'; accompanied with a plan for the Compression of the Liturgy and Ritual of the Church of England.' See *Liturgical Reform*.

R.

Reform Bill, workings of the, 219.

'Reform Ministry and the Reformed Parliament,' 218—object of the publication, *ib.*—contributors thereto, *ib.*—chapter of legal reform, *ib.*—workings of the Reform Bill, 219—measures of the reform ministry, 223—Ireland, *ib.*—Coercion and Church Reform Bills, *ib.*—abolition of West India slavery, 226—Finance, 228—Bank Charter, 231—East India Charter, 232—China trade, 233—Law Reform, 234—Corporations, 249—Scotland, 250—Poor-Law amendment, 251—Foreign policy, 252—Greece, *ib.*—Belgium, 253—Portugal, 256—character of the new House of Commons, 257—ministerial patronage, 268—case of Sir John Key, *ib.*—inroads of the House of Commons on the other estates, 269.

Reformed House of Commons, character of, 257—dearth of eloquence in, 286.

Refraction, phenomenon produced at sea by, 134.

Registry Bill, 244.

Reynolds, Sir Joshua, contrast between theory and practice exhibited in his life and history, 64—his 'Discourses,' 66—elevation and scope of his understanding,

ing, 69—his Ugolino, 70—his portrait of Mrs. Hale, in the character of Euphrosyne, 71—his Snake in the Grass, *ib.*—his Hope nursing Love, *ib.*—his skill in painting smiles, *ib.*

Riland, Rev. John, his 'British Liturgy; an Attempt towards an Analysis, Arrangement and Compression of the Book of Common Prayer.' See *Liturgical Reform*.

Robertson, Dr., his Charles V. a model of chaste and elegant composition, 274.

Rollers at sea, phenomenon of, described, 134.

Romans, inquiry into the state of slavery amongst, by William Blair, Esq., 399.

Rush, Benjamin, Esq., his testimony to the simplicity of manners of the highest circle of English society, 88.

S.

Sanscrit, propriety of printing it in European characters, 170.

Sarto, Andrea del, anecdote of, 70.

Schlangenbad und seine Heiltugenden, von Dr. H. Fenner von Fenneberg, 308. See *German Watering Places*.

Scotland, measures of the reform ministry relating to, 250.

Sedgwick, Mr., his geological researches, 30.

Singing, its effect in soothing extreme pain, 128.

Slave-trade of the Romans, 405.

Slavery amongst the Romans, inquiry into, by William Blair, Esq., 399—importance of the inquiry, *ib.*—proportion of the slave to the free population, 400—instances of the more than oriental magnificence of Rome, *ib.*—effect of the partition of the public lands, 402—slave-trade of the Romans, 405—Britain a mart for slaves, *ib.*—legal condition and relative situation of the slave to the freeman, 406—laws on behalf of the slave population, 407—marketable value of slaves, 410—great merit of the work, 412.

Somerset House, its architecture described, 147.

Somerville, Mrs., her 'Connexion of the Physical Sciences' characterized, 11.

Statistical tables, little faith to be placed in, 50.

Staunton, Sir George, his speeches on the China trade, 430. See *China*.

Stoddart, Rev. G. H., his 'Evidence of the Necessity of Church Reform.' See *Liturgical Reform*.

Suard, M., his Memoir of Gibbon, 276—his account of Gibbon's love-affair with Mademoiselle Curchod, *ib.*—his description of Gibbon's conversation, 277. Sympathy, effect of upon disease, 128.

T.

Taxes, associations to resist the payment of, 269.

Telescope, great value of Barlow's fluid refracting, 7.

Tillemont, M., his defects as an historian, 288.

'Trevelyan,' a novel, by the author of 'A Marriage in High Life,' 413.

Turner, Sharon, his intimate acquaintance with our national manners and character, 273.

U.

Urmston, Sir James Brabazon, his 'Observations on the China Trade, and on the importance and advantages of removing it from Canton.' See *China*.

V.

Vandyke, his consummate skill in the art of portraiture, 57.

Villemain, M., his Lectures on the Literature of the eighteenth century, 278, 286.

Voltaire, his definition of a physician, 337.

W.

Walpole, Hon. Horace, his masterly sketch of the life of Hogarth, 58—his strictures on Hogarth's *Sigismunda*, 59.

Watson, Dr., his good taste in confining his 'Apology for Christianity' to one specific point, 293.

West, Benjamin, 73—the Sir Richard Blackmore of painting, *ib.*

West India slavery, measure of the reform ministry for the abolition of, 226.

Wetherell, C., his 'Present State of the Poor-Law Question,' 347. See *Poor-Law Question*.

Whewell, Rev. William, his Astronomy and General Physics considered with regard to Natural Theology, 15, 20, 28.

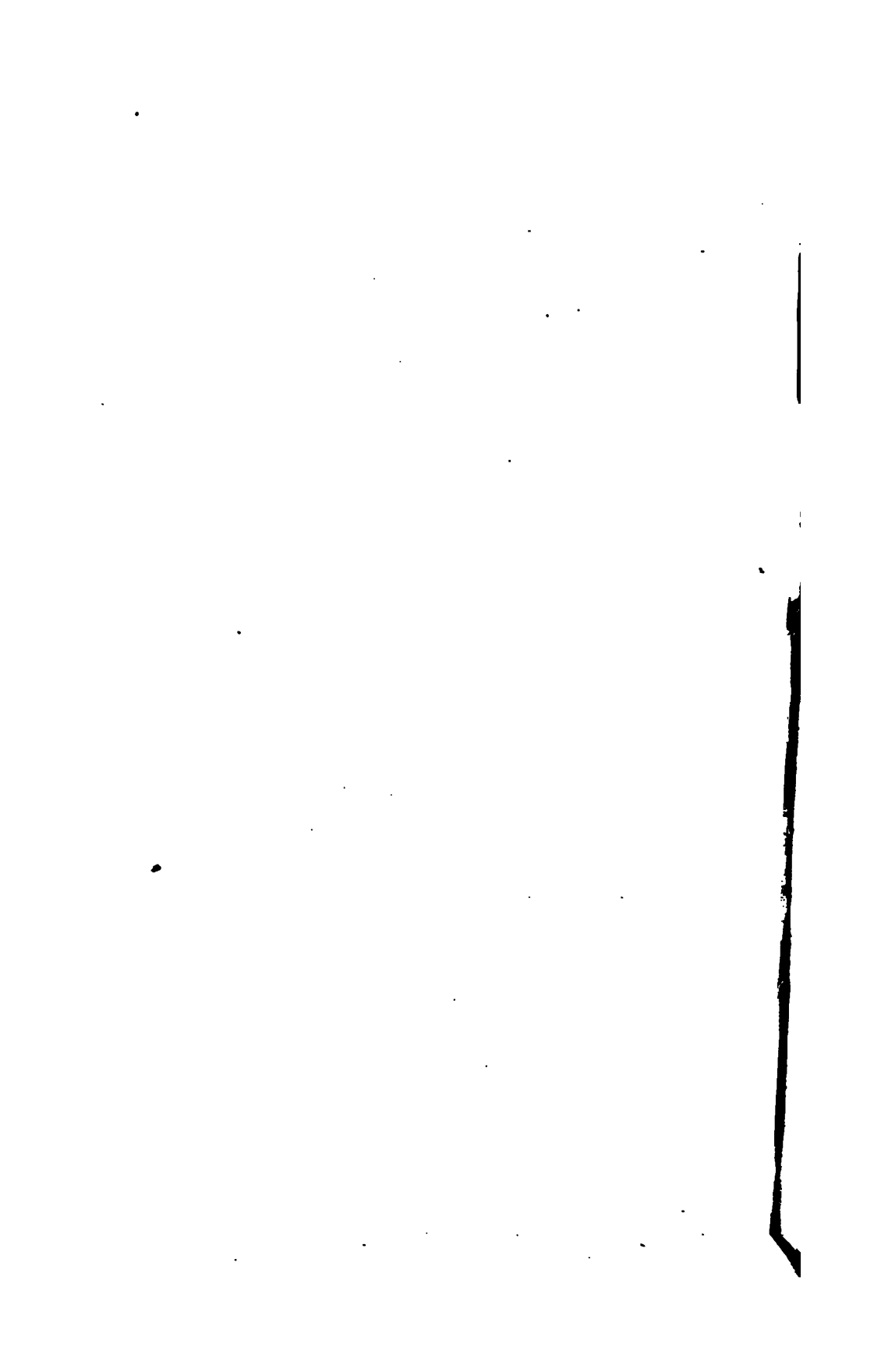
Wiesbaden und seine Heilquellen dargestellt, 308. See *German Watering Places*.

Wilson, character of his landscapes, 74.

Wodehouse, Rev. C. N., his petition to the House of Lords for a reform of the Liturgy. See *Liturgical Reform*.

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